THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D'. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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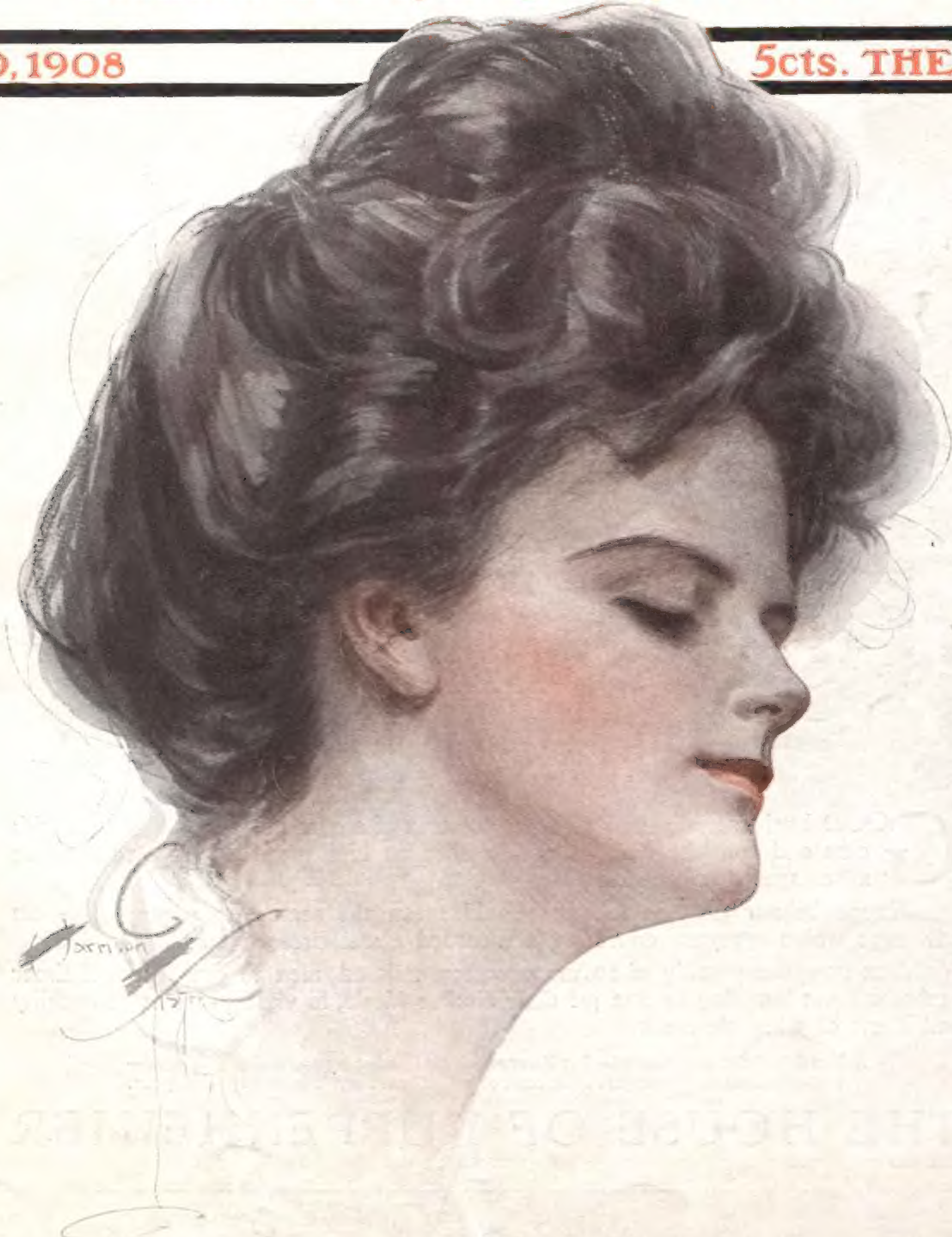

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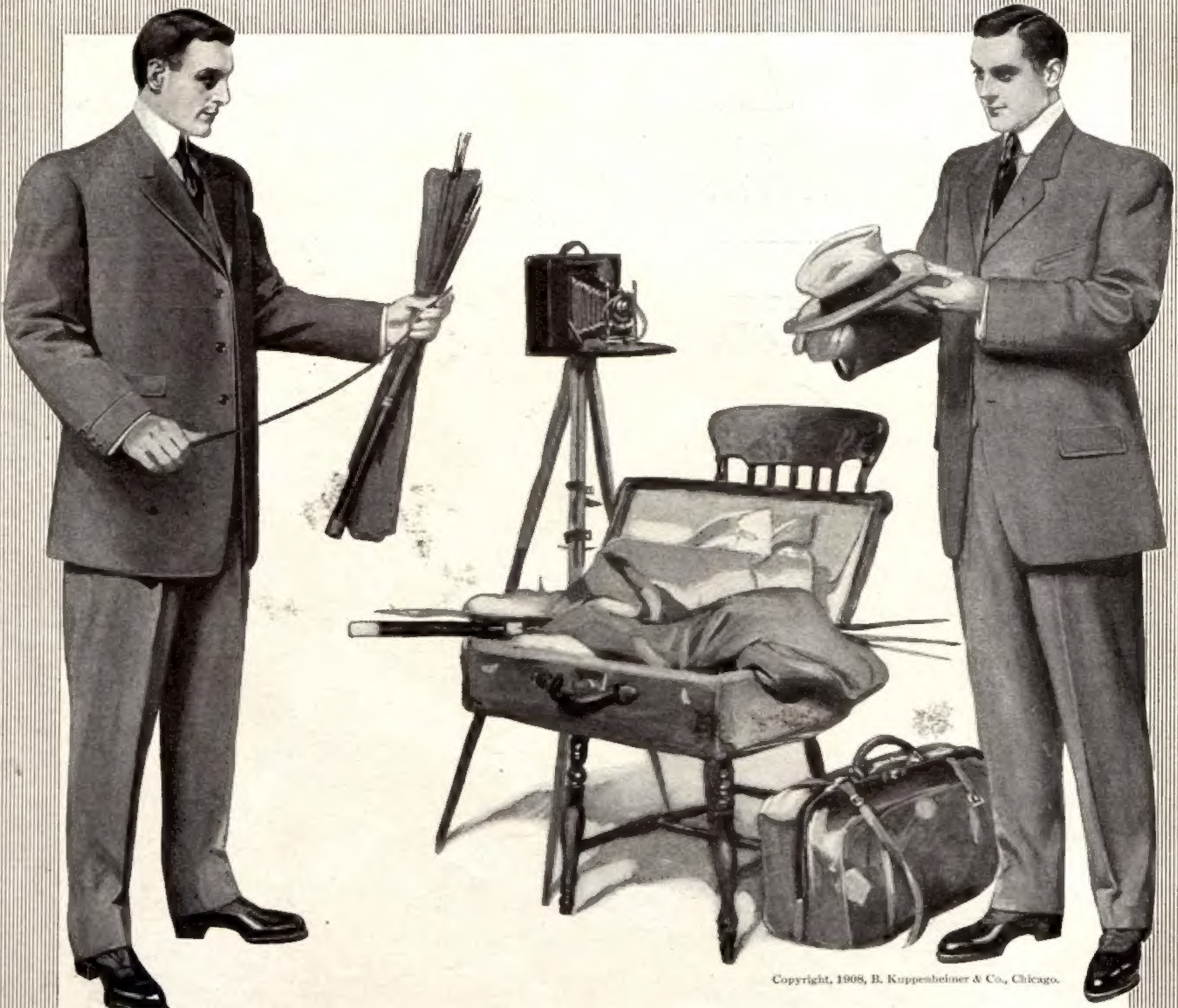

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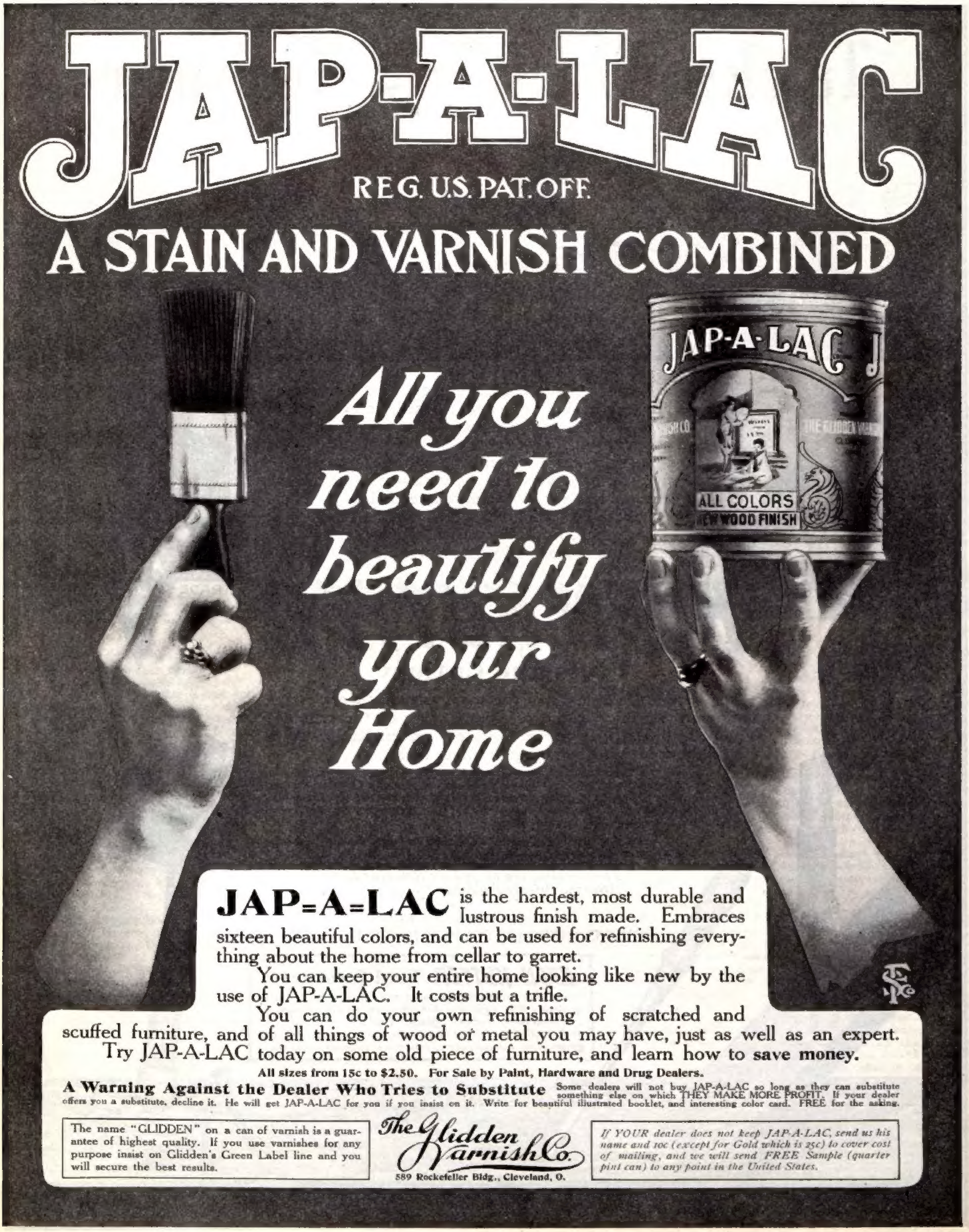

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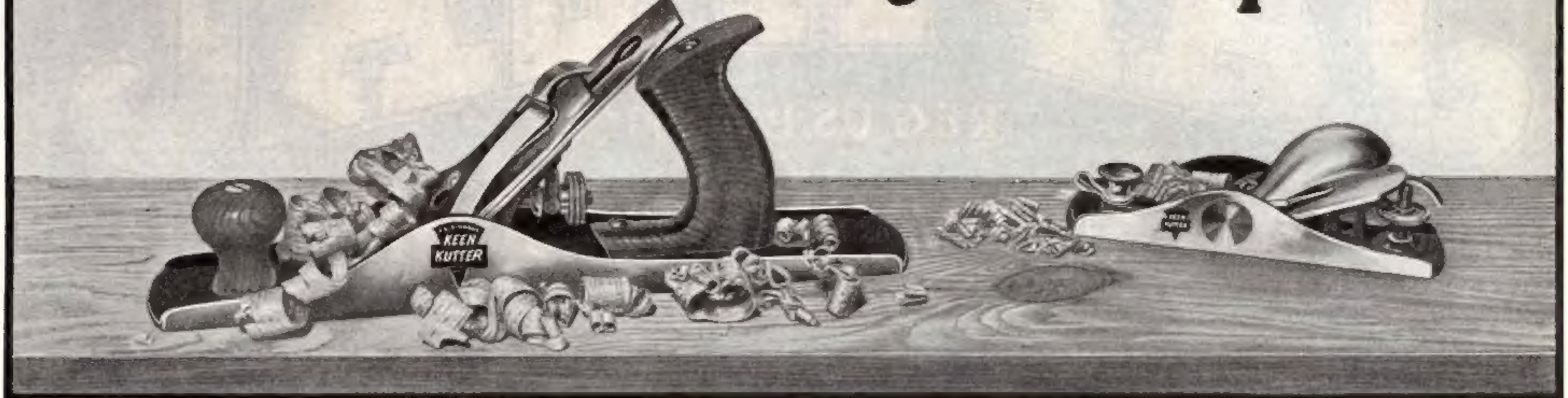

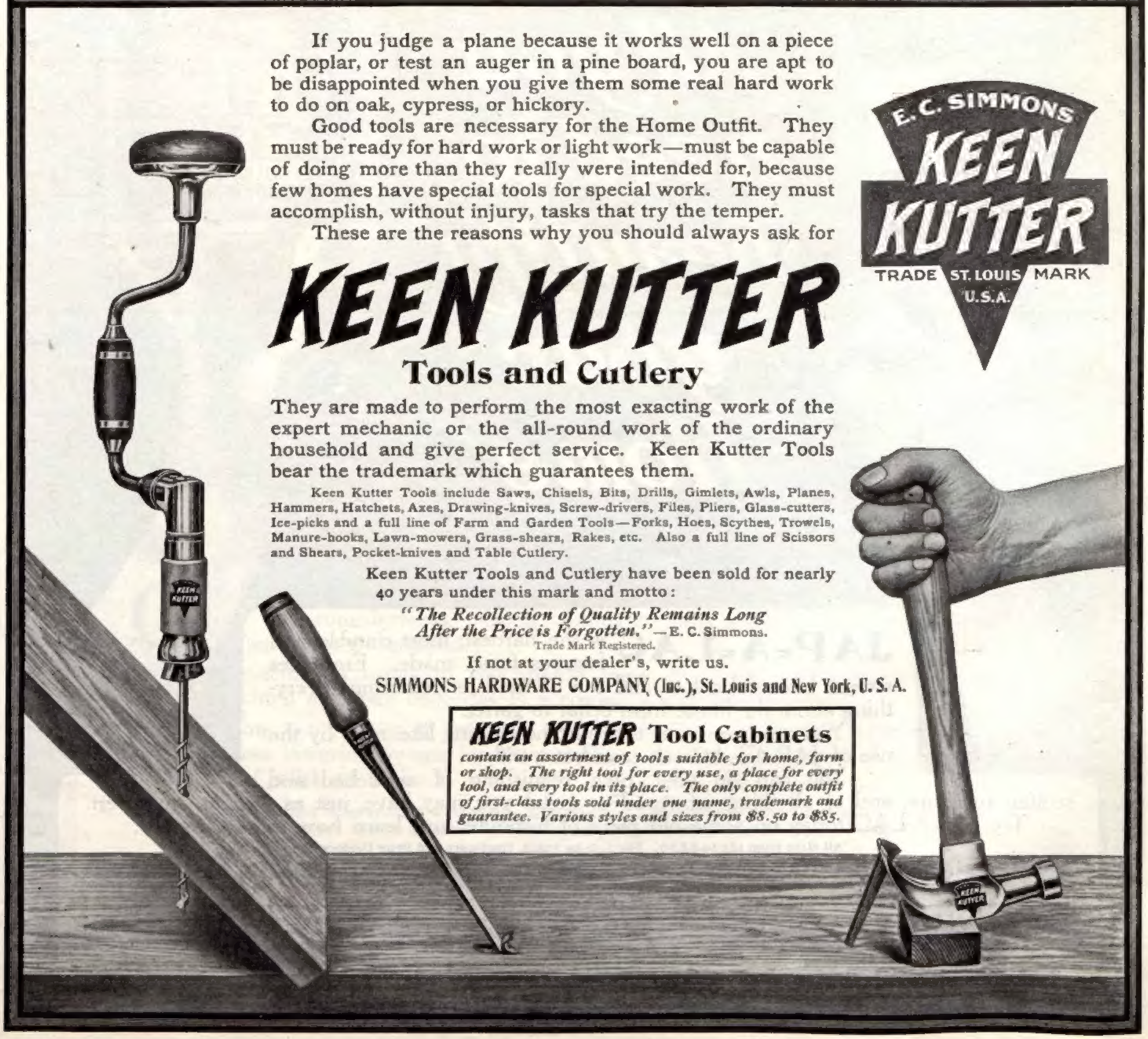

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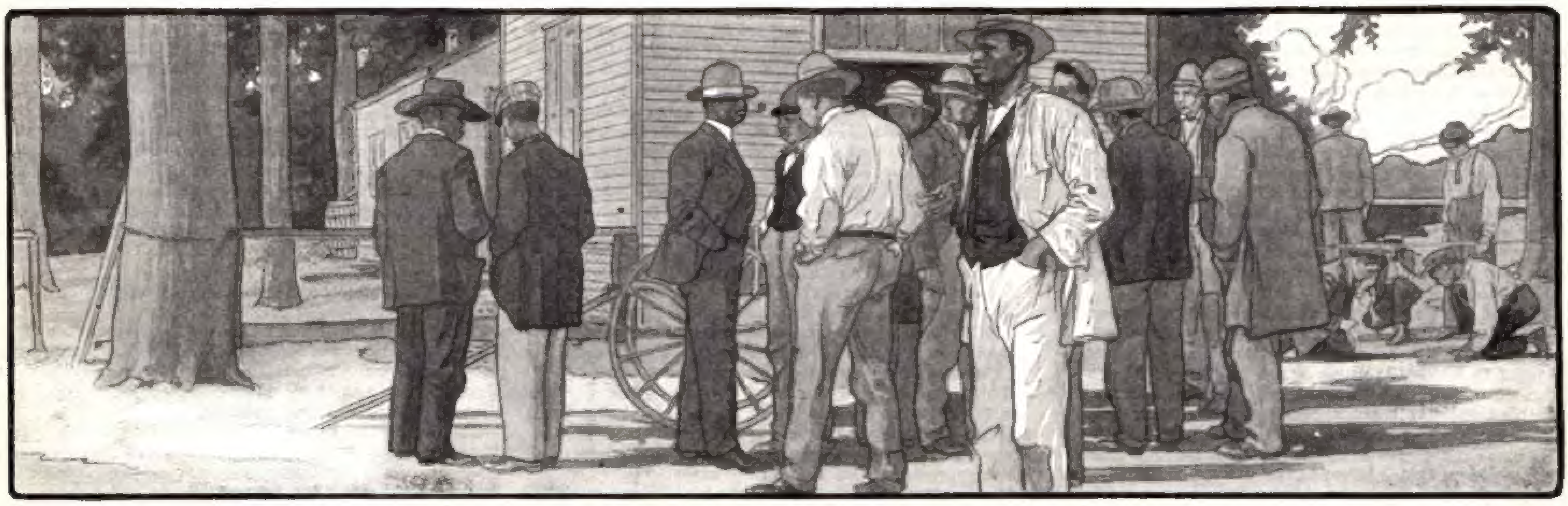
THE DWINDLING BLACK BALLOT—By HARRIS DICKSON



What the South is Doing to Restrict the Suffrage

ALL the romance and all the glamour of Southern elections are rapidly passing away. When that spectacular opera-bouffe called Reconstruction was being produced upon the Southern stage there was something doing every minute, with diverting specialties between the acts. Never before, nor since, in the farce-comedy of humankind has such a jumble of character artists been gathered together beneath a single canvas:

The fire-eating Kernel, the Humble African,
The Stuffer, and the Bluffer, and the
Big Brass Band;
The Bayonet, the Ballot, the Carpet-Bagger Man,
The Trigger, and the Nigger, and the
Ku Klux Klan.

These picturesque accessories of the political ten, twenty and thirty cent show have put aside their paint and wigs. The Bulldozer has shucked his long white robe and disappeared; the Bloody Shirt hangs in tatters, with none so low as to do it reverence; the Scalawag has made his classic skidoo; Rawhead and Bloody-Bones are packed away in camphor. The curtain has been rung down, the lights are out, the profits and the losses counted.

Southern elections have degenerated into a dead level of mediocrity. Unwarlike citizens go to the polls, deposit an Australian ballot and depart in peace. The thrill has quit thrilling, and the hip-pockets are distressingly empty.

At the end of it all we find that the black ballot has dwindled into nothingness. The negro does not vote. That is the palpable, the undeniable truth—and truth is always interesting.

According to Private John Allen, the situation used to be somewhat like this: "Well, when we get ready to have a real, fair, square, old-fashioned election we begin a long while beforehand, riding through the country at night, polishing guns and shooting off cannons, just to let all the niggers know we are fixin' to have a fair election."

Taken with its grain of salt, and a liberal allowance for poetic license, there is still a noticeable sediment of fact.

Let Mr. George Washington Johnson—a very numerous and prominent Afro-American—explain his peculiar view: "You see, boss, hit's jess disser way: Here's one crowd o' white men on dis side a-oratin' an' swearin' dat de nigger *sha'n't* vote; an' here's anudder crowd o' white men on dat side a-cussin' an' be-dammin' dat de nigger *shall* vote. Den de fac' is, boss, dis here nigger he ain't a-stayin' roun' whar de votin' is gwine on. Niggers ain't got no business mixin' up in a white folks' rookus."

This problem is not so acute in the far South as it is in many of the border States. It is current political gossip in Indiana, for instance, that fifty-two hundred negroes of voting age in the city of Indianapolis hold the balance of power and often decide who shall be Governor or United States Senator. Upon one occasion a prominent Republican of that city, deeply interested in a certain United States Senator, complained bitterly to the writer in this wise: "The State of Indiana is so close between the Democrats and Republicans that we cannot carry the State without carrying the city of Indianapolis. We cannot carry the city without delivering ourselves bound hand and foot to a —— saddle-colored negro dive-keeper. If we should offend these negroes we might lose the State to the Democrats, and Senator Blank would lose his seat." This gentleman's exact language is not quoted. It is unsuitable for publication.

It is quite a conceivable case that these fifty-two hundred negroes, of whom doubtless a much smaller number are actual voters, might in a Presidential year swing the electoral vote of Indiana from one great party to the other, control the election of a President, and decide the foreign policy of the nation. More easily might they in a National Convention sit as umpires and dictate the Republican nominee—a fact to which every aspirant is most keenly alive. Witness the Senatorial discussion of the Brownsville incident, and the coquettish anxiety to catch the black delegate by defending the black battalion.

If fifty-two hundred negroes have so much power in Indiana, why is it that in the Southern States, where they have actual majorities—Mississippi and South Carolina—they cannot elect a constable? Yet this condition does exist under laws which are equally applicable to whites and blacks. To understand the apparent paradox we must glance at events of the past forty years.

When the ragged follower of Lee turned his back upon Appomattox, he left behind him all that he possessed, his parole, his word of honor to fight no more, and set his face toward a problem mightier than the gigantic war that he had waged. The problem of war has been many times successfully solved—this other problem never.

Footsore and dispirited, he traversed a country desolated with fire and dotted with mounds upon which the grass had not yet grown. No crisp, green cotton grew in those harried fields beside the road where cannon wheels had run the furrows. No mules at noonday rested from their toil, for the mules, like the men of the land, had perished. There were no fences and no hedgerows, no landmarks of peaceable possession. Why should there be fences with neither crops nor animals to stray upon them? Monuments of defeat stared at him in stark, black chimneys rising from the midst of ruins. He read his fullness of misery in the eyes of black-robed women, in the pleading of hungry children who begged unsatisfied at their mothers' apron-strings. "War is hell," said General Sherman. But this was hell grown cold; the stimulus of excitement had passed, the fire had burned out and left the ashes.

His law had been uprooted, his labor scattered, his property destroyed. His State, his family and his devastated acres were without a legal status. What did he do? Weep and complain? Not he. His grim lips closed upon the past; his resolute hand knocked at the door to the future. He strengthened beneath a burden which would have crushed a man of any other race, and set himself again to the world-old tasks of the Anglo-Saxon—organization, law, supremacy, empire.

Throughout the South the civil governments had been ejected by military dictators—a natural consequence of war.

The process of reconstruction began under Act of Congress of March 23, 1867. By military proclamation in all the States conventions were called "for the purpose of establishing a Constitution and civil government loyal to the Union." This call brought into being the "Black-and-Tan" Conventions, so designated because of their negro and mulatto members. A few native whites managed to get seats, but they were in a hopeless minority.

These conventions met and began their labors. While methods differed somewhat in the various States, they were all directed toward the same general purposes: to secure and fortify the negro in possession of the ballot; to exclude native whites from voting or holding office; to make office-getting as easy as possible for alien pilgrims known as "carpet-baggers."

The whites were to be excluded from politics by requiring an oath for electors which disfranchised all who had in any way affiliated with the Confederacy. This was afterward changed. Carpet-baggers were made eligible to all offices by prescribing the shortest possible residence in the States.

At that time there were thirty-seven States in the Union. Thirty-one of these States required a voter to be "white." Three others imposed both an educational and a property qualification upon the right of suffrage. In only three States was the suffrage unrestricted. Yet these Black-and-Tan Conventions resisted every attempt to impose the slightest restriction upon universal suffrage and eligibility to office. They aimed to disfranchise the entire body of intelligent, taxpaying whites, and to enfranchise the great mass of negroes who were without education, property or traditional love of law and order.

It must be remembered that the eyes of men were blinded by sectional and party hatred, intensified by the assassination of Lincoln and the impeachment of Johnson. The crusader spirit was strong at the North; much of this was honest and sincere, but self-seeking politicians used it as a slogan to consummate the plunder of the South.

Under such pressure legislative bodies could not balance abstract equities, nor weigh effects upon the future; especially so when the very men who held the scales in one hand dipped the other hand deep into the pockets of prostrate poverty.

Out of this travail of a nation the negro voter stepped, full panoplied; he stepped out of his twenty thousand years of barbarism into full-fledged American citizenship—a point to which the Anglo-Saxon had laboriously struggled through centuries of blood, experiment and toil. Without effort, without apprenticeship, without comprehension, the highest human responsibility was thrust upon the black man. He naturally became the prey and the tool of unscrupulous brigands.

The Freedman's Aladdin's Lamp

THE freedman regarded the ballot as his Aladdin's lamp, the simple possession of which would give him everything he wanted. He quit work and sat down in destitution waiting for Southern lands to be confiscated and given him, whilst Uncle Sam dished out the rations.

Federal commanders of departments found it necessary to issue such warnings as this:

> All freedmen who are laboring under the delusion that lands will be furnished them, by confiscation or otherwise, are warned that this is a mistaken idea. The only way in which they can obtain land is by purchase like other people, or by locating upon the public domain.

Carpet-baggers diligently stuffed the negro's mind with such delusions, fostering the fear if the whites ever gained the upper hand slavery would be reëstablished. The credulous black opened his mouth, shut his eyes and took what the carpet-bagger gave him.

Upon this basis civil government was reconstructed throughout the South. Under these conditions was fought out the patient and persistent battle for white supremacy.

At the first few elections white men had little or no chance. Carpet-baggers formed the negroes into Union League Clubs. Upon election days they were instructed to crowd the polls from daylight until dark and prevent white men from voting.

"Carpet-bagger" in the Southern vernacular means a political adventurer who came South after the war for the sole purpose of plundering a helpless people. For the Northern fighting-man who backed his principles with his sword and sanctified them with his blood the Southerner had always that respect which one brave man accords another. If the final settlement had been left with such men the wounds would have speedily healed—as wounds from a clean blade always heal. But these other creatures who followed in the wake of victorious armies, like jackals to devour prey which the lion had struck down—for them the South will forever cherish the heartiest contempt. They were veritable ghouls, such as chivalrous soldiers in all ages have shot for robbing the slain.

Such were the carpet-baggers, and such the ignorant masses who held physical possession of every ballot-box. Southern whites had determined to prove that they accepted in good faith the arbitrament of the sword. They stood apart with folded arms and choking throats. No hand was lifted in resistance, no voice raised in protest.

Men whose ancestors crossed with the Norman, wrested Magna Charta from King John, colonized America, signed the Declaration of Independence, starved at Valley Forge—men who had themselves captured the City of Mexico, triumphed at Bull Run and surrendered at Appomattox—these men stood patiently aside and watched deluded negroes being herded and voted like sheep.

Southerners loved their American traditions, yet they abandoned their historic holiday, the Fourth of July, because the blacks made it an occasion for parades and revels. White celebrations would have precipitated riots. These were years of outrage, murder and arson, of night-riders and pillage, of the exceptional crime and the exceptional vengeance. Out of desperate diseases grew desperate remedies, the Ku Klux Klan, bulldozing, intimidation, ballot-box stuffing, lynch law—matters which have been repeatedly investigated by Congress, and form part of Southern history—the blackest part.

Some Tricks of the Trade

THE carpet-bagger had his unchallenged day, made his hay in the sunshine and stacked it up against the coming of the storm. The system of plunder worked like a clock; the carpet-bagger filled his pockets, and Mr. George Washington Johnson had all the fun of voting.

Then a slow idea began to percolate through Wash Johnson's wool—*his* vote was carrying these elections. He immediately demanded a share of the spoils. When he got an inch he took an ell. Thereupon the tragedy of Haiti was in part reënacted as a farce in various portions of the South.

After the French Revolution, Haiti revolted. Under educated mulattoes the negroes exterminated the whites. Black and yellow wallowed for a while in licentious liberty, then the pure blacks drew the color-line and wiped out the mulattoes.

So did the Southern negro draw the color-line upon his white ally. He concluded that he could hold the offices and spend the spoils. He never had any real respect for his carpet-bag leader—which is the negro's eternal attitude toward white men who equalize themselves with him. When the blacks began to act independently, many carpet-baggers secretly sided with the whites. They wanted the whites to teach the negroes a lesson of helplessness.

Their wish came only too true. They angled for a rebuke and landed a revolution; they prayed for a misfortune and met a calamity. The chains of the South were broken; State after State wheeled into line under the banner of white supremacy. As soon as the carpet-baggers caught their breath they began catching trains. Here endeth the second lesson.

How these elections were carried, in all their grapevine details, will never be known. It was one of those things that were bound to happen—someway, somehow, sometime. But this was not the end. It was merely the beginning. The whites had gained ground that it taxed their wits to hold.

The Black-and-Tan Constitutions were still in force. Upward of a million negroes had the right to vote. In thousands of precincts, hundreds of counties and dozens of Congressional districts they had considerable majorities. But the white man had learned some new lessons. He had been drawn into an unfamiliar game of election frauds and trickery—a game of marked cards and loaded dice, with a slight smell of powder on the side. He had watched this game and mastered the rules. Then he took a stack of chips himself and sat in to beat it. Presently he played a better hand than his tutors. The white man always does.

Some of the favorite plays were made like this: At Cotton Creek Precinct there were 487 negro voters and 36 whites. Mr. George Washington Johnson was exceedingly numerous and active. Yet it was easy to carry the box—amusingly easy.

For weeks a rumor was industriously circulated among the negroes that General Featherstone himself would visit Cotton Creek on election morning. This rumor grew into a certainty, and even the white men hinted occasionally at the greatness and importance of General Featherstone—an intimate friend of General Grant—possibly the next President of the United States. This set all the negroes on the frazzled edge of expectancy.

General Featherstone's Busy Day

WHEN election day came around they poured out to welcome the mythical General, and, sure enough, promptly at eight o'clock a high-headed team, driven by a no less high-headed man, drew up at Cotton Creek Precinct. Before this resplendent soldier, glittering with gold lace and the friendship of General Grant, every negro bowed himself to earth.

General Featherstone shook hands all around. "Huh!" remarked Wash Johnson. "I ain't never gwine to wash dis han' no' mo' sence I dun shook hands wid a fren' o' Gin'l Grant's."

The General mounted a platform and began his speech, exhorting every colored citizen to stand firmly by his patriotic principles—then something happened. Something happened so blessedly quick that Wash Johnson could never tell the straight of it. A dozen masked horsemen dashed out of the woods and surrounded the orator, threw a rope about his neck and hustled him off. That was the last of General Featherstone.

"Oh, Lawd!" thought Wash; "ef dey hangs a white man, an' a fren' of Gin'l Grant, what you spec' dey'll do to me?" Wash Johnson scattered like a handful of sand flung into the wind.

The high-stepping horses were driven rapidly to a cross-roads, the bogus General took the reins again and hurried to another voting-place.

On that day there were thirty-six white ballots in the box; the negroes did not vote. It was what Mr. Allen might have called a fair election.

At the next voting precinct General Featherstone became involved in a shooting scrape and was slaughtered. Long afterward he told this writer: "That was my busy day. I made seven speeches, shook hands with three thousand negroes, was massacred three times, hanged twice, stabbed once, and got away once. But we carried the county and did not bulldoze the negroes either."

Wash Johnson never could learn to read sufficiently well to distinguish one ballot from another. So the carpet-baggers generally put a flag, or some like device, at the head of their tickets—and Wash voted for that. The whites often contrived to find out in advance what device the others meant to use, and put the same thing on their own ballots. In this way many a negro vote was captured.

Practically every Southern State now votes under the Australian system, and no device of any sort can be printed on a ballot. All names are printed on the same ticket, and the voter must put a cross-mark opposite the name of the candidate for whom he desires to vote. The negro finds this bewildering; he hates to confess his ignorance, and often leaves the whole thing alone.

What Happened in the Trick Wardrobe

AT ONE election it was necessary to overcome an enormous majority of negroes at Cedar Hill. The negroes had capable white leaders and turned out solidly to vote. None of the old and played-out tricks could succeed. The situation required delicacy and finesse.

There were two Republican and one Democratic judge. The election itself passed off as serenely as a May morning: no jar, no jostle, and every negro stuck his ballot in the box.

When the polls closed the judges agreed to get their supper and then do the counting. A gentleman in the neighborhood invited them to supper at his home, but the Republican judges clung to their precious ballot-box. They took the box with them to a big room adjoining the dining-room, where they locked it in a wardrobe, which they could see through the open door while they sat at table. Such was the trusting disposition of Republican judges. They held tight to the wardrobe key and sat down to supper, which was a good one, with wine, cigars, etc.—plenty of etcetera. These experienced judges had gone all the gaits in election tricks, and were determined not to be counted out this time. They never once took their eyes from that wardrobe where the ballot-box was deposited. But it was one of those tremendous old-fashioned wardrobes—and thereby hangs this tale.

Before the ballot-box was locked inside a long, slim man had secreted himself in the wardrobe behind some clothing. He carried several hundred ballots, marked to suit the emergency, and ready for instant use. While the judges were eating their supper, smoking their cigars and watching the wardrobe, this slim man silently changed the ballots.

After supper they unlocked the wardrobe, got the box and proceeded with the count—a perfectly fair count, but an astounding result.

"Well, gentlemen!" remarked the carpet-bag judge, "this certainly beats me. I thought we'd carry this box by four hundred majority at least. Those infernal niggers must have gone back on us. I cannot understand it. But we have had an honest election and a fair count; I'll certify to that." If this story should ever meet his eye he will understand it better.

These were frightful conditions, poisoning the whole fabric of civilization with fraud. No one realized it more profoundly than the men of the South. None other could comprehend the overpowering necessity which drove them to such measures. But the wildcat, fighting on his back, with a pack of hounds around him, cannot be punctilious as to whether he shall use his teeth or his claws.

The Bottomless Ballot-Box

FOR instance, at one election the polls were located in an old store, immediately above a particularly deep cellar. The ballot-box was placed on a barrel in the centre of the floor—but the ballot-box had no bottom, the barrel had no head, and there was a trap-door in the floor. So whatever was deposited in the ballot-box went fluttering straight through into the cellar. A duplicate box had been provided long beforehand, the ballots were already put in it, and the voting-lists carefully checked so that everything was proper and regular. At the psychological moment this prepared box would be switched in place of the bottomless one, and the votes counted. The result of that election was arranged a full month in advance.

All day the negroes flocked in to vote, swaggered up to the box, and dropped in the ballots which had been handed them by some worthless white adventurer. It amused these negroes to be voting in a bottomless box, and certainly did the country no particular harm.

And all day long honorable men, gentlemen of stainless names and of as high ideals as any civilization on the globe has ever produced, sat and watched this shocking prostitution of the ballot. Nay more, they had contrived and connived at the stratagem. These gentlemen had no thought as to who might thereby be made President, nor of what tariff tax might be levied upon steel rails. Those were minor matters; they had a deadlier interest close at home —their wives and children, and the shadow that hung over every hearthstone.

A Federal Judge—Republican, of course—whose very name was the synonym for courage and Roman integrity, once received an anonymous letter informing him that a certain box had been stuffed, and demanding that it be submitted to the United States Grand Jury. This letter set out the charge with such accuracy of detail, giving the names of credible witnesses, that the judge sent for the gentleman against whom complaint was made. To his great astonishment this gentleman frankly admitted the truth: "Yes, sir, I did it."

"Did you not know you were violating the law?"

"I did."

"And that you are liable to be sent to a Federal prison?"

"Yes, sir, I knew all that; but it was necessary, and I took the chances. No white man, far less a white woman, could live in my county if we had a negro sheriff. We *had* to elect a white sheriff, a man who would enforce the law. On election day, from daylight until late in the afternoon, the negroes crowded around that box so thickly that none of our people could vote. No white man could approach the box, and they could not get the negroes to move. Your Honor, I know those white men—they do not fear all the devils in hell. They had endured that sort of thing for ten years, and had come to the end of their patience. They determined to make those negroes move. You know what that means. So I sent word out to them if they would not shoot the negroes away from the polls I'd guarantee to fix the box all right—and I did it. I thought it better to stuff the negroes out than to bury a lot of them."

For some reason, good or bad, according to the point of view, the Federal Judge did not submit this matter to his Grand Jury.

The people of the South sickened of juggling with the suffrage, wearied of corruption, and writhed under the wretched necessity of deceit. By their holiest traditions they revered the ballot-box as Liberty's Ark of the Covenant, wherein was safeguarded the most precious rights of man. Far-seeing patriots realized what it meant to train Southern youth in a school of political trickery where the greater evil barely extenuated the lesser. From every hearthstone went up the prayer for relief.

The South is tired of shuffling in subterfuges and dealing in evasions. It wants to stand in the broad sunlight and tell the unchallenged truth. Whatever may have been the temper of this nation twenty years ago, the bloody shirt is no longer a cross of fire which rouses the Northern clans to fury. Such has never been the feeling of the mass of common people, apart from the politicians. In wartimes the private soldier was so busy swapping Northern coffee for Southern tobacco that he had no time to cherish much personal animosity. The soldiers went on fighting from force of habit, and were glad enough to quit. When they quit they *quit;* they did not bury the hatchet and leave the handle sticking out. At this time the people, North and South, are doing their own thinking. Commercial and personal interests bind them too closely for these bygone prejudices to survive. Northern business men are coming South more frequently. They are investing their money in the South, and they see for themselves the utter irresponsibility of the negro. But for this irresponsibility and incapacity there would be a hundred cotton factories in Mississippi to-day. Every business man who visits the South goes home a converted missionary of the Southern idea. This being the state of the national mind, the truth of the South can now be administered without a capsule or hypodermic syringe.

For ten years the plan of limiting suffrage by constitutional restriction has been agitated. Various States called conventions, and whatever other reason may have been given for these assemblies the plain fact is that they were called for the purpose of *eliminating the negro vote so far as that might lawfully be done under the paramount Constitution of the United States.*

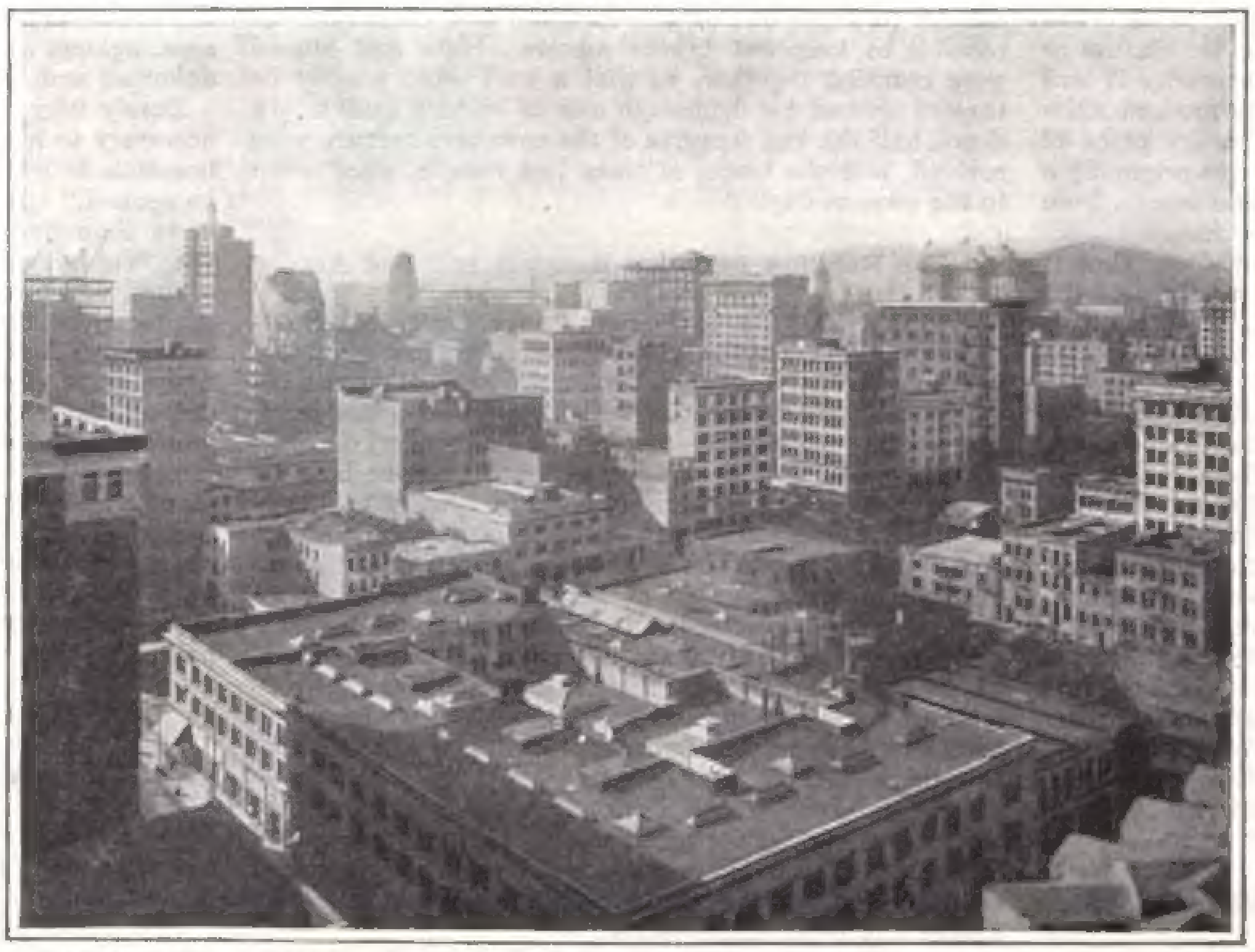
Under the Fifteenth Amendment the negro's right to vote could not be denied or abridged because he was a negro, nor because he was an African, nor because he had been a slave. The restriction must apply equally to white and black, Caucasian and African, freeborn man and slave. Some other means of differentiation must be devised which would set the negro apart from the white man.

There was a way, simple in principle but difficult in detail, to take advantage of the negro's well-known characteristics—shiftlessness, ignorance, lack of foresight, tendency to certain crimes—and impose such restrictions upon the right of suffrage as he *could* comply with, but *would* not. He might choose whether or not he should be an elector, and he should have precisely the same chance as a white man.

The leaders of these conventions collected all obtainable data concerning the voting population, by age, color, race

(Continued on Page 25)

REBUILDING A CITY



Looking South from Top of Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco, in the Early Spring. All Buildings Shown Have Been Erected or Restored Since the Fire. Four of These Buildings Only Have Been Restored, the Others are All New

Better and Bigger as Worked Out in Concrete and Steel

FOR some months comparatively little has been printed about the rebuilding of San Francisco. But that is largely because everybody out there is too busy to talk. Abandoning all those beautiful plans for the rearranging of streets and the creation of architectural wonders as proposed by the Burnham plan, the people of San Francisco buckled to the job of putting things in shape to take care of the business that has been coming, and is coming back as fast as it can be handled. San Francisco, which, before the earthquake, was in great part a picturesque collection of frame buildings, spreading up and over a great many hills, already, if viewed from an elevation, begins to look as would any one of the big cities of the East if all its buildings within the range of such an observer's vision were going up at about the same time.

San Francisco has done away with frame structures forever. No more of these can be put up within fire limits—which means practically the whole city. The comparatively few that were put up as temporary shelters immediately following the fire must come down within a very short time. San Francisco will soon be a city of steel and concrete, brick and stone—the greatest example of what modern building methods accomplish with modern building materials. The permanent construction, completed within the last year, or now under way, is largely of concrete reënforced with steel, its floors and roofs usually of non-combustible stuff. In the section adjacent to the bay front, which is almost wholly of made-land, the foundations of the buildings are concrete piers to which the framework is fastened by steel anchors. And these concrete piers in turn are supported by piles from sixty to eighty feet in length driven close together. The effect of the earthquake showed that this construction was the only kind upon which dependence could be placed in the case of heavy buildings. In sections outside of the bay-front strip, where the ground is of natural formation and consequently more solidified, the foundation work is in most respects like that used for first-class buildings being erected to-day in other cities. It is said that the buildings already up or in process of construction will together furnish San Francisco with a greater amount of floor space than was furnished by all the buildings in the whole city previous to the fire. One of the buildings recently finished is declared to be the largest concrete construction of its kind in the world.

Yet the rebuilding of San Francisco is as yet by no means complete. The common lack of money experienced during the last eight or ten months has been felt there perhaps more severely than in any other part of the country, because in San Francisco such a lack of ready money involves not merely the curtailment of luxuries, but the exercise as well of unfailing courage and energy in order to provide the funds necessary to building what is demanded immediately by the vast business interests centred in the city—interests which belong to San Francisco by reason of her geographical position and natural advantages—chief among these her unequalled harbor. The shortage of money, however, has served to emphasize the fact that the California people not only have the utmost faith in themselves, their State, its institutions and their future, but also that they possess the confidence of the entire country. The amount of work which has been done by individual owners of real estate within the year past is amazing. For instance, looking toward the south and west from the top of the imposing Merchants' Exchange Building, which is well within the commercial district, there rise, within a radius of five or six blocks, scores of the most modern of business buildings, of which less than a half-dozen represent restorations of structures standing previous to the fire. And, while no important streets in the city have been widened nor other large public improvements carried out as yet, owing to the tremendous drain upon the temporarily limited resources of the municipal treasury, plans for improved fire protection of the city, including a high-pressure water system, will probably be realized before long.

Meanwhile, bank balances and the general prosperity of both retail and wholesale business in the city give convincing demonstration of the fact that San Francisco is to-day on a firmer footing commercially than ever before in her history.

The Real Angels in the House

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT IS one of the most curious paradoxes of human nature that while in most matters hygienic the instincts of the natural man are to be trusted, in the matter of house building and house habits we have to challenge them at almost every turn. We know very well that abundance of fresh air is the first vital necessity of all breathing creatures; and yet we shut and lock our windows, draw the double curtains, and pile on the coal. We know that the real place to *live* is in the open air, that at least half our waking hours should be spent in it, and yet we avoid it as if it were a pestilence. Hasting from our cliff-dwellers' apartment closets into a tightly-closed and heated car or trolley, by choice the one running underground if it is within reach, we dash from this into our steam-heated offices provided with swinging doors and rubber-battened sash to shut out that pestilence, fresh air. Business over, we again fly by the shortest possible route to another hermetically-sealed room, where we dine, and for relaxation we repair to a packed and reeking den, called a theatre, as innocent of any attempts at effective ventilation as the Black Hole of Calcutta, where, crowded shoulder to shoulder with from two thousand to three thousand other human beings, we breathe and rebreathe the emanations from their lungs, skins and bad teeth for three hours. Then home in a semi-asphyxiated condition by the nearest underground tube, or box on wheels, and so to bed.

Then we talk of the "terrible nervous strain" of modern city life. The worst strain of modern city life is not on the brain, but on the lungs. Apart from its foul air, city life is the easiest, happiest and most healthful life yet invented.

Of course, there is a reason for this singular state of affairs; we are not quite so senseless as all that would come to. Our bad house habits are the result of a choice between evils, a confusion and clash of purposes. The primitive house was never built either for ventilation or for sunlight. For the matter of that, primarily it was never intended for a house or home, in the modern sense of the term, at all, but only for a temporary place of refuge during the night, or in storms. It was originally a place of shelter from the elements, from wild beasts, from even fiercer and more dangerous human enemies.

Its first and most indispensable requisite was that it must be *safe*, no matter how dark and stuffy. If the Gothic cathedral was "a prayer in stone," the primitive house was emphatically a *fear* in stone. And the worst of stone is, that it is so durable!

Though we have lain down at night and arisen in the morning in peace and safety now for hundreds of years, our houses still show in every line of them the deadly traces of this ancient obsession of fear. The trouble was, we got two dips of it—one at the very beginning of things, and the other comparatively recently, in the Middle Ages.

The first permanent houses of the race were unquestionably caves, safe, but ventilation not exactly one of their strong points. It is not necessary to go to the Dordogne for proof of this fact. Our modern dark bedrooms are sufficient proof, to say nothing of certain halls and churches which make one sympathize with Mr. A. Ward's plaintive remark when lecturing in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly: "I wish that when the Egyptians built this hall they had provided some means for its ventilation."

The Survival of Ostrich Instincts

WITNESS also the extraordinary tendency observable to crawl into the darkest and stuffiest holes and corners we can find, when sleepy, sick or frightened—even if it be nothing more substantial than the darkest corner under the bedclothes, at the foot of the bed. There is no need for us to jeer at the ostrich as the foolish bird.

When, however, we had invented the club and the spear, and walked upright long enough to use them, we threw off this monkey terror, and mustered up courage enough to live boldly upon the face of the green earth, in tents or bark huts or lean-tos, confident that our hands could keep our heads against even the biggest and the fiercest of our enemies. This period is the one to which we are now harking back in our attempts, feeble and timorous at first, with no other hope than that of curing a few consumptives, but which are now expanding into a great, hopeful, sunlit world-movement, toward the reconquest of our heritage, the open air.

But, unfortunately, with the passing of the hunting and pastoral ages came the age of feudalism, of the fortress, of the walled town, and the clouds of fear-obsession again gathered over the house. Walls were made thick to resist attack, windows were reduced to mere slits, just big enough to shoot out of, but as small and tunnel-like as possible to keep out hostile arrows. Huts and houses were crowded together, so that a wall could readily be thrown around for defense in case of sudden attack. In short, half the bad features of the cave architecture were revived, and the traces of these last remain, alas! even to the present day.

The Relation Between Burglars and Bad Air

WE CANNOT blame the cave man, nor our great-great-grandfather of the Middle Ages. They had no choice in the matter save between two evils. And, of course, between waking in the morning with a stuffy and aching head, and having that important portion of his anatomy decorating the end of a pike or hanging from a saddle-bow, he properly chose the former. It helps us greatly to understand and have patience with that extraordinary and abject dread of fresh air in the house, which is our most serious obstacle in our attempts at rational ventilation, if we remember the genesis of it. It is not so much the fresh air itself or the cold that we are in fear of, as it is the *Terrible Things*—snakes, panthers, arrows, bullets, hobgoblins and vampires, cats and burglars—which we have had hammered into us for hundreds of centuries past as liable to come in with it.

That survival of the Dark Ages, the burglar dread, alone, strongest in the most poetic and primitive half of humanity, is probably responsible for more tightly-closed windows and foul bedrooms in better-class houses than almost any other single factor.

Incredible as it may seem at first sight, these vague ancestral fears and terrors, baseless and ludicrous as they may appear, are one of the realest and most substantial obstacles to the spread of modern ideas of ventilation and healthy homes.

The first step for the admission of the angels of fresh air and sunshine into the home is the proper placing of the house. I am sadly aware that to many this statement will appear about as practical as Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous advice as to the prevention of disease: that it should begin with the grandparents. Now, however, that we have succeeded in getting architects and builders to break away from the mere slavish and brainless imitation of the antique, the classic and the picturesque, and to utilize the superb new control of forms, of openings and of exposures which the toughness and plasticity, first of wood and later of steel and concrete, have given them, a veritable new world-field of architectural possibilities is open.

Moreover, builders are eager to follow the popular taste, and one of the most extraordinary features of our modern city development is the vast and gratifying improvement in both healthfulness, lightness and beauty of modern city homes. Even the much-abused flat or tenement, when constructed intelligently and on scientific lines, is not only far more comfortable, but wholesomer and more healthful in every way, than the detached cottage or farmhouse of fifty years ago. The model tenement is better lighted and ventilated than the brownstone front, while nothing as ideal for wholesome human comfort has ever been invented in any previous age as the better, or even average, class of suburban homes.

If there be one tradition that makes me long for a hammer more eagerly and viciously than another it is the absurd old delusion that our forefathers built better houses than we "of these degenerate days." It is the exception that a house more than one hundred and fifty years old is fit to live in, unless it has been, like Mrs. Poyser's Craig, "made over again and made different."

The next most troublesome form of prejudice that we have to contend with in attempting to ventilate houses is the result of the dampness, the draftiness, the darkness, the coldness and general abominableness of old houses.

So inherently drafty were they that it was absolutely necessary to keep every window and aperture shut and battened in wintertime, in order to maintain the lowest degree of livable warmth. The carpenters of the last century did not know how to hang a window so that it would be weather-tight, and yet capable of being opened by any one except a trained athlete or an expert burglar with a full kit of tools. If you don't believe it just try to open a window in the next bedroom that is assigned to you in one of these "fine old colonial houses" of three-quarters of a century or a century ago. This was the genesis of that bitter prejudice, which has almost crystallized into an instinct during successive ages, against an open window in wintertime as a thing abhorred and deadly beyond description.

Barely fifty years ago Florence Nightingale found it necessary to head her crusade for breathable air even in hospitals with the terse remark: "Windows were made to be opened." It has never been practically accepted by more than five per cent. of even civilized communities yet. Yet by one of those charming contrarieties of human nature, which leave us hesitating between laughter and imprecations, the glory that ever gilds the past and places the Golden Age far behind us has been allowed to transfigure these disagreeable facts, and even to move us to declare that only in the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers did men know how to build houses. Modern structures are houses of cards by comparison; which is all of a piece with the delusion that more people lived to a good old age in the olden days than do so now—both resting upon the same broad and convincing fact that the people and the houses that belonged to that age and survived within the period of our own recollections were, naturally, old.

Houses that Were Really Castles

ONLY the houses which were extraordinarily massive and substantially built in the olden time have survived to be pointed out to us of these feebler days as examples of the age when men "knew how to build." What the sanitarian is most thankful for is that so few of them did survive.

Few things would do more to promote the health of the community than a law providing for the destruction of every house when it has reached its fiftieth year. Then our worst monstrosities in the way of cliff dwellings and child smotherers would never be built at all, and our architecture would remain plastic and responsive to our real needs, instead of being a Frankenstein's monster which perpetually crushes us with the burden of our past mistakes and stupidities.

The days when a man's house was not merely his castle figuratively but built as nearly as possible like one actually are past; and the days when houses were built as monuments to perpetuate the pride and conceit of individuals through successive generations ought to pass with them. Let each generation build for itself, and not saddle the future with indestructible and permanent monuments of its mistakes and defects.

Most of these old structural difficulties and inheritances we are overcoming now through improved workmanship, weight-hung, plate-glass windows and modern systems of heating, which latter, defective as they are, are the first approach to anything that could be called adequate. But the last foe of fresh air in the house is still living and active, and that is the problem of heating. A certain modicum of warmth in our habitations is a vital necessity, and has been ever since we lost the faculty of hibernating and discarded our furry coating. We may as well practically admit that before this every other consideration must inevitably go down. If we cannot devise some means by which freshness of air in our living-rooms can be made consistent with a reasonable degree of warmth, we may as well throw up the problem.

The inadequacy—yes, futility—of the old systems of heating is the real Hydra-head that now faces us at every turn in the study of ventilation. The principal objection to-day to windows on two sides of every room and an abundance of light everywhere, is not the expense of glass, but that too much window space makes a room difficult to heat.

Ever since men began to shake off the senseless habit of crowding one house up against another in solid rows, born of the days of sheltering fortifications, they began to fall under the almost equally disastrous spell of clustering together and cutting down window space and outside wall for warmth and protection from cold in winter.

But even this difficulty can, with our improved methods of construction and our modern heating plants, be largely overcome with a little intelligent determination. Houses, as well as men, are becoming more independent, less afraid to stand alone, and

With a frolic welcome, greet
The thunder and the sunshine.

Moreover, a larger percentage of the population are owning and building their homes than ever before in any age. Man is master, not merely of his fate but of his house.

The first and one of the most important considerations in the building or choosing of the house is its aspect. This point has been wrathfully disputed and vigorously thrashed out; but, fortunately, most of the competent authorities are now about in the frame of mind of the director on the country school board, when the question of repainting the schoolhouse was under discussion. The other members of the board were equally divided between white with green shutters and slate with white trimmings. But he listened silently, contributing nothing. Finally noticing his silence, and exhausted with their own eloquence, they turned to him and asked for his opinion.

"Oh," he said, "I don't care a durn. Paint it any old color you like, s'long's it's red."

The Forenoon Sun in the Windows

AND the residuum of all disputations on house aspects has now practically settled on southeast—any aspect, in fact, from east by south to south by east, but the nearer it falls to the central norm of southeast, or "sou'-sou'east," in nautical terms, the better. There was for a long time a preference for an eastern aspect. But this was largely of ceremonial and sentimental origin, partly a remnant of the old sun-worship days, coupled with the belief that all our civilization came from the East, which still survives in the curious European expression, to "*Orientieren*" one's self—that is, "turn toward the East," in the sense of getting one's bearings—partly also from later and tenderer memories of

The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.

On practical grounds, however, it is distinctly inferior to either southeast or south, on account of the much fewer hours of daily sunshine in the wintertime, when all our sunshine is of value, and an excess of sunshine at an undesirable hour in the summer, when we ought to be taking our real beauty sleep—that is, from four to seven in the morning.

The advantages of the southeast aspect are few but weighty—namely, the maximum of sunshine the year around, particularly in winter, when it is of greatest value, with the maximum of breeze and consequent coolness at night in the summertime. It is easy to cut off any excessive amount of sunshine by awnings, screens and blinds, besides which no one ought to be in the bedrooms or living-rooms of the house during the day in summer, but out on the porches or under the trees.

But no device yet has been discovered to bring the sunshine in at a north window. While it may be frankly admitted that sunshine, like fire, is a bad master, and that too much of it in our American climate in the summertime may be, and often actually is, injurious, yet it is a splendid and matchless servant in the promoting of healthfulness of the house, for which no substitute has yet been discovered. It is the foe alike of bacilli and the blues; the best tonic ever yet invented for the liver and for the scalp, and for everything between, the only real complexion restorer, and the deadliest foe of dirt and disease.

The Passion for Things on the Square

BY ALL means, build and arrange your house so that you can get all there is to be had of sunshine during ten months of the year. It is simple enough to shut it out during the fraction of the other two, when you don't need it all. "But why," will inquire at once some orthodox owner of a "desirable lot" on the north side of the street—"why not, if sunshine is what we want, have your house face due south, and thus get all the sunshine possible, southwest as well as southeast? At the same time put yourself square with the street and the world?" There are few things more curious, and, from many points of view, more regrettable, than this extraordinary American passion of ours for "squareness." It is second only in unfortunateness to our health-racking belief that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It is asserted by esoteric moralists to be mysteriously and basally related to "squareness" of conduct and uprightness of character. But it has done more than any other one thing to destroy the beauty of our otherwise attractive country towns and parklike villages, with almost as many trees as citizens and more lawn than pavement, and to render half of our rooms cold and sunless in winter, and the other half blazing hot in the summer months.

If we must choose a precise point of the compass for our streets, and plot everything on the deadly monotony of the checkerboard, by all means let that fixed direction be a diagonal from northwest to southeast, and its corresponding right angle. A due south front means a due north back and a due west side. The first of these, while giving an abundance of winter sun, will get a perpetual blaze all through the summer. The second will practically never get any sun at any time of the year, except in the long summer afternoons; and the third, or west, will get a perpetual bombardment of the sun's rays at the hottest and most exhausting time of the day, so that when we attempt to retire to them at night they are still baking and sizzling and won't cool off properly until after midnight.

By facing the house southeast every aspect will get a moderate amount of sun at every season of the year; and though the southwest side of the house will still get rather more of the westerly sun than is desirable, yet it will have the advantage of being tempered by a night breeze, which in the summertime is almost invariably from the south or southwest.

But living-rooms and the most constantly used bedrooms, especially for the youngest and the oldest members of the family, should be placed by preference on the south and southeastern aspects, partly to avoid the glare of the westerly sun in summertime, and partly because, for some curious reason which we do not understand, but which any gardener or flower lover can testify to the correctness of, from practical experience, westerly sunlight is not so valuable for growth as eastern. It has even expressed itself in the formula that one hour of morning sunshine is worth more to a plant than two of afternoon. Plants that will flourish superbly upon the eastern or southeastern side of a house will spindle and run to stalk or small and imperfect flowers on the western exposure.

We should also learn to be independent of this slavery to the points of the compass and paradelike alignment with the street in the internal arrangements of the house. If for any reason the house be on the south side of the street, or the main approach to it from the north, then simply do not hesitate to reverse the interior arrangements of the house, and make the most important living-rooms and bedrooms face the south, and the kitchen, dining-room and reception-rooms toward the front, or north. Let your windows open toward—not Jerusalem, but the sun, wherever you may be.

The next thing is to break away from that other obsession, squareness of outline. The basis of this is, of course, economy, trying to inclose just as much space as possible with as little expenditure of building material; also to save expense by making all angles right angles, and diminishing the number of corners or sloping jointures, and at the same time giving as little surface exposure to the exterior for the wasting of heat or the contact of cold winds as is possible. As a result, our country and small town houses have come to look like so many dry-goods boxes, a little longer or a little shorter. The "soul" of the average American house is of the artistic proportions and fascinating contour of a brick, turned up on edge.

This is the basis for the universal complaint made by the visiting foreigner, of the monotony of our architecture. It chiefly depends upon the fact that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and that any "handy man with a hammer" can put together a square joint, but it takes a carpenter to make an angle, or a bow, or curve.

We must break up this deadly monotony of outline, not merely for the sake of artistic variety of contour, but for the fundamental principle that underlies all good architecture, that it subserves and expresses the purpose for which the house is built. The aim of modern houses, from a hygienic point of view, should be to make every room a corner room—that is to say, break the outline sufficiently to allow, as far as possible, every room in the house to have windows upon two aspects. Once this is done the most difficult problems of both lighting and ventilation are solved in advance.

Building Human Greenhouses

SOMETHING of the same effect may be produced by an intelligent use of the bay-window, which practically adds another side or facet to the room, a new point of the compass from which air and sunlight can enter it. In spite of the sneers of the classicists and formalists the sanitarian has little but praise for the strong tendency to variety of outline and irregularity of form, which is such a striking characteristic of our newer home building. To break up outlines of walls and roofs merely for the sake of variety, or for quaintness, or to be "different," has perhaps become a fad, and, like other fads, has been carried at times to absurd extremes. But, in the main, the tendency is a sound one, like most popular instincts, and is distinctly beneficial in its results, giving not only an attractive exterior, but also rooms which are beautiful in their outlines and in their window openings, and can be made attractive with far less expense and complexity in the matter of colors, furniture and hangings, all of which last, to the sanitary eye, are an abomination.

The most beautiful pictures upon the walls of a room are those that can be seen through its windows.

Now that the race has just begun to throw off the shackles of the cave-fortress dread, and the almost equally repressive and injurious bondage to economy of building material and labor and saving of fuel, it has really at last begun to build houses which are proper places for human blossoms to flourish and bloom in. We are building greenhouses for ourselves instead of for our flowers. So do not be afraid of making your house even what your æsthetic friend may call an "architectural crazy quilt."

Our ancestors of Queen Anne and Tudor times were excellent people in their way, the best, perhaps, that had been invented up to that date; but they were unspeakably filthy in their personal habits, hadn't the remotest conception of ventilation, much less of drainage or sewerage; were as afraid of a bath as the devil is of holy water, and used strong perfumes, like musk and civet, to overpower the reek of packed and steaming humanity that filled their most artistic but equally dark and airless houses.

The business of your house is to express and serve *you*, not your dead-and-gone ancestors; and, while preserving all that there be of dignity and beauty and simplicity in the architectural past, the modern house should strike

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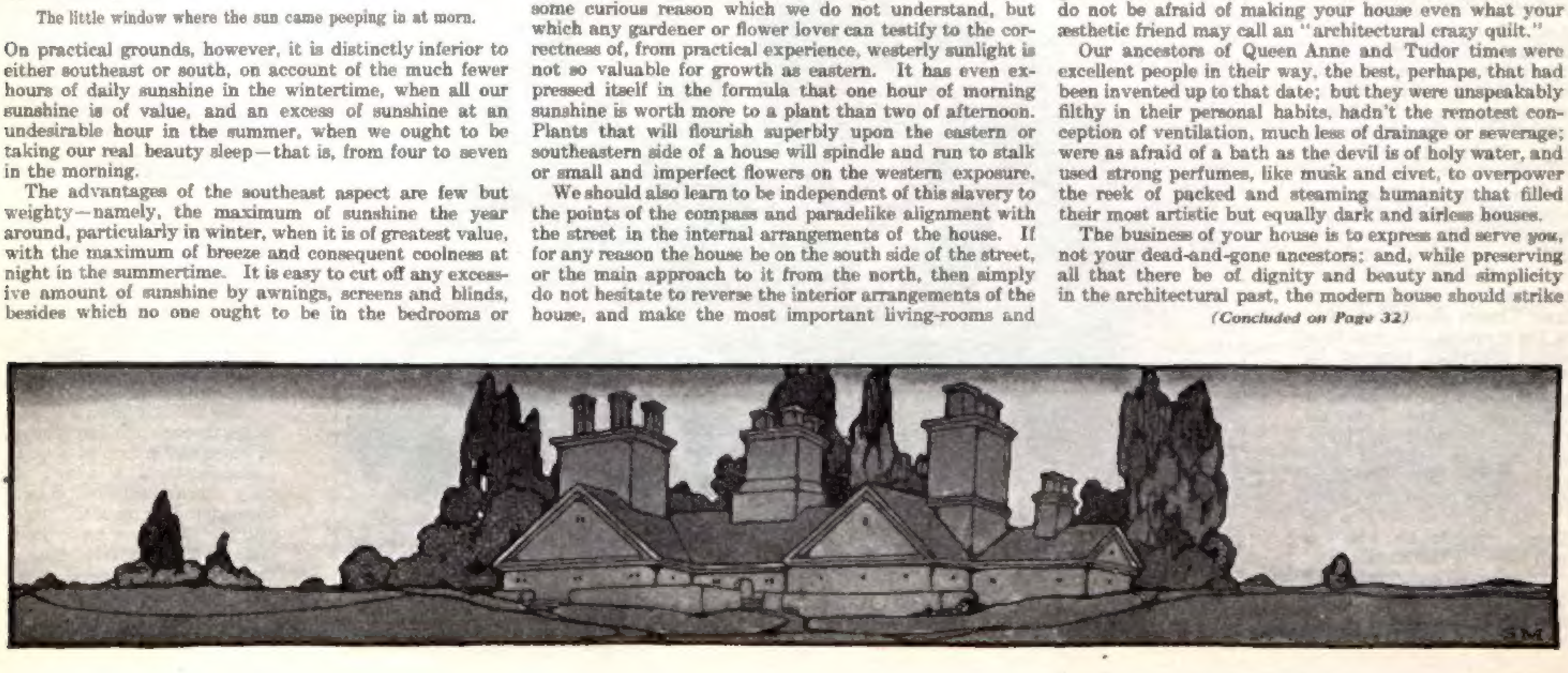


THE INSPECTOR

Mr. Plant and His Pull

By

Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"For Five Dollars," Said He Coolly

IN THE good old days before the transfer, forest inspectors were either honest or dishonest. If "crooked" an inspection was the easiest thing in the world to get over. The official saw what he was supposed to see, reported a little less than he saw, and gathered what he considered his perquisites in doctored expense bills and doubled vouchers. If straight he was apt to be inefficient, or blind, or a bureaucrat, or all three. The Reserve business jogged along in its appointed grooves. Complaints and accusations got lost.

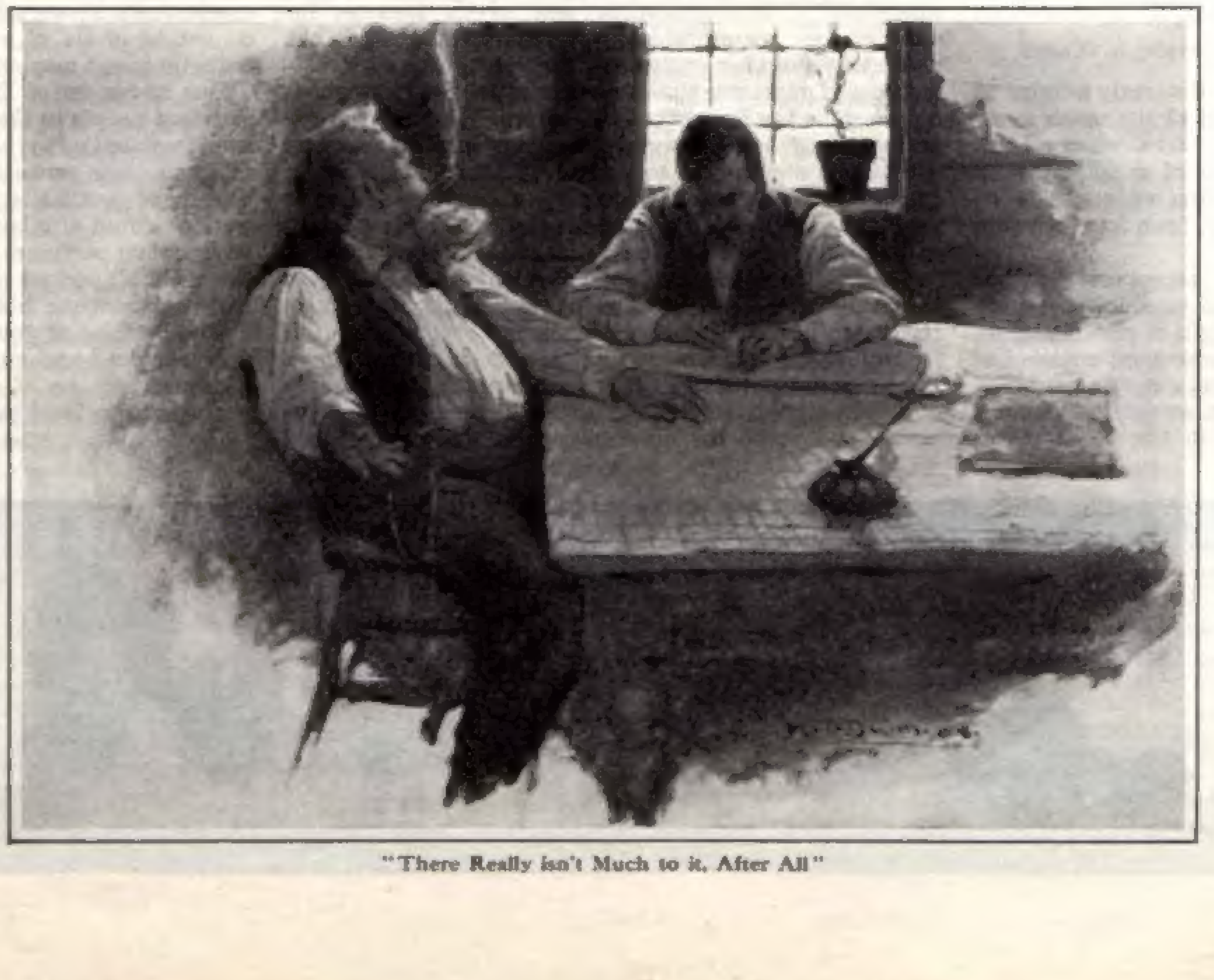
But once the Office sent out an inspector who inspected. He came direct from the offices of the Department. Before that he had lived in his private capacity among the pines and the mountains. His technical knowledge was fair, his practical knowledge absolute, his courage and energy beyond question and his faith in his superiors supreme. That was the queer part in the whole business. With clerks, department heads, commissioners themselves in on the gigantic graft of land spoliation, many good and earnest men did their best, animated by an entire belief in and loyalty to the system they served. This inspector was proud to be a unit in the Land Office. As for appearance, he was square set, possessed a keen, intelligent face, a gray eye, and a close-clipped brown mustache which he gnawed occasionally. His name was Ashley Thorne.

He began at the top of the Sierras and made his destroying way southward. In the course of three months he traveled many hundreds of miles by stage and on a horse. During that time he unearthed enough petty fraud and inefficiency to send a half-dozen men to jail and to break another half-dozen from the ranks. He left behind him a reorganized business and an enthusiastic and devoted body of rangers. Those who were not capable of enthusiasm and devotion shortly found themselves out in the cold. For the first time these sturdy and devoted men discovered that they had a policy to follow, a great scheme of things into which to mortise their efforts.

The methods of this inspector were direct and to the point. The petty grafters, accustomed to the free use of red tape and the inevitable delays thereunto appertaining, were caught off their guard. Austin kept a "blind pig" down near the big Sugar Pine mill. It was on Government land, which Austin pretended to hold as a mineral claim. Thorne served notice on Austin. Austin offered no comment, but sat tight. He knew that the necessary reports, recommendations, indorsements and official orders would take anywhere from one to three months. By that time this inspector would have moved on—and Austin knew the supervisor. But three days later Thorne showed up early in the morning, followed by a dozen interested rangers. In the most businesslike fashion, and despite the variegated objections of Austin and his disreputable satellites, Thorne and his men attached their ropes to the flimsy structure and literally pulled it to pieces.

"You have no right to use force!" cried Austin, who was well versed in the Regulations.

"I've saved my office a great deal of clerical work," Thorne snapped back at him. "Report me, if you feel like it."



"There Really isn't Much to it, After All"

He settled a dozen disputed cases in the same high-handed fashion, but always with justice, always striving for a clean slate on which to write the new system of efficiency. And throughout the Department upheld him. The Department liked efficiency, and *where the private interests of its grafters were not concerned* it tried to give good government. Ashley Thorne reorganized the whole Sierras. He could ride as far as the best of them, could swing an axe, pack a mule, run a line, fight a fire, estimate a tract of timber as well as the mountain-bred men. The rangers caught his enthusiasm. From his visit was born the new régime, which has to-day developed to a model for other National Forests the country over. And the strange part of it was that everybody, even those whose interests he had occasion to tread upon, respected him.

"If any new way of getting to the bottom of things comes out in the next fifty year he'll learn it," stormed Austin. "But the little devil fights squar'; I will say that for him."

Finally Inspector Thorne came in due course to the district of Supervisor Plant. The supervisor met him at the station and drove him the thirty miles to summer headquarters. Plant was a big, hearty man, with a rollicking manner, a jovial laugh and a fund of anecdote. The drive, though uphill, hot and dusty, was not tedious. Among the cool pines at headquarters Thorne plunged his head into the icy water brought to the back door and found it good. During the evening Plant told many amusing stories of Civil War experiences. A pretty woman, whom he introduced as his niece, played a guitar pleasingly. Thorne, relaxed after the tension of long journeys, sank to sleep with the murmur of waters and the singing of pines in his ears.

The next morning Plant went over the books with him, showed him an inventory, detailed the routine, reported progress. All was scheduled, and Thorne, in the reaction from his trying three months' work, in the physical gratitude to the huge sugar pines for their soothing greatness, accepted the information as it was offered. Toward evening Plant pushed back his chair with a laugh.

"That pretty near finishes what we have here," said he. "There really isn't much to it, after all. We've got things pretty well going. To-morrow I'll get one of the boys to ride out with you near here. If you want to take any trips back country I'll scare up a pack and somebody to take you."

"I haven't time for that," said Thorne. "But I'll look at that bridge site to-morrow."

"When must you go?"

"In a couple of days."

Plant's large countenance showed more than a trace of satisfaction.

"Well, I'll go in and see Minnie about a lunch for you," said he.

Thorne, left to himself, lit his pipe and rambled off down the road. If he had not met a twelve-horse freight-wagon kicking up a fog of dust he would not have turned up the mountain; there was neither object nor attraction in his doing so. The pines grew sparse, and a thick tangle of stubborn manzanita and spiky snowbrush clothed a steep side-hill. But, once off the road, a series of petty allurements led him on. Yonder he caught a glimpse of a tree fungus that interested him. He pushed and plunged until he had gained its level. Once there, he concluded to examine a dying yellow pine farther up the hill. Then he thought to find a drink of water in the next hollow. Finally the way ahead seemed easier than the brush behind. He pushed on, and, after a moment of breathless climbing, gained the top of the ridge.

Here he found himself in one of those lofty and cathedral-like forests peculiar to the Sierras. The ground was practically bare of any covering but that of the pine needles. Huge trees, sometimes seven or eight feet in diameter, rose to incredible heights. Through them slanted the late sun, illuminating the vivid green moss rings on the firs, throwing into incandescent relief the trunks of some of the sugar pines. The great trees stood there like sentinels looking out over the world, their heads so near the sky that almost they seemed gently to brush it. Thorne seemed to himself very small and close to the ground. He entertained a fantastic feeling that it would be impossible by any manner of shoutings or poundings or jumpings up and down to attract the attention of these calm and lofty green people to his insignificance. He smiled at the thought.

Then suddenly he forgot everything in the startled contemplation of something he discovered at his feet. It was a shallow, narrow and meandering trough through the pine needles. A rod or so away ran another similar trough. Thorne set about following them.

They led him down a gentle slope, through a young growth of pines and cedars to a little azalea-bordered meadow. A tiny stream tinkled down through the centre of the green patch. The great trees drew close to the border of it as a crowd gathers to conceal something in its midst. A more beautiful lost little valley of peace could not be imagined.

Thorne broke through the border of azaleas. As he had anticipated, the grass had been eaten short to the soil and trampled by many little hoofs. He walked to the upper end of the tiny meadow. Here he found old ashes. Satisfied with his discoveries he returned rapidly down the mountain to headquarters.

At the corral he came across old' California John rubbing up the silver on his bridle. Thorne stopped and looked him over.

"You're a ranger, I take it," said he curtly.

"You're the inspector, I take it," said he.

Thorne grinned under his close-clipped mustache.

"There have been sheep camped over night at a little meadow over that ridge," said he.

"I know it," replied California John.

"You seem to know several things," retorted Thorne crisply, "but your information seems to stop short of the fact that you're supposed to keep sheep out of the Reserve."

"Not when they have permission," said California John.

"Permission!" echoed Thorne. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. They had a permit to stop over night on their way through by road."

"Who gave it?"

"Plant, of course."

"What for?"

California John polished his bit carefully for some moments in silence. Then he laid it to one side and deliberately faced about.

"For five dollars," said he coolly, looking Thorne in the eye.

Thorne looked back at him steadily.

"You'll swear to that?" he asked.

"I sure will," said California John.

"How long has this sort of thing gone on?"

"Always," replied the ranger.

"How long have you known about it?"

"Always," said California John.

"Why have you never said anything before?"

"What for?" countered California John, relighting his cigar. "I'd just get bounced. There ain't no good in saying anything. He's my superior officer. They used to teach me in the army that I ain't got no call to criticise what my officer does. It's my job to obey orders the best I can."

"Why do you tell me, then?"

"You're my superior officer, too—and his."

"So were all the other inspectors who have been here."

"Them ——!" said California John.

Thorne said nothing to the supervisor about his discoveries or his suspicions. Next day he moved down to the Flats—ten miles distant—where he installed himself and his little portable typewriter in a room of the summer hotel there.

"I have a good many reports to clean up," he told Plant.

"Better stay with me, then," said the supervisor.

"No. It's much handier to the telephone here. I may need to get through a telegram to Washington at any given time."

Plant did not press the matter; he was always only too glad to get an inspector out of the way.

Thorne wrote at once to an acquaintance in the Land Office requesting all of Plant's vouchers for some years back. After a due interval the acquaintance sent them. In the mean time Thorne plunged with zest into one of those detective investigations on which his reputation as an efficient inspector had been built. He got acquainted around the place. The liveryman found him an excellent judge of horses, and possessed of a sympathetic understanding of mountain roads as well as of good cigars.

"You know Plant, don't you?" Thorne asked him after a leisurely hour's conversation.

"Yes," acknowledged Martin, the liveryman, pursing his lips around the cigar.

"Ever do business with him?"

"Occasionally."

"Make out vouchers for him?"

"Sure-ly."

"Pay up prompt?"

"Pretty fair."

Thorne set his chair down square on its four legs. The dialogue preceding looks innocent enough on paper, but from it the inspector had gathered what he wished to know. Martin's replies had been monosyllabic and curt: Martin's usual conversation was abundant.

"Look here," said Thorne. "Is he straight?"

Martin looked his questioner in the eye for nearly a full half-minute.

"Well," he answered slowly at last, "I ain't detailin' common rumor. That's out of my line. I can only tell you about my own dealin's with him. And I ain't quite sure."

"That's all I want—your own dealings with him."

"He's slow pay—in fact he owes a big bill now that's been runnin' since last year: says he ain't got the money from the Government yet. That don't look quite right, now does it?"

"No, that don't look quite right," agreed Thorne. "Uncle Sam always pays up. Still ——"

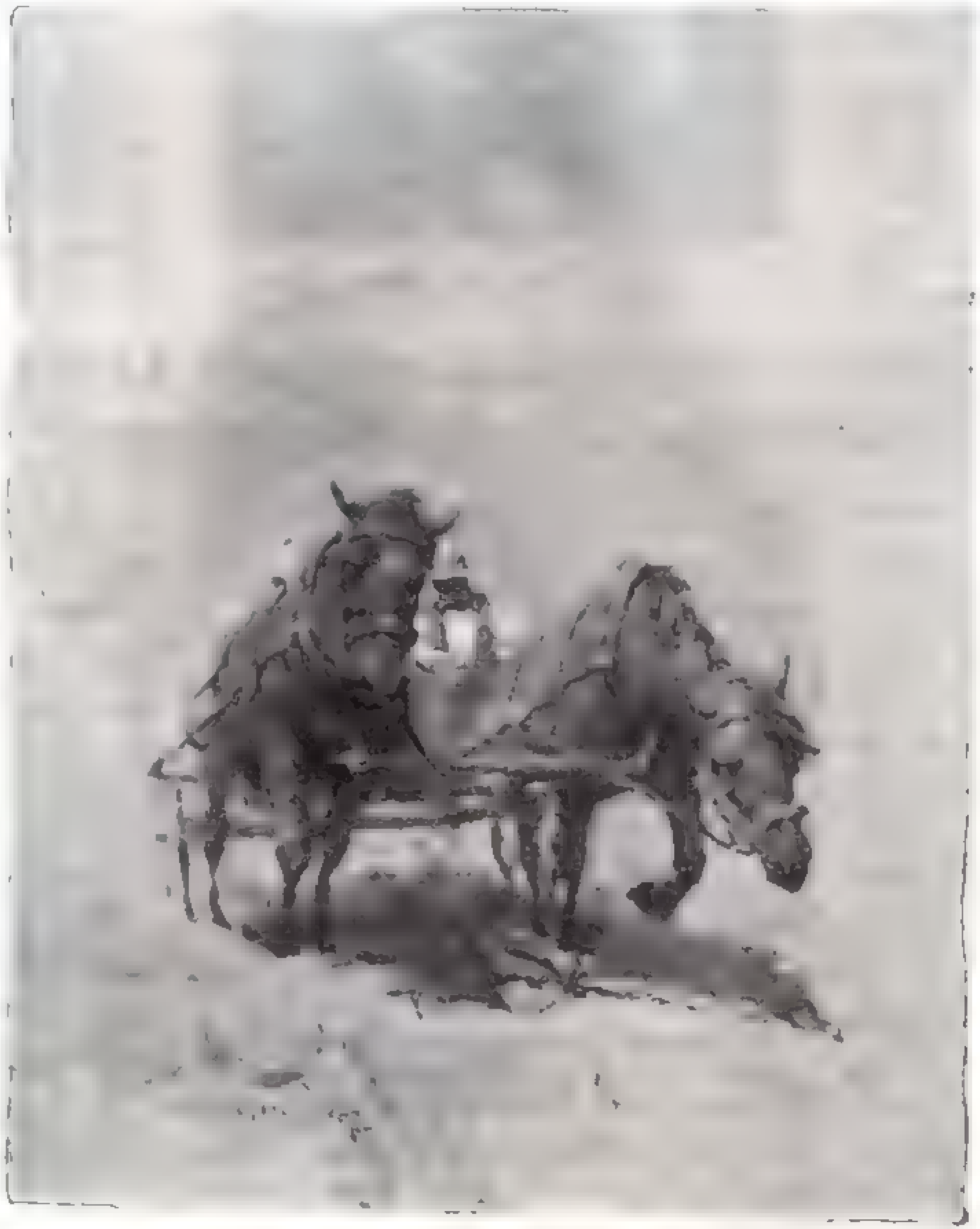
"Oh, there's nothin' in that, of course. But tell me this: How many vouchers does he have to hand in?"

"One."

"And does he have to have one to keep in his own files?"

"Certainly not."

"I suspicioned not. Well, he always gets me to sign two blank vouchers every time he gets a team."



The Drive, Though Uphill, Hot and Dusty, was Not Tedious

"You'll give me an affidavit to that effect?"

"I sure will," replied Martin.

Thorne visited the hotel-keeper and the stage-driver. After some difficulty and diplomacy he obtained acknowledgments from them and the promise of affidavits to the effect that Plant was in the habit of obtaining double vouchers. By this time the files had arrived from Washington. A comparison of the vouchers for teams with Martin's charge-books showed that Plant had utilized the duplicates, filling in the blanks with fictitious dates. In the course of the investigations, Martin suddenly threw back his head in a loud guffaw.

"There is the plumb limit," said he, placing his blunt forefinger on a pair of vouchers bearing the same date.

To team and driver to Big Baldy post-office . . . $4.00

"That's all right," commented Martin. "I drove him myself that day. Here's the joke."

To saddle horse, Big Baldy to McClintock claim . . $2.00

"Why," said Martin, "he took along his saddle and clapped it on one of the team horses to go up to McClintock's. I remember objectin' on account of him bein' so heavy. Say," reflected the liveryman after a moment, "he's right out for the little stuff, ain't he? When his hand gets near a dollar it cramps."

In the course of his examination of the thousands of documents sent on from Washington, Thorne ran across one item so recurrently frequent that finally he sorted the vouchers bearing them and laid them aside. They all read alike:

To M. Aiken, horse and cart $1.50

Their number, covering a space of three years' time, was several hundred.

"Martin," said Thorne, "who is M. Aiken?"

"Search me," replied the liveryman promptly.

"Well, I thought you'd know, because he seems to hire out livery."

"Not in this country."

Thorne showed him a sample voucher.

"Horse and cart," said Martin thoughtfully. "Old Plant certainly drives around the country a lot in a cart. Leave it to me for a day or two."

Within the specified time Martin drew Thorne apart.

"The cart I see him in belongs to him—or he says it does," said he, "and so do his rangers. Did he hire this horse and cart often from this Aiken fellow?"

"About five hundred times in the last three years."

"He's all right, that fellow. It ain't everybody that would think of collectin' on his own property."

Next Thorne went after the sheepmen and the cattlemen for evidence of bribery. This was not so easy a matter. Plant's jovial manner and easy-going ways had made him friends, and his easy suspension of grazing regulations—for a consideration—appealed strongly to self-interest. However, as always in such cases, enough had at some time felt themselves discriminated against to entertain resentment. Thorne took advantage of this both to get evidence and to secure information that enabled him to frighten more evidence out of others.

Naturally, it was not long before the news of this inspector's activities spread through the mountains. Several men came in of their own accord to complain of what they considered injustice. Thorne sifted these complaints carefully. A majority of them amounted to nothing, but one man who had in good faith attempted to take up a homestead claim seemed to possess evidence of criminality on a larger scale than the petty grafts heretofore unearthed. The jugglery in this case amounted distinctly to perjury and bribery. Thorne was delighted, and put himself to that most difficult of tasks: the persuading of an old mountaineer to set his name to a legal document.

One day, as he was working busily over his typewriter, the door opened and shut behind him. Plant stood in the room, his face dark.

"I hear you are still investigating my district, as well as making out reports," he growled in a voice full of portent.

"I am," snapped back Thorne, without turning his head.

"Am I to consider myself under investigation?" demanded Plant truculently.

"You are," said Thorne, reaching for a fresh sheet of paper.

Plant turned on his heel and went out. Next day it was reported that he had left on the stage.

Thorne now worked rapidly, collating and arranging the material he had gathered.

"It's about as open and shut a case as I ever handled," he told Martin, with whom he had struck up an intimacy. "This is Mr. Plant's last season here. In fact, it will surprise me if he doesn't land behind the bars."

"Got Martinez' affidavit yet?"

"He's promised to come down with me on Friday; then I'll send on my papers."

"Well," said Martin, "it's a lucky thing you came along as you did. I must say we folks around here had begun to look on these Forest Reserves as a sort of all-around fake for fat folks. And those fat folks generally ran the graft so far into the ground you couldn't find the hole. But now we're beginnin' to think that maybe the Land Office is all right, after all—only unfortunate."

"You bet it's all right," said Thorne. "It's slow business cleaning up all the old guard, but we're doing it as fast as we can."

"I guess there's more of 'em than hell has room for," said Martin philosophically.

By the middle of next week Plant returned and proceeded at once to his upper camp. By the end of that

(Concluded on Page 31)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Whiskers, in Those Days, Were Whiskers, Carefully Nurtured Endowments of a Generous Creator

Little Sunshine of the Senate

THERE once was a happy and halcyon time—them was the hallicon days, as Ike Hill used to say when there were five sets of simon-pure, paint-brush whiskers inhabiting the United States of America. There once was a time when, hirsutely speaking, we boasted of five illustrious and more or less obtrusive chins that were overgrown with this peculiar and pentangular insult to the trade of tonsor.

We had them once, flung wide to the caresses of every vagrant breeze, proud, belligerent—not to say bellicose the sublimation of the whisker idea as developed under the Stars and Stripes.

We had them once, but where are they now? And Echo, taking a rapid glance at our multitudinous chins, ranging from Secretary Taft's five to Senator Murray Crane's none, throws up her hands and whispers: "Gone; gone where the woodbine twineth and the razor gets in its dark and deadly work."

'Tis even so. Upon a night that shall ever be famous as the whiskers apogee, they stood them up in a row at a Gridiron Club dinner, four of the five, and that was the last time they ever were or ever will be exhibited to a wondering world: Thomas H. Carter, Senator from Montana; John K. Gowdy, Consul-General to Paris; James D Youmans, Interstate Commerce Commissioner, and George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad. The set that was missing belonged to the Reverend Thomas R Slicer, the Unitarian minister of New York. It was an amazing display, impressing on all beholders the extreme limit to which a man can go if he desires to do some landscape gardening on the lineaments Mother Nature handed out to him There was loud applause and some cheers. Whiskers, in those days, were whiskers, carefully nurtured endowments of a generous Creator.

But now—the tale is a sad one, Hortense, and I shudder to relate it to one who is so lovely and so good—now two remain of all those five glorious examples of contributory facial negligence. Youmans has passed across to that land where the whisker does not trouble. Gowdy, when in Paris, to the shame of Indiana and Gowdy be it said, succumbed to the blandishments of some Parisian barber and cut his off. Slicer has reneged and has had his trimmed to a common and conventional Vandyke. Carter and Daniels alone remain true to their chinsters, scorning all advances from men who would reap where they sowed years ago, rebuffing those who ask why, in a free and untrammeled country, a man should penalize himself in that way. Carter and Daniels! And there have been signs of late that Daniels has had his frost-bitten or moth-eaten, or something, for Carter's are the only ones that flaunt themselves in all their pristine exuberance—in all their fertile, flowing plenteousness-ness-ness.

Carter's are real chinerinos, not mere rococo effects like those of Uncle Joe Cannon and Uncle Shelby Cullom, to say nothing of the Studebaker and Knute Nelson attempts. There is none of the brannigan about them, growing down on the throat, nor are they knockers growing up from the collar. They are legitimate chin boys—chin-chin, as Dr. Edward Bedloe is wont to remark, who's got the Adam's apple?—and they add a detail to that beatific Montana countenance that makes for the uplift. Everybody loves them, for when they wag they nearly always wag for peace. "Scatter seeds of kindness" is the Carter motto; "for we are here to-day, and to-morrow we may be out there trying to get back."

Pouring Water on the Troubled Oil

CARTER is the Little Sunshine of the Senate. Let any of those fevered warriors who debate the Constitution on the floor of the greatest deliberative body in the world—see speeches by all the younger Senators—clash and go to the mat in a gory wrangle as to whether the powers of the Federal Government are synonymous and synchronous with the delegated rights of the various States as set forth in the Dartmouth College case, and it is Carter who steps in and pours water on the troubled oil. Let Senator Tillman allege that Senator Beveridge is the Wasp of the Wabash, and let Senator Beveridge retort that Senator Tillman is the Boll-Weevil of the Waccamaw, and Senator Carter is there with the mellifluous: "Now, boys, boys, you are both Nature-fakers—ha! ha! ha!—everybody laugh." When Senator Hale gets gloomily up and harbingers a choice assortment of woe it is Carter who radiates a smile across the chamber that cheers up the solemn statesmen who have been plunged in grief and brings them to the surface all chuckling and happy.

Whenever Senator Foraker takes a running jump and lands on the paunch of Senator Bacon, or when Senator LaFollette stealthily produces a coupling-pin from his desk and tries to change the classic features of Senator Aldrich; when Senator Kittredge sits athwart the beloved form of his colleague, Senator Gamble, and starts an investigation into the color of Gamble's eyes with the stub end of a sturdy thumb, it is Carter who rises in his place and sings, in a rich barytone voice: "Let dogs delight to bark and bite" and the highly admonitory and pacific lines that follow.

Little Sunshine, shining for all; shining with a warm June glow at all seasons of the year. "I fain would——," begins a grouchy Senator, thinking to tweak a casual nose or pull an offending ear. "Fain me no fains," burbles Carter. "It is not meet that this should happen here What the Senator meant was thus and so, and what the other Senator said, Mr. President, was this and that," and he constructs a flowery tale which doesn't mean what the Senator meant or say what the other Senator said, but which is always happy, always pleasant, always pacificatory and which usually has a harmonizing effect.

When Harmony Takes a Vacation

HE CAN do it with those whiskers. Now that the snows of youth, not age, have been scattered on that appendage he looks as benignant and beneficent as grandpa on Thanksgiving Day when he is about to carve the turkey. His eye is bright and beaming. His cheek is smooth and ruddy. His voice is soft and low. Indeed he looks like the whole benedictionary. But let us cast a hasty glance at another phase of him. He is Little Sunshine, all right, whenever anybody else is threatening to disturb the righteous calm and peace of a Senate session. That is almost the best thing he does. The best thing he does is disturbing the righteous calm and peace of a Senate session himself. Then he uses an axe.

You see, while Senator Carter is a devotee of peace, whose emblem is the dove, and who earnestly advocates the turning of the other cheek for all his colleagues, he is not so committed to the doctrine that it is safe to step on more than four of his toes at one and the same time. He can elaborate an argument as to why a Senator should be pleasant and sociable and polite to a point where the stained glass in the ceiling of the Senate chamber is all gummed with good will.

That is for other folks. Personally, he can, on occasion, gallop down the centre aisle with a baseball bat in his hands and raise lumps as big as eggplants on every head he sees. Peace, you understand, is a relative term. There are moments when Little Sunshine's sunshine gets behind a cloud.

However, that does not interfere with the main fact that when it comes to radiating sweetness and light in the Senate chamber Senator Carter is a string of gilded pipes all around the walls. He might have been born in Ireland, for the blarney av 'im, but circumstances put him on earth in Scioto County, Ohio. Thence he went to Montana and thence he came to the Senate, after various other excursions to Washington as Member of the House of Representatives and as Commissioner of the General Land Office. He had the nerve to tackle the job of reëlecting President Harrison in the campaign of 1892, when he was chairman of the Republican National Committee and what the proletariat did to him and his chief on that sad occasion is one of the tear-splotched pages of our political history, from certain viewpoints.

Letting Loose the Gates of Speech

STILL, it was not without its reward, for a few years later Montana sent him to the Senate and he stayed there until 1901, when he went out in a lurid glow and a flood of language that Pompeiied the Rivers and Harbors Bill. President McKinley wanted the bill defeated. He gave Carter the job

At midnight on March 3 Carter arose to submit a few remarks on rivers and harbors, waterways, ditches, canals and all other combinations of H_2O known to man. He submitted them, submitted them until twelve o'clock on March 4, when the Congress adjourned by constitutional limit and the bill was dead.

Carter went out as a Senator at the same time, returning in 1906; but the laborer was not without his reward, for President McKinley, as a slight token of favors received, made him a member of the St. Louis Fair Commission, which was about as pleasant a job as any statesman temporarily off the pay-roll ever tucked into his pocket. That was a momentous speech, full of joke and anecdote and airy persiflage and of gloom for the chaps who wanted their bits of pork. It meant nothing to Carter. He could have talked for twenty-four hours instead of twelve on an occasion not half so noteworthy. He tried it once, at a dinner. Apparently, he had no terminal facilities. After a time somebody remarked, in a loud voice: "My dear Mr. Carter, are you laboring under the impression that this dinner is a rivers and harbors bill?"

Whereupon there were loud cries.

Sibley's Unpoetical Fence

THE Honorable Joseph Sibley, who is one of Pennsylvania's richest men, and who has the proud record of being elected to one Congress as a Democrat and to the succeeding Congress as a Republican, has a fine, big summer place up on Lake Champlain.

He delights to take Representatives up to this house and entertain them. One summer, John Sharp Williams was in a party. Williams had a fine time

That winter, when things were dull in the House, Williams wrote a poem about Sibley's place. It was a tender little ballad, describing a lovesick couple who sat on the fence and spooned at the moon, while the silvery waters of Champlain beat with fairy fingers on the shimmering shore—or words to that effect.

He took it over to Sibley. "See here, Joe," he said. "I've written a fine poem about your place up on Lake Champlain. Read it."

Sibley read it and handed it back without comment.

"What do you think of it?" asked the poet.

"Rotten," said Sibley.

"Why so?" flared Williams. "It's a good poem, and that's a fine touch about those people sitting on the fence in the moonlight."

"Fine touch," snorted Sibley, "I should think it was. All the fences on my place are made of barbed wire."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Clay, of Georgia, is the only Senator who wears his hair cut pompadour.

¶ Mayor J. G. Cutler, of Rochester, New York, invented a mail chute for public buildings and made a big fortune out of it.

¶ David J. Brewer is the only Kansan who ever sat on the United States Supreme Bench. Kansas has never had a Vice-President or a Speaker of the House, but did have a President pro tempore of the Senate, John J. Ingalls.

¶ Thomas F. Ryan, the great financier, was born in Virginia and, they say, has an ambition to be a United States Senator from that State, which he ought to be able to gratify, as his men control the political machinery there.

¶ Richard Sylvester, Major and Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, which is the inspiring designation of the Washington coppers, catches more Potomac bass than any man who fishes in that historic stream, and that is going some.

THE MAN FROM ROME

By Marie Van Vorst

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

DECORATIVE HEADING BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

XI

THE Marchese left Francesco with his hand on the open door and a smile on his face. It was so unnatural for the Duke to be either morose or sombre that sadness altered his whole physical appearance. He turned about to dress and to transform himself into an ordinary human being. As he passed his dressing-table the letters which had accumulated day by day caught his eye and he looked through them to discover something for which he had waited for days—a letter from the family, but in another handwriting from his father's, and in this way it had slipped his attention. It was from his young sister, Elena, a lovely little creature about to be married to the Duca Direzzo. It ran:

> *Caro*, the father shot his hand while pigeon-shooting at the hunting club here and he can't write you. Mother has had a week of *migraine*, for it's been raining like cats and dogs, so I'm going to write for them to you, *caro*.
>
> We none of us really know what to say to you. You have so many affairs always, and you've such a big heart and you're so sweet. Father says that as this is a fancy it will pass, and he wants you to take a moment to think it over and to come up here and see us. Mother says a thousand kisses and she refuses you nothing, but she doesn't like Americans—they are so fantastic in the Vatican—I say—(evidently here she had been interrupted, for she went on again with a different-colored ink). *Caro*, do come out and see my new dogs. Pio has given them to me, and I've a new ring from father. As for the rest, of course, we shall all love her if you do, but we say, wait, wait a bit, and come here. Kisses, ELENA.

Francesco saw that no one had taken his letter as he had intended that it should be taken. After all, he could scarcely wonder. What pages and chapters of affairs they had gone through since his studies had set him free. No one had ever found fault with him in his life. The old Duca had himself been a free-liver, and he had never seen fit to sermonize his son. His mother was a gentle goose, and he made up for all his delinquencies, so far as she was concerned, by kisses. Elena had her friends, her dogs, and Pio, her fiancé. But he knew that they would all welcome her when he should take her there at last. This was not a formal answer to his letter, however, and he could not see the Porsons until he had obtained one. He wrote again, at length, like a man, like a determined one, and sent for his own servant and bade him take the first train to the Villa Maggiore, and to wait at the house for an answer, and to fetch it back with him.

The servant informed him that it would leave the Duca very much alone, as there was no one in the *palazzo* besides the majordomo and a couple of cooks. But this made no difference to Francesco, and he packed Vincenzo off post-haste.

After his departure the Duca could not get himself up to the dressing point beyond bathing and slipping into fresh clothes; he refused any further concession to toilette than his dressing-gown, a dark velvet affair, tied round the waist with a silken cord. He sent for his barber, however, and was shaved; and then, exhausted from the effort, he threw himself down to rest and to muse in the stillness of his quiet room. The walls round him were lined with his books, fencing foils and hunting things; it was distinctly a man's room—not in the least a fop's. As his eyes traversed the walls he let the objects suggest the different times of his life when he had hunted in the marshes of Marena, or even gone farther north with English friends to Scotland. As he looked, his attention was caught *by an oar lying up underneath the frieze of his ceiling*. As he looked at it, he paled; his heart beat furiously. He stared, fascinated at the object. He could not remember it at all; he could not remember having valued it as a trophy of sport, but it hung there long and slim and slender, painted blue, with a brown handle. It was the oar of a simple fishing boat, and, as he considered it, Francesco found that he remembered it very well. The figure of Marina Pesca came forcibly to him. Her presence laid fast hold upon him, as clearly as though she lived again. She was a fine creature, with splendid shoulders and neck, a swelling bosom that showed beneath her half-open shirtwaist; her eyes were superb and very melancholy; her lips red and full, and her hair soft as dark velvet. Her hands spoiled by hard work, fishing and cleansing fish, and washing, contrasted with her beautiful arms. Francesco had rowed her out in her boat with the blue oars. She had rowed him with them. And he that night threatened to steal one and keep it in memory of her. Evidently he had done so, for there it was now on his wall. He couldn't remember having ordered it sent to Rome, but he must have done so in some hour of ecstatic folly. As the clear image of her remained before him, in a second he was transported back to Capri. He knew all the stones of the beach by heart, and it was no difficult thing to fancy once again the little cottage up in the hills. He tried in his agitation to evoke the image of Cissy, but she wouldn't come to him, and Marina della Pesca stayed! Indeed, she stood there by the wall, under the oar, and bent her eyes on the young man. Tears seemed to stream from them until they drowned her, then finally she disappeared.

With an imprecation Francesco sprang up. A flood of blood rushed to his heart—his temples beat. He leaned out of the window, which he threw open, into the dark night. The evening had come, it was late, and he had been unaware of the time, but, nevertheless, in the darkness, he realized it with horror, he had been able clearly to see Marina and the oar on the wall. Well, she had disappeared, at any rate. What a fool he was—what a fool!

He drew himself in from the window, shut it, turned the lights on and rang his bell. After a little his majordomo arrived, shuffling in.

"What time is it, Matteo?"

"Seven o'clock, Signorino, and a dinner—such a dinner—has come in from the club—enough for any army, and wine and ice."

The Duca told him to serve in the red salon downstairs, to make a good fire; he could not stay another minute in his rooms.

"But," urged the old man, "the signorino would be seriously ill with the cold."

The signorino would take the risk. Meanwhile he would write some letters. Come up and tell him as soon as the room was heated through, and fetch him the evening papers.

The bright, friendly light filled the room now, and, after the old man had gone out, Francesco sat down before his writing things and covered with his hand the little packet of letters from Cissy which lay arranged before him. He looked up at the oar. He was not afraid of it any more; his ridiculous fever had made him almost delirious. He had smoked, he had drunk too much coffee—too much Vermouth alone here with his fancies. He looked up at the old oar, which he had, evidently, without remembering, brought to Rome. He did look up to it and it was gone! Above his foils and his masks the red line of the wall extended between ceiling and frieze quite bare. There was no oar there—*there never had been any oar*.

XII

NAPLES had become to Cissy the emptiest of empty shells. A still perfectly beautiful thing, of course—Europe was "too lovely"—but oh, the lifelessness of those flower-filled streets! The Marchese had said that Miss Porson stood in Bertolini's, looking out at the view. And so for the most of the time she did, a pathetic, lonely little figure in the big glass pavilion, her blue eyes fixed on Naples as it lay along the shore. One by one, out from it, all the roads led toward Rome. Francesco's letters set her imagination rioting, and she built palace after palace with curious facility for a little girl who had never been before across the frontier of a Western State.

Francesco's letters she read so long and so far into the night that sleeplessness began to prey upon her good looks. And these letters helped her fancy, for now and then the young man told her what his beautiful prison looked like and she felt a sort of terror at the beauty that he described. Their own house in Wisconsin was a big, generous, luxurious dwelling with five bathrooms and two parlors, and Mrs. Porson was going to enlarge it as soon as she got home. Her father had already ordered boxes and sent gigantic terra-cotta pots to set in his new gardens, but, although it was the handsomest residence in La Crosse, she knew that her home was far from being a palace.

Cissy longed and wished. "*Shall* I see him as soon as we get there? Is his house near the Hotel de Russie? Will his father say yes, and when can I tell my father? Soon, I hope." And it was with this hope that she one day turned about and met the stare of the Marchese di Silveria fixed upon her, and under his curious eyes she had blushed and frowned. The Marchese, to whom beauty was enhanced by life and experience, and who had, so he said, no understanding and no digestion for unripe fruit, thought her only a pretty child with possibilities, and he was quite willing to leave her development to his friend!

XIII

THE old circular room in which Matteo had seen fit to prepare his master's dinner was hung about with twelfth-century tapestry. Seven high silver candelabra at the chimney-places and about the room lit the apartment and the pale radiance trembled on the air, which was still chilly, for, no matter how the fire roared, the room had been too long cold. Matteo laid a small round table in the centre of the apartment, placed two great candlesticks upon it and arranged his master's dinner as temptingly as he knew how to do. There was plenty of time before the Marchese should come. The champagne was iced, and the baskets piled high with fruits.

The old majordomo, in his best regalia, stood waiting until his master's friend should arrive. But the Marchese did not appear, and the young man, nervous and impatient, took several turns about the room, chatted with the servant regarding the menu, found that the dishes sounded sumptuously good and that for the first time in many days he was hungry. As the moments passed he drew a long sigh of pleasure at the cheerfulness of the room, helped Matteo to place a six-foot log across the andirons, and continued to wait and listen for Georgio to call out, as he always did before he appeared: "Well, what is there new in the world, *ecco*?" But the happy Georgio was at the present moment supping with his Principessa and had forgotten even to send a note to his poor friend.

At nine o'clock, taking his desertion as good-naturedly as he might, Francesco sat down before his lonely supper and bade the man serve him without further delay. The Duca was half disposed to bid the domestic call up his own club by telephone and see who, of his acquaintance, might chance to be hanging about. But he called Matteo in vain, for the servant, who was in the distant part of the palace, heard nothing.

Di Torrenti sat down to the table where, at his place, the little tureen of soup was steaming. He poured out a glass of wine that filled the crystal like amber. He had specially ordered this wine, for it was a favorite of the Marchese, of peculiarly rich and delicious vintage. He drank it down at one draft, and the warmth of it ran through his veins as if it were the sun itself. Francesco sat immobile, looking across the room as if he had been suffused by an elixir.

"*Inamorata mia!*"

And then he heard a step on the outer corridor; the curtain stirred, lifted by some one's hand.

Di Torrenti sprang up, certain that he was to come face to face with the Marchese, but, on the contrary, a woman entered—a little cloaked figure with one pretty hand extended, and Di Torrenti saw that it was flesh and blood In another moment, with a cry as though seven devils had been exorcised from him by the sight of her, he had Cissy Porson in his arms.

She rested there for a second, then made him release her, and he saw how she had flushed, and how her lips trembled, and as he realized how wonderful it was to see her, he also realized how young she was, and how she wavered and swayed like a flower. But he could only repeat her name, holding both her little hands: "Cissy, Cissy!" gazing at her as if she were a miracle. It was evident that the girl made a great effort to find her voice.

"Why, everybody comes to Rome, you know," she said, "don't they? We are tourists, you know; we *had* to come, and I *had* to see a palace."

"Who is with you, dearest?"

"No one," she said simply.

"But how did you get here all alone so late, and who knows you are here? But it's a dream—a dream!" he repeated, and raising one of her hands he kissed it so long that she paled afresh and said his name like an appeal.

"It's a long story and a romantic one. May I sit down in your palace, or could I possibly have some of your dinner, Francesco? I'm hungry, and I've had nothing to eat since noon."

He cried out, put a chair for her, put a great velvet cushion at her feet, on which her little shoe rested like the shoe of the princess in a fairy tale, and served her himself, asking her a hundred questions eagerly, at all of which she only laughed and told him to wait.

"Who let you in?"

"An old man, an adorable old man."

"Matteo, of course. Well, you've bewitched him. Where is he?" And again Francesco called "Matteo," violently ringing the bell. And this time, with surprising alacrity, as though he had been just within the tapestried curtain, which now was intensely and properly immovable, the man came in and received his orders.

The Signorina was to share the Duca's dinner, and she was to eat and drink of the best—the best! More wood was to be thrown on the fire, and everything was to be done *presto—presto!*

Ah, the subtle old Italian understood, he smiled wisely, not ill-pleased that his master had become a human being again. This he knew would chase the blue fiends from the young man's brain.

Francesco leaned his elbow on the table, feasting his eyes on the girl. She had thrown off her long traveling cloak, which had given her the air of a cloaked fairy, and she wore a simple blouse and skirt, with a soft little collar about her neck and a soft little hat on her head.

"Tell me," he said, "all. Where are your people?"

"Why, they've gone to Tivoli and they think that I am at home in the hotel. Bird found his boatman here in Rome yesterday and he has taken him out to row on the Tiber. He was very nice and obliging, really not dreadful at all. I saw him myself. He's a handsome fellow and looks quite the Italian that one sees painted on the tambourines. He pointed out lots of things on the shores, for I went with my brother. And when we passed a certain spot he said: 'There's the Palazzo di Torrenti.' And you can guess how I felt. He said it over and over again, and finally I asked him if he had ever been there, and he said with a great deal of feeling: 'Not yet, but I am going some day.' Then I found your letter at the hotel telling me how ill you had been, and that you would still keep the house for several days. My family had gone when the post arrived." She bent her naïve, innocent eyes upon him. "And, of course, as soon as I knew that you were ill I came at once."

"But who fetched you through the streets at night?"

She laughed and said, "Why, I came alone in a cab."

"Did you keep the cab?"

"At the door I only asked how you were, you know, to find out; but my Italian wasn't very good, I'm afraid, for the man fetched me right in. He kept telling me all the time that you were alone. Are you?"

The young man could neither drink nor eat, hungry as he had been before. He could only listen entranced to the gentle, simple words as if they were music, cool enough to marvel at the code of education which had made a nocturnal visit to him possible without ruffling her peace. At every word he drank in like a draft of pure air and pure water her frank, innocent words and her innocent love.

With the greatest effort and coaxing on his part he forced her to eat something, but they were neither of them equal to the Marchese's banquet, and Matteo, scolding in a mild and deferential fashion, carried the scarcely-tasted supper away.

"Sit here, *Cecillia mia.*" Francesco led her to a long seat covered in brocade near the fire, and yet out of the light. "Sit here and let me tell myself over and over again that I am not asleep, for in a very little while I must take you home."

She acquiesced, saying she could only stay a moment, but that old Matteo should take her home, for she would not hear of Francesco leaving the house. It was cold and chilly outside.

She touched his hand gently. Had he fever? Had he been very ill?

Cissy, looking like a child, sat among the pillows of the long brocaded seat. Back of her head ran a story of the Middle Ages in the woven silks of the tapestries and at her side branched out the silver arms of the candelabrum. "This is a palace," she said under her breath, "and I should think it was. There's nothing like it in our country, and it's too beautiful for words."

"You find it well?" he asked the little Westerner with as much deference as though he had been the genie who had made it spring into existence solely to give her pleasure.

"Oh, I think it's wonderful!"

"It's for you," he said devotedly, "all for you; all the rooms and the treasures, and there are really many. All, all."

The girl in the corner of the divan smiled rather timidly. The immensity of the emotions already evoked by the existence of the man at her side was already as much as her young heart could bear.

"It will be yours," he said, "and you will make my home beautiful. You will be its queen."

Tears sprang to Cissy's eyes. She put her hand out in protest. "Oh, don't; I'd rather not hear such things: they frighten me." She leaned forward, speaking with difficulty, controlling what might well have been a burst of weeping. "I cared, you know, when I thought you were poor. I'd just as soon—it's only you who matter. I don't know but that I would rather have you poor. This frightens me"

He thought as he looked at her, so small and sensitive, of the Lord of Burleigh and how the lady had pined and died. Under his breath, his hand over her trembling hand, he told her how adorable she was, how he couldn't live in palace or a cottage without her, and assured her that, as she had said, it was only each other that mattered at all. "How is it," he cried, "that you have waited for me, Cecillia?"

She took courage to laugh back at him. "I am only eighteen, anyway, you know; that's not very long to wait."

"Only eighteen? What a woman!" he said, more soberly. "What a woman you are, and yet what a child!"

She nodded. "Yes, if you had come a year ago you would have found me with my books in school. I'm afraid I didn't learn much out of them. I've really only learned and lived since I've come to the Old World. What were you doing a year ago, Francesco? Where were you?"

Where was he!

Oh, he told her that he had not been born then, that he had only lived in reality a few weeks. And rising, he changed the subject, said that he must put her cloak about her, that it was cold in spite of the fire. Roman palaces are very cold places, even if they are beautiful.

She obediently climbed down from the divan and he fastened the cloak about her neck.

"Aren't you curious about the old house? Wouldn't you like to see some of the rooms?"

Without waiting for her to answer he opened the door of the next apartment, lighting it himself with the candle which he held above his head, and passed with her into the farther suite, watching the slender figure as it followed at his side with an almost superstitious fear lest she might vanish before his eyes. But Cissy, as a cold blast blew at them from one of the icy chambers, drew Francesco back. It was too cold to venture in, she said, and it took little to dissuade him. The candle itself had been blown out by the draft, and as he followed her back into the warmer room the first sensation of life and warmth that he had known for days came to him, and he caught her by the hand, and told her in answer to her unasked question:

"Yes, I have been ill, wretchedly ill, and in a way possessed. But it's all over now. To-morrow my messenger to Maggiore will come back and I shall have my father's good answer and shall be able to tell your family. Only," he went on more seriously, "what *would* they say to me, all of them, if they knew that I had kept you here?"

The young girl shook her head, smiling. "Mother would be frightened; she thinks Rome is full of cheats and beggars, and she is Protestant—she doesn't approve of the Pope. Father wouldn't say anything—he never does to me. And as for Bird "

Francesco interrupted her with his mellow laugh. "Oh, come down to *him!*" he exclaimed, "I think we can let the question rest. At any rate, you have cured me like a clever little doctor, and I must take you home."

Cissy might have been pardoned if she thought him cold all of a sudden, and changed, for he spoke with something not far from indifference, the truth of the matter being that Francesco, with every chivalrous and noble sentiment of which he was master, was endeavoring to remember the girl's innocence, her unprotected innocence, and to forget himself.

Cissy said firmly: "But it's out of the question for you to leave the house. Your voice is still hoarse and your hand"—for she had it at her cheek to feel its temperature—"is still hot."

"I'll send Matteo, then," he consented reluctantly, "and I shall only breathe when he comes back and brings me news of you." Turning from her he went over to the chimneypiece and pulled the long bell-rope that hung at the side. Neither of them could hear the tone which was supposed to ring out in some far-off part of the *palazzo.*

Cissy, in the centre of the room, stood peacefully, her gray cloak falling a little off her shoulders. The simple blouse, her short walking skirt, her dark little hat with the trailing veil round it—a small, foreign, American figure, to all intents a barbarian, in the centre of the traditions of the mellow Old World. The candles threw long shadows across the polished floor, and her own shadow fell alongside of Francesco's, his tall and slender, hers slender and small. But there were currents in the air, and there was a delicious sensuousness about the ethereal, spiritual little beauty. She was more material than the shadows.

Under Cissy's hat her hair came in sparkling little strands; her cheeks were of a beautiful carmine, and as the Italian looked at her, the charm she breathed, the woman she was, and the love for him that stirred her breast, spoke to him above all the more reasonable voices of his mind. He said: "*Carissima mia,* Matteo does not reply. I can't imagine what is the matter with him. He has surely not gone off and deserted me and you."

"Oh, he'll come presently," she assured him. "Are you tired of me so soon?"

"If it were not for the world do you think I'd ever let you go?"

With innocent ignorance of how tempting she was, "The world," she assured him, "can neither see nor hear us in this old tapestried room."

He caught her hands and cried: "Do you mean it? Do you mean it, dearest?"

"Why," she said gently, meeting his eyes, "we can wait for Matteo, can't we? We've not seen each other for such a long, long while."

Francesco went over to the fire and built it up. He drew a long log over with difficulty and placed it across the dogs, jabbing into the burning wood, scattering the sparks and starting the glowing blaze, his dark figure standing out against the light as he bent. When he rose Cissy was standing near him with her hands clasped before her.

"You can't think how I want to tell my father, Francesco," she said simply. "I love my father so. He's so good to me. You can't think, you can't think! I love him next to you. He isn't a nobleman or a duke, but he's the greatest man in our State, and I am very proud of him, and I don't like to have a secret that he doesn't know."

Francesco was smiling at her vaguely, and she saw that he did not hear what she was saying. Putting one hand over both of hers and his arm round her waist, he drew her near him.

"Dearest," he said in English, with his agreeable accent, "something has really happened to Matteo. It is evident that I shall have to take you home."

As he paused she finished: "Or else let me go alone. I'm not afraid."

"Oh, never!" he said fervently; "you alone in the streets of Rome at midnight?"

She started at this and cried: "Midnight? Is it so late as that? Oh! I should have gone home before, Francesco! Let me go!"

But he did not set her free. "Come," he said, "we will go through here and see where Matteo has hidden himself. He's fast asleep, the old rascal, in this room, perhaps."

Francesco relighted the candle which a few moments before had blown out. Drawing the portières and opening the door he found he had no need of lights, for in the adjoining room the candles were lighted, had been for long, for the white wax was already half burned down. Instead of the icy cold the room was agreeable, for a big fire roared across the andirons of the hearth. He had led her into the old, beautiful bedchamber.

"Is this your room? What a splendid place!"

"No," he laughed, "not mine. Mine's a hermit's cell. Matteo has evidently gone off for the night. There's no one but a cook—a poor one, and a scullion. Otherwise there are no people here. I can't call these creatures, Cissy, and let them know or dream you are here. Matteo doesn't know who you are or guess, and it's as well."

"He didn't know we were engaged?" she asked naïvely.

"Dearest, no; nobody does but you and my people. You wouldn't have me tell a servant, would you?"

"No, but he must have thought it very strange my coming here so."

"He thought nothing, nothing," soothed her friend. "He's old and half blind—an idiot!"

She placed her hand across her eyes and murmured: "I must go home—I must go right home!"

Francesco once more held his arm around her waist. While her eyes were closed he kissed the lids. But as he kissed her, as he still held her, he heard, as if from the other side of the bed, the sound of falling water, a slow drip, drip, drip! It brought him to his senses with cruel suddenness. His arms fell from the girl. He raised his head.

Drip, drip, drip! from the other side of the bed, and on the hardwood floor.

"What is it?" breathed the girl. "What is the matter?"

Set free from him she drew away. "What is it, Francesco—what is the matter? Let me go. Let me go home!"

He tried to master himself. "Nothing, sweetest." As if to drown the sound and to hush his morbid senses, he again drew her into his arms, and closing her eyes told her how he loved her above life and death, and drew her to him.

There, confronting him, lying transversely on the bed from side to side, was a long Neapolitan oar, a rude oar with a blue handle worn at the end, and the water dripped from its blade. Di Torrenti could hear it fall. He held the warm, living form of the woman a moment to him, his eyes fixed on the long, dreadful thing, then out of the red room into the other he went without stopping until he had led her once again to the divan where she had sat when she first came in. There Di Torrenti knelt down before her and rested his head against her knees. He wanted to tell her everything, to tell her everything in his life.

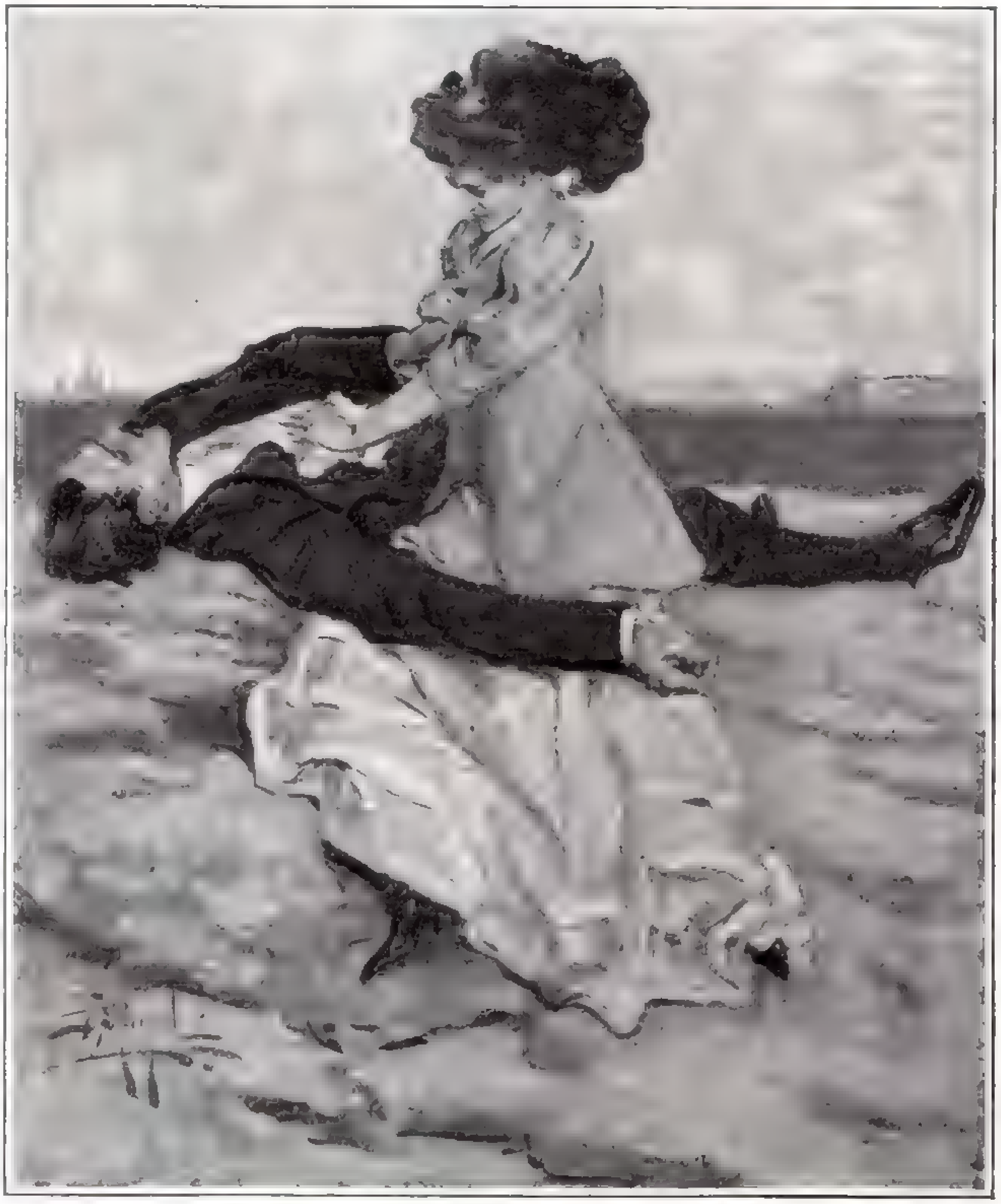
The girl, who had not once spoken, silently passed her hand back and forth across his hair. When he raised his head he saw that there were tears on her face. Calling her his saint, his angel, his madonna, at all of which she shook her head, he kissed her hands over and over again, holding them against his breast.

"Don't," she said gravely, "call me any such names as those. I am very wicked—very wicked! But," leaning forward she said with a grace as lovely as it is familiar to all womankind, "*I loved you so!*"

He told her that she must go. And again, although he hoped for no response, he pulled the bell cord violently, and this time Matteo shuffled in, half asleep.

His master talked to him then in Italian, which Cissy, who trembled for old Matteo, thought that she never wanted to understand, and the servant, who finally took her home in a closed landau with wobbly springs, over the cobbled streets in the dark gray early morning, treated the little American with the deference due to royalty.

But, pale and small and silent, crouching in her corner, Cissy Porson, driving home through the streets of Rome, thought little of his deference.



Calling Her Father's Name, Her Mother's Name, but Above All, Francesco's

XIV

THE Porsons' sitting-room in the Hotel de Russie looked out upon the Pincio Gardens, and up—if one chose to cast one's eyes upward, to the Pincian Hill. Whenever winter cold came to this northern Italian city, it settled in a damp moisture around the cypresses, appeared to rest in the garden seats, to crawl up into the moss, the ivy and the lichens on the Pincio wall. But at the top of the wall a certain brightness, never long absent from the Italian atmosphere, met the cold and in some measure vanquished it. Mr. Porson, after a little outing alone with his wife to a celebrated suburban resort, took a good deal of comfort in his return. Seated before the window giving on the terrace and gardens, surrounded by blue satin furniture and a good deal of gilt carving, he read his papers and smoked, waiting for his daughter to come in and greet him, for he hadn't seen her since the previous day. Mr. Porson had one of his wife's caprices to break to Cissy, and he selfishly longed for the girl's agreeable, understanding sympathy, and her help to carry out her mother's wishes.

Mrs. Porson wanted to go back to Naples. She had seen the Vatican Museum—"the sort of trip one doesn't make more than once in a lifetime," she told her husband—she had compared the Antonius with her photograph of him in the Wisconsin Library; she had seen the ex-Queen in her automobile and sniffed at the republican effect of it all; she had refused blankly to go to be blessed by the Pope, because she wouldn't dress in black without a death in the family. She thanked her stars she had superstition enough for that, and she missed her Neapolitan doctor. The man who had discovered the nature of her malady and labeled it took a great place in her mind at present.

When the millionaire suggested that the doctor be fetched to Rome, Mrs. Porson decided that it was the *air* of Naples that she missed, and that commodity, with all his money, Mr. Porson could not offer to import. Mr. Porson wanted to tell Cissy that they must pack up and return to the seaport. He didn't think she'd care to stay on alone with Bird; but, instead of his daughter, Birden came into the room.

The boy lounged over to the window, his hands in his pockets; he stared out at the fitful sunlight, that, no sooner had it cast an exquisite lance across the path and the garden, or laid its blade, than it immediately sheathed itself, and the day looked cold as steel.

"Mother seems to think she'd like to go back to Naples, sonny," said his father. The boy made no reply. "Feel better this morning?"

"Yes," said Birden shortly; "feel all right enough."

"What time did you get back to Rome last night?"

"Oh, about twelve, I guess."

"Where's your sister this morning? I haven't heard a word from her."

"Asleep," said the young man, who never wasted a word.

"Asleep?" echoed his father—"at eleven o'clock! That's queer! She isn't sick, too, is she?"

"I don't know." And as Mr. Porson dropped most questions with his son, he let this fall. After a second the boy, on whom the father's silence had no effect, said:

"When are we going to Naples?"

"Well," Mr. Porson cheered at his interest, "seems too bad, doesn't it? Mother never seems to have a chance to get any pleasure out of a place. There's a good deal to see here. I thought I'd get a carriage and a courier, and ——" Birden damned them under his breath "—and see around a little. But your mother ——"

"Mother's right," said the boy sharply, "and Naples is a bully place, and I'd just as soon go back there and get out of this beastly hole as not." His son's likes and dislikes were antipathetic to Mr. Porson.

"That's a stupid way to speak about the capital of a country, my boy," he said quietly, and his reproof was so rare that Birden looked toward him in surprise. "This place wasn't built in a day, and I guess it would take you more than a week to see it. And if you like Naples so well you can go back there with your mother, and I'll stay on here with your sister."

Bird threw himself down in a chair. "I guess Cissy may as well go along with us," he said with a certain meaning.

"Why?" asked his father sharply.

(Continued on Page 28)

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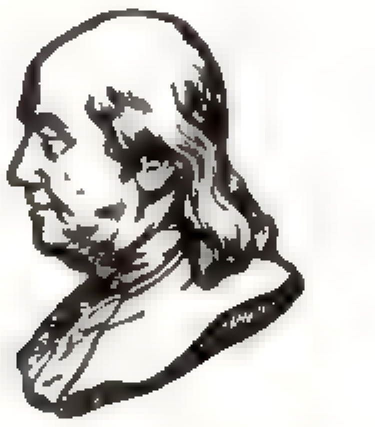
EVENING POST



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Battleships for Mr. Monroe

NOT even for the sake of the Monroe Doctrine will Congress double the naval appropriation bill, preferring to be guided by the facts of 1907—including a treasury deficit and a national election coming on—rather than by those of 1823.

In that year President Monroe felt it his duty to declare that we should consider any attempt on the part of the allied Powers of Europe to extend their system to any part of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. The United States then lay almost wholly east of the Mississippi, contained about ten million people, and enjoyed a revenue of about twenty millions yearly. A Holy Alliance—prejudiced against republican institutions and glancing ominously westward—might easily become dangerous to its peace and safety. A Holy Alliance of kings is now about as probable as a crusade.

The Next Twenty Years

TWENTY years ago telephones were a minor luxury. As late as 1890 there were less than eight thousand in the second city of the United States.

The "Bell" report for 1907 shows that there are now nearly four million subscribers, or "stations," in that system. The number of local messages averages eighteen million daily; the number of "long-distance" messages nearly half a million daily. Many more long-distance messages are sent by telephone than by telegraph. Gross earnings of the various "Bell" exchanges amounted to a hundred and twenty million dollars last year (comparing, for example, with thirty-three millions gross earnings of Western Union Telegraph). The report gives actual value of "Bell" plants and working capital as five hundred and eighty-nine millions. If reports from the "independent" companies were available these figures would be considerably enlarged; and this is nearly all a creation of the last twenty years.

Two decades ago electric railways were, also, an entirely negligible interest. Last year the earnings of such railways exceeded three hundred and fifty millions. The capital invested is above two billions. This is mostly a creation of the last twenty years.

Some columns might be filled with other examples. There are so many of them, in fact, that people, by spells, fall into a way of thinking that it must be about done now; that we must have said about the last word on that side.

But there will be just as many examples in the next twenty years. In a large view this is the most important thing in the business situation.

The Pampered Poisoner

A SELLER of cocaine, in whose possession were found wedding rings, babies' lockets, clothing, household goods and other articles which testified eloquently to the attractive power of his merchandise, was duly convicted the other day, and fined five hundred and fifty dollars. The fine was soon paid.

"I have had him fined three times," explained the detective who made the arrest; "once two hundred dollars, then three hundred dollars, then four hundred dollars. He always paid the fine and went right back to selling 'coke.'"

Counterfeiters are no longer quartered; thieves no longer hanged. But, except where direct bodily violence is involved, the terrors of the law are still mostly for those who commit offenses against property. Poisoning people upon a systematic commercial plan that can show a good profit is still regarded quite indulgently.

It might be a shame to send a cocaine-seller to the penitentiary—for a great many rather harmless, decent and comparatively admirable pickpockets, embezzlers and forgers would have to associate with him there.

A Three-Ring Party Convention

ONE of the ablest justices of the peace in Indiana—a man who carries his precinct in his vest pocket and was never beaten in a horse-trade above twice in his life—assures us it is a well-settled principle of law that, when a thing has become charged with a public use, the interest of the public must receive first consideration.

So we say without hesitation that Chairman New has no standing in court. He complains that Chicago promised him a convention hall that would seat 14,000 spectators, and gives him one that will seat only 11,167. Presidential conventions have become charged with a public use; the interests of the public must be considered; and no court of equity will tolerate Chairman New's claim for 2833 additional spectators when he cannot properly discharge his obligations to the 11,167 whom he already has. A third or more of them will be so far from the stage that, for them, the proceedings will be merely a blur and a confused sound.

The demand by both parties for larger convention halls must stop, or else they must arrange the conventions differently. In a more or less cognate field the situation has been frankly and ingeniously met by the well-known three-ring plan. With a separate ring for each leading candidate and one for the scatterings, a national convention might entertain even twenty or thirty thousand spectators satisfactorily. With only one ring, seating capacity should be reduced rather than increased.

When it's Well to be Alone

"IT IS very well to be a crank," observed a sage student of men, "only one crank should never associate with another crank; and when a lot of cranks get to associating, they take themselves for normal and thereby lose all virtue of their crankiness."

What, for instance, could be more foolish than an Ibsen Club? If Norway had been considerably peopled by Ibsenites it would have been exactly the function of the great dramatist to riddle, skewer, flay and roast them. If the philosophy of the superman had been popular in Germany, Nietzsche would have done his humble best, with tooth and nail, to destroy it. If the Czar had disbanded the Russian Government with a final ukase to resist not evil, Tolstoy would have written earnest books to show the folly of that situation.

If all three should return to a world that had conformed to anarchistic individualism they would say substantially what they said before—that is: "Poor people, must you take whatever is prescribed for you? Can't you think for yourselves?"—or words to that effect. The solitary nonconformist is a great and admirable figure. Those who would induce the crowd to conform to his nonconformity fail to understand wherein his usefulness lies.

Sanding the Erie Sugar

THE Erie Railroad has been reorganized several times. Its funded debt alone exceeds a hundred thousand dollars a mile; total capitalization nearly twice that.

For years its stocks were in the "cat and dog" category. In 1905-06 it paid full four per cent. dividends on first and second preferred shares. The former advanced in the market to 83, the latter to 76. Early in 1907 the road had to borrow five millions at usurious rates. Four months later it again declared full dividends on both first and second preferred, but payable in notes of hand, as it had no money. Governor Hughes' Public Service Commission vetoed this action. In April, 1908, the five millions borrowed the year before fell due. Of course, there was no money to pay it. The "Street" sighed and prepared for another receivership and reorganization of Erie—which would have happened had not Mr. Harriman, at the eleventh hour, furnished the cash.

Back in 1905—just two years and a half, remember, before the road itself was at the very brink of insolvency—Erie cheerfully proposed to purchase the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and the Père Marquette—both very heavy-laden properties. The deal was all arranged and even announced, but some influential stockholders blocked it. Soon thereafter the two roads, which the barely-solvent Erie proposed to buy, went into the hands of receivers.

Glance at that through the big end of a telescope, reduce it to comparable size. Suppose you found a grocer or a manufacturer of cheese managing his finances in that way. What judgment would you form concerning his business ability and general sincerity? Then recall to mind that the Erie is in the hands of some notable Captains of Industry.

Who Says Income Tax?

IN ONE year of Cleveland's second Administration the average rate of duty collected on imports fell to 39.95 per cent. That is the only year since 1874 in which the average rate of duty has been below forty per cent. Since the Civil War the Government has derived about one-half of its total revenues from customs duties.

These are facts that should be kept in mind, because tariff reform is often loosely spoken of as though it were a thing that we had had experience of. For more than a generation, however, high protection has been the cornerstone of the Government's fiscal policy. In the fiscal years '95, '96 and '97—under the Democratic Wilson Bill—the Government, as usual, derived about half its revenues from customs duties.

If the tariff is really to be reformed, what, then, will take its place as a source of revenue? It now produces some three hundred millions a year. Under schedules "adjusted to equalize the difference in labor-cost at home and abroad" it would quite certainly produce much less than that. There will, of course, be no important decrease in Government expenditures. There never has been in thirty years (excepting the Spanish-American War period).

We wonder if the Republican National Convention is going to follow its tariff reform plank by one advocating an income tax.

Automobiles for Everybody

AT LEAST twice a day an auto-post-coach, equipped for carrying merchandise, baggage and passengers, shall make a trip over the course.

The speed capacity of each coach shall be not less than one hundred miles a day; the carrying capacity at least ten passengers and fifteen hundred pounds of merchandise or baggage; fare for adults, ten cents; for children, five cents, the round trip.

So says a bill that has been introduced in Congress appropriating sixty thousand dollars to establish an "experimental auto-post-coach rural service" on certain well-graded and macadamized routes to be selected by the Postmaster-General.

And why not? Steam locomotion, after all, is merely a method of getting somewhere, as a sardine in a box. The old family carry-all lets you into the country on sweetly intimate terms; but it doesn't get anywhere. The automobile, one of the pleasantest of modern inventions, combines virtues of both. It should be more available to people generally. Any experimental auto-post-coach, we judge, would be a powerful argument for good roads in neighboring districts. Congress could easily do a great deal worse with sixty thousand dollars than expend it in setting up some experimental auto-post-coaches for rural service.

The Favorite Son Trust

WE ARE encouraged by the intimation from Illinois that the favorite son arrangement has been, or soon will be, abandoned.

There has never been any doubt in our mind that this arrangement constitutes a conspiracy in restraint of trade as described by the anti-trust clause of the Sherman Act, and, as such, is abhorrent to both the statute and the common law.

While the text of the agreement, if there be any text, has never been made public, it provides, according to common, undisputed report, that certain men, having picked out certain States as their favorite mothers, thereby become the favorite sons of such States, and that no favorite son, so constituted, shall in any way interfere with any other favorite son in the garnering of delegates within the State which said son has sequestered and impounded as his own.

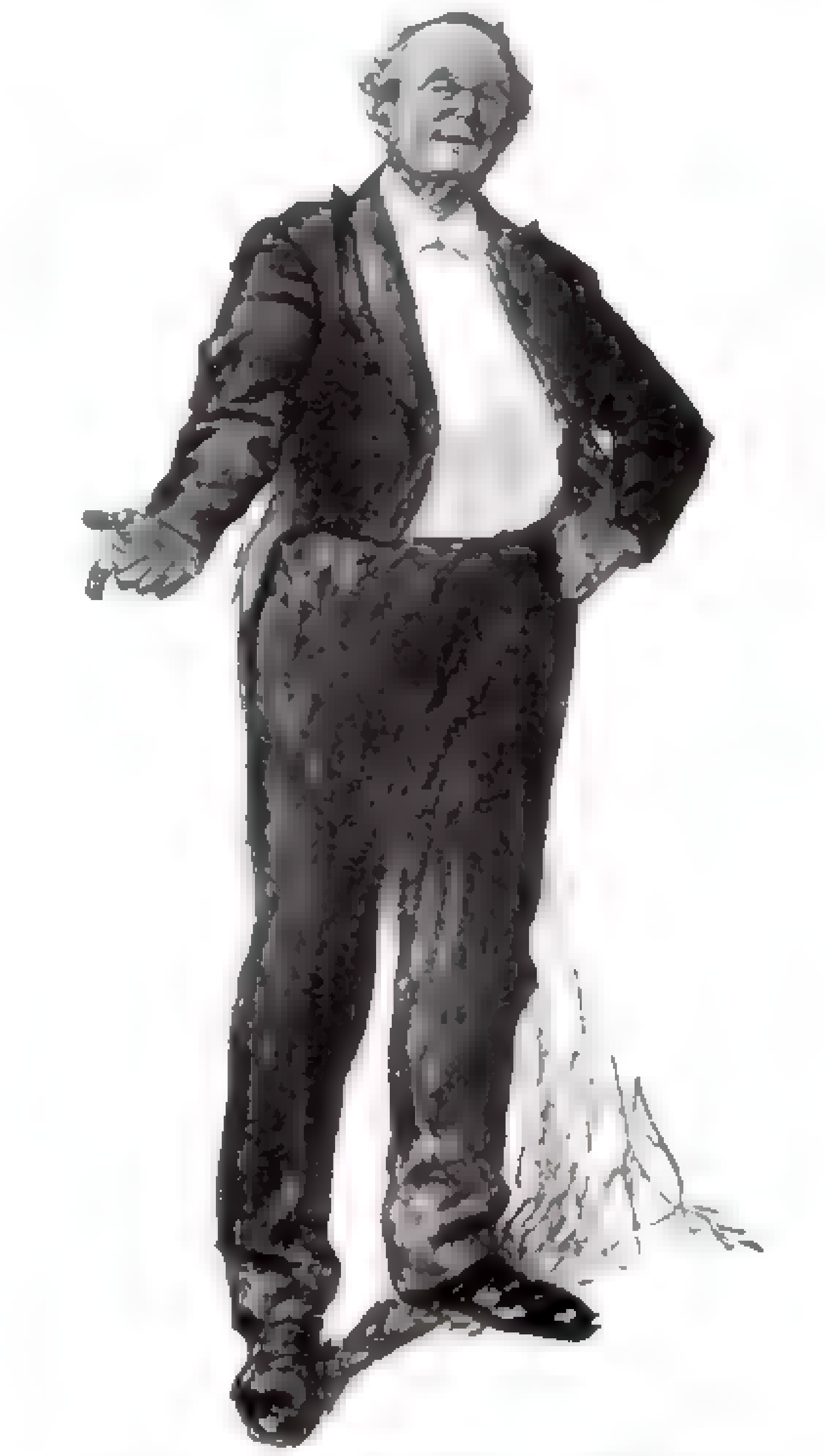
That this agreement was designed to throttle competition in a staple article of trade and barter—to wit, delegates—is evident on its face. The country might possibly reconcile itself to seeing one or two favorite sons indicted; but the possibility of an indictment which would include all of them was disturbing.

On legal grounds the trust should be abandoned. It is no more than courtesy, moreover, to give several States a free opportunity of adopting or declining the sons that have assigned themselves to them.

BIG KELLY

He Champions the Cause of Dress Suits and Trusts

By Alfred Henry Lewis



"Take it from Me, Dress Clothes Has Done More to Straighten Up th' East Side Than th' Police"

"HOW'S everybody?" asked Big Kelly, as he slipped easily into his customary chair. "It's th' Jefferson dinner that keeps me away. I was two days trainin' for it, an' three days gettin' over it, an', by an' large, I ain't been 'round for most a week. But I'm on th' job ag'in all right, all right. How's everybody?"

"Was yez at th' big feed, Kell?" asked old Timmy

"Was I? Well, I should say I *was* there—there with bells on. You should have seen me, Timmy: patent leathers, open-face suit, white choker, an' a diamond in th' middle of my three-sheet big enough to trip a dog."

"I don't loike thim dress suits," protested old Timmy. "They're all r-r-right for thim rich stiffs on Fift' Avenyoo; but no Tammany la-a-ad ought to wear 'em. They ain't dimmycratic."

"You've got to wear 'em at these swell dinners. If you showed up without 'em they'd give you th' gate. Besides, you're down wrong about dress clothes not bein' democratic. Look at 'em from th' proper angle an' they're democracy's last ditch. There's a limit goes with dress clothes. You can't pay only so much for 'em, say not more'n a hundred plunks a suit, an' it keeps them rich babies from overplayin' us. An' as for not bein' democratic, they make it so you can't tell th' guests from th' waiters, an' if that ain't democracy, what is?

"Then ag'in, dress clothes are moral. In th' old days, get a lot of th' boys at a dance or a bankwet, an' th' first thing you'd know some guy'd start somethin', an' there they'd be, swingin' an' smashin' at each other like a battle royal. Now, when every tug fireman an' truckman has got his suit, an' dress clothes has become a gen'ral institution, all that sluggin' an' fightin' is cut out. Th' boys can't go to th' floor with each other, an' wear dress clothes; they've got to live up to their suits, see? Take it from me, dress clothes has done more to straighten up th' East Side than th' police.

"That Jefferson dinner was a great blowout," continued Big Kelly, with easy complacency, at the same time beating on the table as a sign of thirst. "All my life I've been goin' to dinners. They're where I live—dinners is. Say 'Dinner!' an' th' lad'll have to sprint some who beats me to it. I'll have everybody left standin' sideways when th' barrier goes up. I suppose one time an' another I've eat a thousand. I've eat 'em for th' glory of St. Patrick; I've eat 'em Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Thanksgivin' Day, an' th' day that Andy Jackson did up Pakenham. Durin' th' Boer War I used to eat every time th' Dutchmen put one over on th' English. I've eat five hundred dinners to free Ireland alone. When it comes to dinners of sentiment an' patriotism—dinners which it's your duty to eat—that's where I board my strong suit. You know what th' pote says, Timmy:

> "Eat till th' last armed foe expires,
> Eat for your altars an' your fires,
> Eat for th' green graves of your sires—
> Eat for your native land."

"They tell me," said old Timmy, with a deprecatory shrug, "Cha-a-arley Murphy was there, an' that Ser-r-rgeant Cram had to come along to heel an' handle him. I can remimber whin round steak an' onions was about Cha-a-arley's speed. Now, whin he's bushtin' 'em open as Chief av Tammany Hall, an' diggin' million-dollar holes in th' ground for th' Pinnsylvania Railroad, it's an indless chain av tur'pin an' canvashback, with patty-de-foy-grah as a chaser, or there's nawthin' doin'."

"There's nothin' in them slanders, Timmy," returned Big Kelly reproachfully. "Charley was there, an' Cram was there, an' both looked out of sight. But if some guy tells you that Charley needs anybody in his corner at a dinner, I'll put you wise right now that guy's stringin' you. Charley can see his way through at a dinner, see it from napkins to toothpicks, as well as old Chauncey Depew.

"There's a lot of these duffers goin' 'round knockin' Charley. They're sore just because he's gettin' along, see? They'll tell you how, if you butt him up ag'inst a dinner-table, he'll about give you an imitation of a blind dog in a meat-shop—how he'll try to eat peas with a knife, an' let 'em all roll down his sleeve—how he asked Cram what 'hooters' is, oysters bein' spelled that way when they print th' menyoo in Eyetalian. Not one of these cracks is on th' level; an' they're what I call mean. We've all seen poorer days, Charley an' me an' lots of th' gang. I've known th' time that—when I had my appetite with me—I've planted myself in Lyons', an' kept orderin' beef stew until I played it off th' board—beef stew with hog-squash for dessert. So far as these hoboes knockin' Charley is concerned, it's to his credit. You don't want to forget, Timmy, they never knock a dead one."

"In th' ould gas-house days, wasn't Cha-a-arley a conducthor on th' crosstown ca-a-ars?"

"He was; an' a good one, too."

"Did some av thim la-a-ads make spaches at th' bankquesht?" asked old Timmy, returning to the dinner.

"Speeches? Nothin' but. Trusts was what they talked. Trusts is to be th' issue this next Pres'dential campaign."

"Now, about thim trushts, Kell," old Timmy broke in eagerly; "I've been wantin' to ashk yez. I've been hearin' av trushts for th' lasht tin years, an' I wouldn't know wan if it was to come an' live nixt dure. Tell me, Kell; phwat's a trusht?"

"Well, Timmy," returned Big Kelly judgmatically, "a trust is anything you don't like, only so it's a corp'ration. So long as it stands in with you an' you like it, it's a company or a corp'ration, see? But once it takes to handin' you th' lemon, an' makes you hot, then it's a trust. Of course, Tammany Hall'll denounce trusts, since trusts is th' issue, an' as Tim Campbell used to say, 'you've got to cater a little to th' better element.' It won't do no hurt; th' public don't pay no attention to th' issue after th' election's over. Th' issue's like th' bell ringin' before an auction; it's only meant to draw a crowd, an' has nothin' to do with settlin' a quality or fixin' a price."

"Is Tiddy forninst trushts?"

"Not exackly. All Teddy's tryin' to do is bar th' strangle-hold. For myself, I'm sort o' stuck on trusts. You're in Easy Street about th' money for a campaign. There're old geezers who're so stingy person'ly that, if they owned a lake, they wouldn't give a duck a drink—tightwads who wouldn't pay two dollars of their own dough to see an earthquake—who'll come across with thousands out of th' money of one of them trusts they're th' head of. What d' you think you'd get if you went up ag'inst them for some of their own money? It's Fifth Avenoo to Hester Street that th' best they'd hand you would be th' frozen face. Why, sure; when it comes to diggin' in their own kecks, an' givin' up their own cash, that kind of gazabo are th' chilliest propositions that ever come down th' pike. You might as well try to get feathers off a frog! But where, as Pat Sheedy puts it, it's O. P. M., other people's money, they're there with a bundle like a roll of carpet. Yes, Timmy; as a practical man, an' leader of a Tammany district, me for th' trusts."

"But that la-a-ad Bliss says that Whitney fleet never gev up a dollar; an' Bliss was th' laddybuck that was carryin' th' roll."

"It might have been Bliss' day off th' time Whitney chucked that half-million over th' counter; he might not have been workin' that day. An' when he came back, th' other clerks might have forgot to post him. Anyway, what I tell you is th' straight goods: if it wasn't for th' trusts th' campaign fund of either party wouldn't look bigger than a dollar in Delmonico's. Th' trusts are our angels."

"Who d'yez think'll win this fall, Kell?"

"You can't even give a guess till after th' nominations. If th' Republicans put up Teddy, th' Democracy might as well quit an' call it a day; it'll be all over but th' yellin'. If they name Taft there's a chance. It may be we can find th' lad that'll land him. Bryan couldn't; not in a thousand years. I like Bryan, too; but even ag'inst Taft he wouldn't have a look-in. Th' banks an' th' big companies are comin' over on our side this trip. Teddy fixed that when he hung it out, 'You'll get Bill or you'll get me!' That 'Taft or Teddy' bluff had 'em wingin'. If it was Taft, Teddy would steer him; if it was Teddy he'd steer himself. Either way them rich sports didn't see anything in it for them. So they're hopin' it'll be Taft, seein' he ain't got such a riveted cinch at th' polls; an' meanwhile, they're takin' charge of th' Democracy. With all th' dough it can use, th' right name up, an' Taft makin' th' runnin' for th' other side, they think th' Democracy can about nose in winner.

"Who'll we name? Not Bryan if we can side-step it. It'll take footwork; but at that it looks like we might pull it off. Th' situation's a good deal like when Brooklyn Jimmy Cusic insisted on comin' to th' Square Back Rangers' ball an' dancin' all over th' room. Th' dilemma presented but two horns to the floor-managers. They'd either got to trim Jimmy or break up th' dance. An' so with us: we've either got to trim William Jennings or go to th' scrap-heap. Th' word's already out, to Tammany an' th' State Democracy, that th' delegation mustn't be for Bryan. Charley, an' Fingy Connors, an' th' rest of th' main-squeeze are all lined up, an' so far as New York goes Bryan'll be told to run for Sweeny."

"Who is Cha-a-arley an' th' b'ys for?"

"Th' lad they've got their lamps on is this duck Johnson, of Minnesota. He's carried his State twice, an' it comes easy to support him; for you know how it is with Tammany an' th' New York push: they naturally play winners to win. This Johnson's a second-crop Swede, it seems; an' it's th' Swedes that put it over th' plate for him in Minnesota. There must be a dash of Irish in 'em, for they hang together like bats in a steeple. An' there's no end of Swedes, they tell me, streaked all through Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa an' th' two Dakotas. It might be that this student Johnson could do his Minnesota stunt in all of 'em. Of course, national politics is a little off my reg'lar beat; but you make it Taft ag'inst Johnson, an' to my mind it ain't apples to ashes that Johnson won't prove to be th' fair-haired boy of destiny. Teddy couldn't save Taft. Th' public's crazy about Teddy, crazy as a woman's watch, but that Teddy bug stops at Teddy. That's where Teddy gets off. Votin' *for* Teddy an' votin' *with* Teddy are two very different things. Now if it was a case of George Washington th' public might stand for his hunch, but Teddy an' George live at opp'site ends of th' popular alley. One's th' father of his country; th' other's th' spoiled kid. We like to have th' kid look over our hand, an' talk to us about it; but we ain't quite ready to let him play it, see?"

"Speakin' av Cha-a-arley Murphy, Kell; don't yez think now he's for makin' Mayor McClellan Pris'dint?"

"McClellan? Do you think Charley's balmy? If it ever gets so that folks of th' McClellan size are looked on as big enough for th' Presidency, I for one shall retire to th' booby-house an' devote th' remainder of an ill-spent life to playin' with a string of spools.

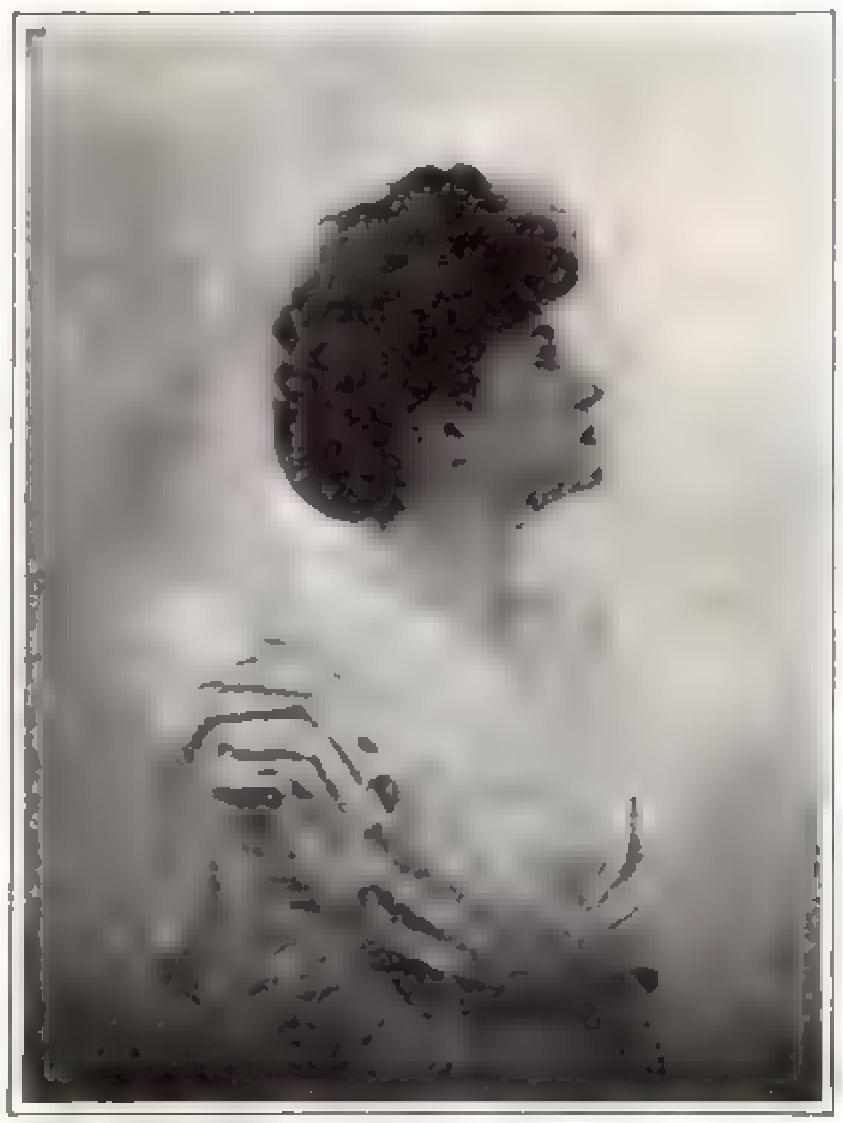
"An' yet, Timmy, I oughtn't to wonder at you for namin' it. There's a Union Club mut speaks to me about that very thing at th' Jefferson dinner. 'McClellan's a graduate of Princeton,' says th' Union Clubber, 'Is he?'

(Concluded on Page 27)

Dundreary and the Highbrows

New Playbills from Various Stages

By JOHN CORBIN



Mrs. Fiske

IF LORD DUNDREARY were confronted by the phenomenon of Henrik Ibsen we all know what he would say: "That's one of those things that no fellah can understand." If Henrik Ibsen were confronted by the phenomenon of Lord Dundreary it is equally certain that his comment, if he deigned one, would be to the same effect.

By a curious coincidence these two celebrities, unlike in everything except that both adorned themselves with whiskers, have divided the honors of the latter part of the dramatic season now drawing to a close. There have been other notable events, and among them the appearance of a new American playwright of extraordinary promise.

But the banner at the head of the procession is held aloft by the little, whiskered Norwegian of inspired intelligence and the lank, whiskered Briton of inspired idiocy. Vintage play and pedigree joke walk step and step with grim intellect and doctrine so revolutionary that as yet the world is only half aware of what it really means. Never before has there been as clear and striking an evidence of the breadth of appreciation and the high standard of intelligence that in the last decade have animated our playgoing public.

When E. H. Sothern revived the play which, a precise half-century before, had made his father famous throughout the English-speaking world, a little shudder of fear possessed lovers of the theatre. Even in its day Tom Taylor's comedy had been known as artificial and exaggerated. Only a few months ago, Virginius, revived by James O'Neill, had gone down with all on board amid floods of pseudo-Shakespearian rhetoric from the pen of Sheridan Knowles. Irreverent youngsters, fired with loyalty to the new drama, had mocked with delight, for the play had once been held a classic of the stage. Reverent oldsters explained in vain. There were many who prophesied that the antique comedy would prove overdone and more than dreary. A couplet of Tom Aldrich's should have counseled hope:

> What mighty epics have been wrecked by time
> Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme!

There is no denying the artificiality and the exaggeration of the piece, nor, for that matter, the thinness of its plot and story. The American cousin who gives it its title is the familiar caricature of the stage—so unfamiliar in real life as never to have existed. He turns up in an English country house in the costume of a Vermont village and with his wardrobe in a carpet-bag; puts his feet on drawing-room chairs; plays horse with the liveried butler; carries in his hip pockets an ever-ready flask and an ever-readier revolver; and when he has sufficiently applied himself to one he produces the other and shoots up ancestral plate armor for no other reason than that the author, owing to the weakness of his play, was stumped for any other device to bring down the curtain. And this impossible boor in the end performs even more impossible deeds of love and self-sacrifice—for which he receives the hand of the milkmaid heroine, whom his generosity has transformed into an heiress.

Walter Hampden, as the Servant

When Joe Jefferson Brought Out the Handkerchief

IN HIS autobiography Joseph Jefferson relates that his performance of the title part established him as a star. He had hitherto succeeded only in making his audiences laugh. Now, by playing the love scenes between Asa Trenchard and his milkmaid with a touch of ingenuous Nature, he moved those who heard him to mingle tears with their laughter. From the point of view of the modern playgoer at least, he never achieved a more signal triumph. In his own day he was excelled by a comrade in the cast. The elder Sothern was a born comedian, and he aspired, as so many natural geniuses have done, to achievements for which Nature had ordained him unfit: he wanted to be a romantic actor, a tragedian. The part of Lord Dundreary, as written by Tom Taylor, was not only preposterously silly but preposterously thin. According to an often-repeated story, Sothern accepted it only on condition that he be allowed to enlarge it by the introduction of eccentric comedy business and gag lines.

Jefferson gives a different account of the matter. Sothern's interpolations were introduced "in despair" of making the part count for anything. His antics were "intended by him to injure the character; to attract and distract the attention of the audience." But, "to the surprise of every one, himself included," they were "received by the audience with delight. . . . Accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity." It is possible that Jefferson's account of the evolution of Dundreary may be colored by the fact that Sothern was his rival in the cast, favored by Laura Keene, and in the end eclipsed his own performance of the title part. But though a sensitive man, and with a vanity that was sometimes less amiable in private life than in his stage portraits, Jefferson was eminently just and a gentleman.

Whatever the origin of this cockle-shell of character and humor, the secret of its survival lies in the fact that it is so perfect a cockle-shell—a clear-cut and original presentation of a human type which all of us are acquainted with, and the elements of which many recognize in the workings of what we call our minds. Few of us lisp and drawl, to be sure. Fewer are foiled in our efforts at pronunciation by the reluctant tongue of infancy: we do not say "wow" and "weally" and "wong." Stammering and habitual sneezing are very rare indeed. No one in the world, off the stage, ever embellished his walk with little skipping grace-notes. But in our mental processes all of us from time to time throw back to our primordial ancestor the silly ass who, however we may seek to hide the fact, somehow got mixed up with the anthropoid ape.

The essence of the Dundreary intellect, it has often been said, lies in the fact that it sees only one thing at a time. This is part of the truth. The more important fact is that it sees what it does see with such vividness. A whole generation marveled at the size of the Great Eastern. Dundreary, when he received a letter from America, marveled that so big a ship should have brought anything so little. Rightly considered, why should the Lusitania take abroad anything less than cargoes of Singer Buildings? The dullest mind grasps that the reason why a dog wags his tail is because the dog is stronger. It takes creative imagination to reach the conclusion that if the tail were stronger it would wag the dog.

There is, in fact, something deliciously fitting in Jefferson's assertion that Dundreary was himself the creation of happy accident and inspired inanity—the most perfect of all Dundrearyisms. And he wags Our American Cousin for the precise reason that he is "stwonger."

In the Hands of His Son

MR. E. H. SOTHERN'S performance, though it has not escaped the odium of comparison at the hands of those who were familiar with his father's creation, has passed the ordeal in triumph. Never having seen the original, I can only venture to say that it is a work of ripe technical skill and the authentic spirit of comedy. The audience was in a continuous breeze of merriment. In one scene I would suggest alteration, though timidly—that in which Dundreary proposes to the lady of his choice, and entertains her with a wide assortment of Dundrearyisms, chiefly his reasons for concluding that, on the whole, matrimony is less a bore than the other evil of bachelorhood. Mr. Sothern played the scene quite stolidly, blankly, coldly. The intention, as it seemed to me, was to represent Dundreary as really enamored in his way, and balked in his love-making by too single-minded and vivid a view of those truths which every fellow understands, but which, thanks to inferior imaginations, most of us manage to leave unsaid. If, among the splendid mazes of his intellect, the real amiability of the man peeped out, would not the scene, and the whole character, have come closer and more warmly to our hearts?

It is one of the curiosities of heredity that this performance comes rather as a *tour de force*. Mr. Sothern has all those romantic and tragic powers to which his father aspired, and is exhibiting them by playing his sound, scholarly and on the whole illuminating Hamlet concurrently with Dundreary.

He also put on the tragedy which Lawrence Irving fashioned after Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment, Mr. Sothern's title for which was, The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There is No God. This tail did not wag the dog, and, at least for the present, Mr. Sothern has put the whole on two shelves. Yet his performance of the soul-tortured Nihilist was universally recognized as vivid and powerful.

Altogether the season has brought Mr. Sothern a long stride forward toward the position which the death of Mansfield left vacant. Meantime, the New Theatre, devoted to the art of the drama, without regard to financial success and backed by a coterie of the richest and most public-spirited citizens of New York, has weathered the panic, and is rising on its beautiful site facing Central Park. Here are two ascendent stars that should conjoin.

Mr. Otis Skinner has made an even more pronounced stride forward. His vehicle, The Honor of the Family, is, like The Fool, etc., a reconstructed novel—an adaptation from Balzac by Emile Fabre; and it possesses few of the elements that usually bring popular success. But it gives Mr. Skinner an opportunity to display a commanding vigor of personality and to let loose a flood of rollicking humor that have taken the public by storm.

The single scene shows the interior of a provincial French household a decade after the fall of Napoleon. The master of the house, a miserly and decrepit old bachelor, has fallen into the clutches of a young and beautiful woman of low origin, Flora Brazier, who, domiciled as his

E. H. Sothern, as Lord Dundreary

housekeeper, is plotting to get control of his fortune and run away to the gayeties of Paris with a young lover whom she manages meanwhile to install under the same roof. In the entire play there is not a single humanly decent character. Greed and selfish love, in various guises, and drawn as only Balzac can draw them, dominate old and young alike.

Into this sorry mess of humanity comes the old man's nephew, Colonel Bridau (Mr. Skinner), a soldier of fortune, left stranded and reckless by the fall of the Empire. He sees how the cat is jumping, and, as he himself says, turns to and saves "the honor of the family and seven hundred and fifty thousand francs." No less selfish and morally base than the others, he commends himself to the interest of the audience by the frankness and gayety of his cynicism, the diabolic skill of his complex intrigue, and the breezy, impetuous bravery with which he overcomes every obstacle. He is a Petruchio of sordid motives taming a baseborn and profligate Shrew.

He reveals to his infatuated uncle, Flora's clandestine love affair, and her plot to elope with the family fortune; but while undertaking to make away with the interloping young lover he promises not to deprive his uncle of the intriguing girl upon whom the old man dotes. Bridau kills Flora's young lover in a duel, and afterward a faithful valet who had planned to assassinate him. The only obstacle to his complete success is the fact that he too falls in love with Flora. The end of the play leaves him in command of the "honor" of the family and its money, and with every prospect of winning for himself the curious heroine of this most curious romantic drama.

Mr. Skinner has long been known as one of the most scholarly, intelligent and capable of our romantic actors; but hitherto he has never quite landed himself in the favor of the metropolis. Now he has come into his own. In its technical skill, in the imaginative vividness of its makeup and mimique, and, best of all, in its glorious fund of humor, his Bridau has never been equaled in the memory of the present generation.

Otis Skinner, as Lieutenant-Col. Bridau in The Honor of the Family

A Footlight Battle Between the Ladies

THE plays of Ibsen, and the men and women who play them, have for decades been decried as sordid and base. Miss Mary Shaw, who made us first acquainted with Ghosts, once confuted a critic by drawing up a list of the lurid and revolting epithets he had used, and challenging him to find one of them in Ibsen's entire vocabulary, which is notably seemly and pure. Certainly Ibsen never offered the public such an exemplar of extreme moral gangrene as the Balzac character in which Mr. Skinner has won applause. And it is every year becoming clearer that, grim and terrible as are his subjects, his treatment of them is inspired by a spiritual sense and a passionate devotion to the larger and freer impulses of human nature which is unequaled except by the few great masters of the drama.

In the present season the exploitation of Ibsen has been a ladies' battle. Madame Nazimova and Mrs. Fiske are bringing the once tabooed Norwegian to the attention of the intelligent public throughout the country. Comparison has never been more odious or more necessary.

Madame Nazimova burst upon our vision as a member of Orleneff's band of exiled Russian players which was so highly praised and so poorly patronized three years ago. When her comrades failed and departed she stayed on, learned to speak English, and for two years together played prosperously in a Broadway theatre. Her success is one of the curiosities of the American stage. She has extraordinary talent and a varied training in the drama of the Continent, the standards of which are far more conscientious and artistic than any known here, except in instances so rare as to be almost unique. She has, besides, a fresh, invigorating youth and a curious, exotic, intoxicating beauty, which amounts to a genius of personality

Her artistry is evident in the intelligence with which she attacks each of the varied characters she portrays, visualizes it in its externals and impresses its differentiations upon the eyes of her public. Nothing could be further removed from the practice of our American stars, whose stock-in-trade is their personality, and who are well aware that to vary this greatly, and especially to disguise it, is to weaken their appeal to an actor-worshiping public. In so far as the art of acting lies in varied impersonation, Nazimova is one of the greatest of modern actors

It has become more and more evident, however, that with Nazimova, as with others of our stars, the thing that has spelled success is personality. It is even possible to measure with something like scientific accuracy the glamour which she cast upon her admirers. When she first spoke English, in Hedda Gabler, a large proportion of the metropolitan critics lavished praise upon her enunciation, proclaiming it as peculiarly pure and recommending study and imitation of it to American actors. The simple fact was that her accent, always foreign, was frequently false. What is worse, she had so little appreciation of the vocal phrasing of the language that, though the play in which she was appearing was thoroughly familiar, whole sentences became jumbles, and could be distinguished only by a special effort of attention and memory. Since then she has greatly improved. But her enunciation of English still lacks spontaneity and beauty; and there are still times when those sitting back of the first few rows lose words, phrases and even whole speeches. In these matters, in fact, her true place is beside the Yiddish comedians, Weber and Fields. She is a broken-English tragedian.

Nazimova's Misinterpretation of Ibsen

EVEN her great powers of impersonation are not without corresponding defects. There are times when her efforts in this direction result in an overemphasis of details, a restlessness which distracts attention from the scene she is playing, even falsifies it. And in spite of the visual differences of her various rôles, her underlying temperament—a vastly different thing, compounded of the deepest forces of life, intellectual and spiritual—has no great range. Always she throws out the lure of sex, an obvious appeal to the senses. This is a cardinal defect, for the highest quality of an actor is not his power of assuming varied personal disguises; it is his power of illuminating the intellectual and the spiritual purport of dramatic masterpieces.

Nazimova's Hedda Gabler is, in fact, a travesty of Ibsen. This sardonic, disquieting, torturing play is a study of the ultra-modern woman—the pseudo-intellectual exponent of race suicide against whom the President delights to inveigh. Hedda first appears as a young bride, a spirited woman of the polite world, "flourishing" in health, and a master of the small arts of the drawing-room. She is married to a solid, steady-going young professor, who loves her, and to whom she is presently to bear a child. But she longs for a life of fashion and splendor above his means, and especially to become the controlling influence in the lives of men of genius. She is of a type as prevalent in Maine or in Missouri as in Christiania or in Paris. The very essence of it lies in the fact that it is commonplace and universal.

Madame Nazimova conceives Hedda as a curious, exotic being, half Circe and half serpent, who exerts a languid, hypnotic sway upon her audience and upon the men of the cast—including, strangely enough, a low-browed, bureaucratic tax collector! Instead of appearing first in the freshness of youthful well-being, and gradually sinking to the final hour in which, unable to face the ruin she has brought upon herself, she commits suicide, she wears from the outset a face that is pallid and wan. Her conception is not only false to the play but in any true sense ineffective, in that it affords no scope for the dramatic portrayal of failing hopes and spiritual dissolution. I once had the curiosity to ask Mr. William Archer, friend and translator of Ibsen, and the foremost dramatic critic in England, what he thought of it. "A curiously interesting figure," he said, "but as an interpretation, quite mad."

It has fared as ill with The Master Builder. Madame Nazimova's Hilda is a healthy, high-spirited, imperious mountain girl in rough boots and short skirt. But the spell which she exerts upon the man she is supposed to urge on to a final act of spiritual freedom and power is a mere superficial appeal of coquetry. She actually makes eyes at him. Of the three Ibsen parts she has assumed, she has illuminated only one – Nora in The Doll's House. But here she has arisen to heights that few actors, perhaps none, have even approached.

Madame Nazimova

Of all Ibsen characters this has caused most doubt and misgiving, even among his admirers. A devoted wife, the happy mother of three children, discovers that all her life she has been held in spiritual bondage—that she has been kept in a doll's house, first by a father and then by a husband, who regard her as a mere child to amuse them. Both Hedda and Nora are types of the modern woman in revolt; but where Hedda's ambition is fixed on narrow and selfish ideals, Nora stands for the dignity of womanly independence. In the hour of her disillusionment, Nora leaves husband and children to find her own soul. That has seemed humanly impossible in any normal woman.

Nazimova gave a wholly fresh reading of the words with which Nora turns against her husband: "I have been living here eight years with a strange man, and have borne him three children!" She threw into the moment such a sense of personal degradation, such a power of spiritual exaltation, that for the first time scene, character and play became intelligible. This is an achievement of genius. Only the future can disclose whether this gifted young woman will be content with her easy and falsely-won celebrity, or press upward to those altitudes of her art from which the actor illuminates not her own personality and technical powers, but masterpieces of the drama, in all their varied heights and depths.

Mrs. Fiske and the Parts She Plays

MRS. FISKE'S career throughout has been in striking contrast. "I hope the time may some time come," she once said to a critical admirer, "when you will cease to remind me of my physical limitations. I know them so much better than any one else!" But, alas, they are the background essential to any picture of her triumphs! To the outward eye she is always Mrs. Fiske. Some one has remarked that she is the perfect figure of a New England schoolmarm. Her utterance is like that of no one else in the world, except the utterance of those imitative young actresses who fondly imagine that the contortions of the sibyl are the secret of the sibyl's inspiration. But the soul of the woman is protean. From the great, deep, simple-hearted Tess to Cyprienne, the volatile, gay heroine of Sardou's Divorçons, she has given us a gallery of womanly portraits which, in fineness as in largeness of feeling, are unrivaled by any other English-speaking actress. As the play proceeds, the witness of eye and ear count for less and less. By insensible degrees mind and heart are brought into electric contact with the true and illuminating spirit of each different character and play. Her Hedda Gabler is the quintessence of Ibsen, limned in fine, sure strokes of pitch and fire.

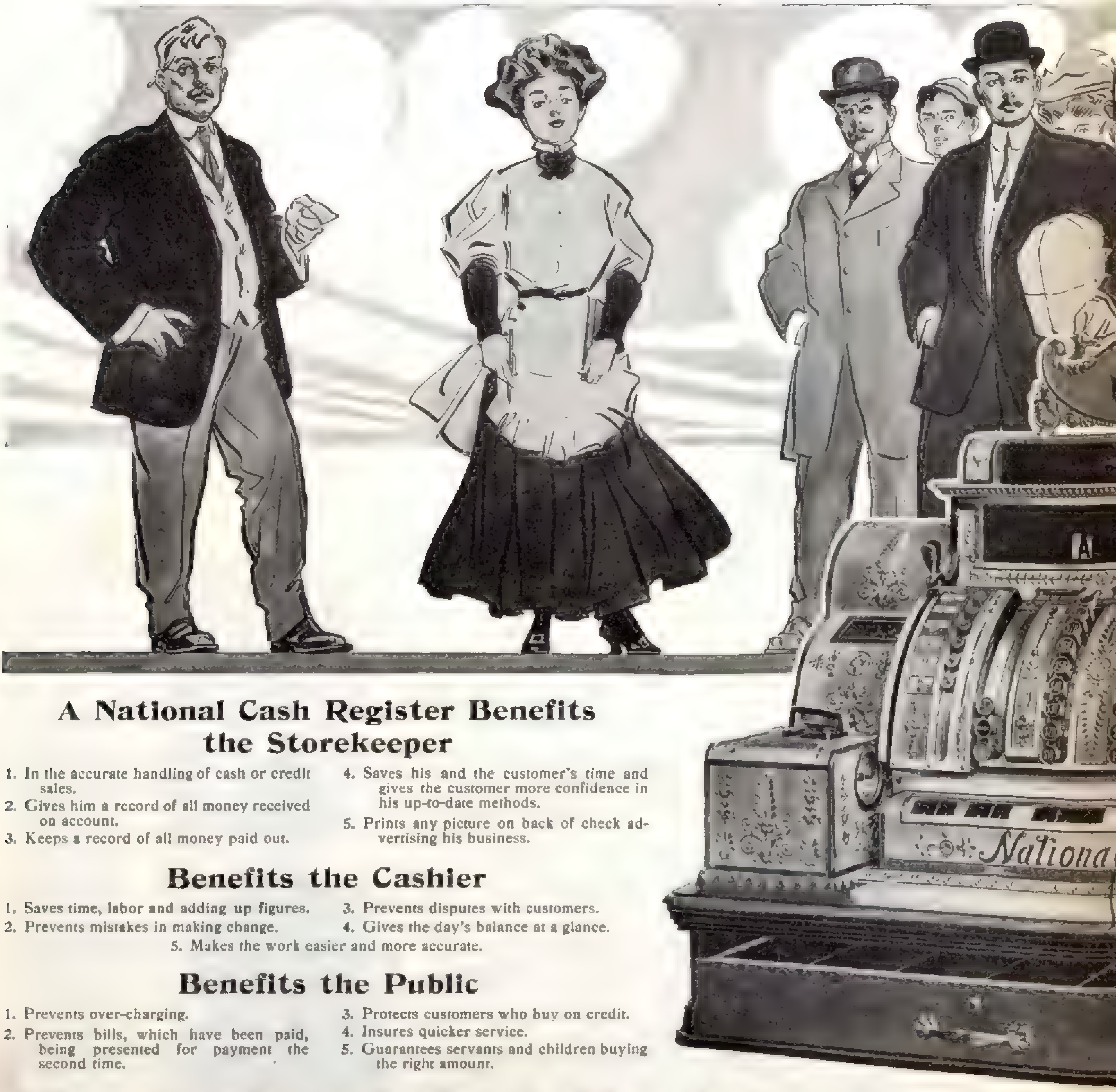
This season's offering, Rosmersholm, is at once the most

(Continued on Page 23)

Miss Maude Adams in Her Latest Play, The Jesters

National Cash Registers Ben

The Storekeeper The Cashier Customers



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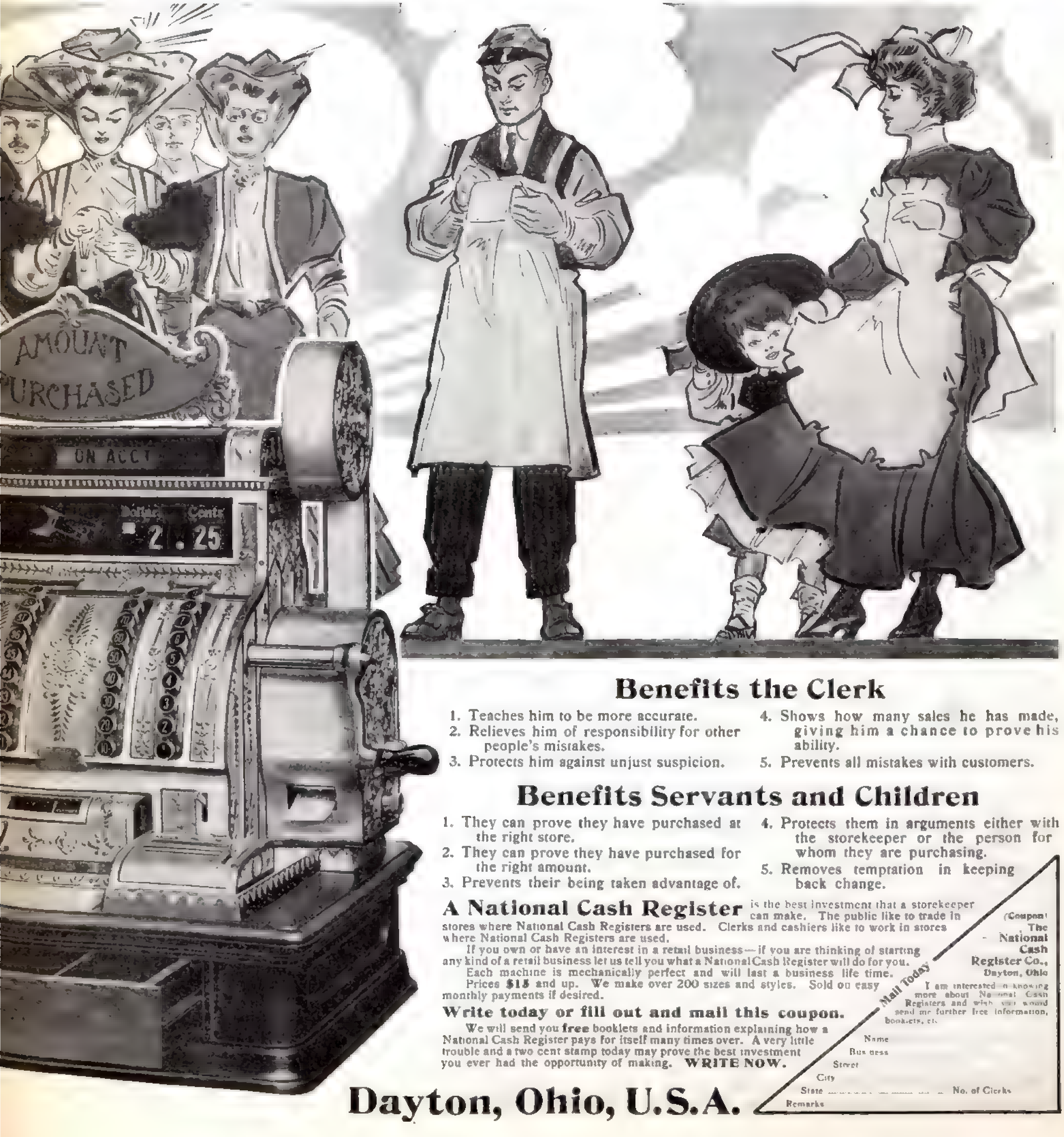

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YOUR SAVINGS

Receiverships and the Rights of Bondholders

IN VIEW of the fact that seven railroads, including the Seaboard Air Line, the International and Great Northern, the Chicago and Great Western and the Western Maryland, have gone into the hands of receivers since the first of the year, there is a very natural inquiry among railroad and other bondholders as to their rights under such proceedings. Railroad bonds are perhaps more widely held than any other kind of bond, because the tremendous needs of the railroads, following their development during the past ten years, when an empire of 220,000 miles has been made possible, have made large and frequent issues of securities necessary. When times are good the railroads prosper, but when panic and depression come they immediately feel the contraction in business, and earnings fall off. Already two large roads, the New York Central and the Santa Fe, have reduced dividends. Others, not so well fortified, have failed. This is no new episode in American business, because some of our greatest systems, among them the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Santa Fe, have been through the travail of receivership and reorganization.

Since most of the reorganizations that affect the average bondholder deal with railroads an attempt will be made this week to explain the process. It is a difficult and complicated legal procedure, and no two cases are exactly alike. Yet the large facts which all have in common are of interest and value to every investor.

Causes of Receiverships

In order to understand railroad receiverships it is necessary to know the relation that the various securities issued by a railroad bear to one another. Practically every trunk line in America has outstanding various issues of bonds and preferred and common stock. Some of them also have short-term notes. These securities represent the different forms of ownership of the property. The bondholders, in the order of the priority of their bonds, have first claim upon the property of the road. They are its secured creditors, but they have no power of control over the operations of the system. Then come the noteholders, who are likewise creditors and who may be unsecured or who may have some collateral as security for their notes. They also have no voting power. Last in order are the stockholders, who are the real owners of the road and who have all the voting power and who control operations. The railroad must at all times pay the interest on its bonds and notes and keep out of debt. Surplus earnings over these fixed charges go to the stockholders. In hard times when earnings decline the interest cannot be paid and is defaulted. Then comes receivership.

Defaulted interest is one of the most common causes of receivership. There are other causes, one of which is known as the "floating debt." Strictly speaking, a "floating debt" means money borrowed on collateral for a short time. The expression, however, has come to include other debts of a railroad, including those for supplies like rails and ties. Other causes for receivership are overcapitalization — which imposes a heavy burden — bad management, crop failures, excessive construction, adverse legislation and panic. All of these causes have the same effect: they make it impossible for the road to pay its debts.

When this happens, as in the case of any other kind of business, it must either sell out or reorganize.

But there is a big difference between a railroad in trouble and any other business. A manufacturing company, for example, can wind up its affairs and quit. There are other factories turning out the same article. A railroad, on the other hand, serves whole communities and States, and often it is the only transportation line there. People and freight must be moved every day, and so the trains must be kept running. Hence every effort is made to this end.

Let us take a very common cause of receivership and see just what happens. The railroad defaults interest on its first mortgage bonds, which is a sure sign that it is in bad shape financially. The cause may be any one of those already cited. The first step is for some of the creditors to get together and ask the court to appoint a receiver. This action is usually taken in a Federal Court, because a railroad in most cases runs through several States. The step may be taken by bondholders and the trustee for the bonds, or by creditors who are not bondholders. Sometimes the railroad itself asks for a receiver. This precedent was established by Jay Gould with the Wabash. Formerly there was often a fight on the part of the road to prevent receivership, but now practically all suits for the appointment of a receiver are "friendly" and are filed in the best interests of everybody concerned.

The court appoints a receiver who at once takes charge of the property. He is the agent of the court. His business is to keep the road in operation. It often happens that he needs money right away, for the treasury of the road is likely to be depleted. In order to obtain these funds he sometimes issues what are called receivers' certificates (a sort of short-term note), which are promises to pay and which constitute a first claim on the property. The receiver operates the road until it is sold at auction or is reorganized and passes into new management.

One value of a receivership is that it at once makes the road immune from legal process. In other words, the sheriff, for example, cannot levy on it, and the receiver is thus enabled to keep the organization intact. Thus the earning power of the property is conserved and continued. In a way, receivership bears the same relation to a railroad that bankruptcy bears to the individual. It permits of a purging of debt.

During the period of receivership and pending sale or reorganization arises the difficult problem of settling or protecting the claims of bondholders. It is with these rights that we are mainly concerned.

Protective Committees

The rights of the bondholders are incorporated in the mortgage and deed of trust which is framed between the railroad company that issues the bonds and the trustee, usually a trust company. By the terms of this indenture the railroad conveys to the trustee all the property, franchises, real estate and rights upon which the bonds issued are a mortgage. The indenture contains descriptions of all this property, and also states just what other claims (usually other bonds) exist against it. In most railroads there are various layers of bonds.

These mortgages differ. It is usually specified that, in case of default of interest or failure to carry out any provision of the agreement for six months, the entire issue of bonds becomes due and payable as to principal. The trustee may enforce the rights of the bondholders at the written request of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of them. It takes a majority of bondholders to direct the sale of the property or the appointment of a receiver.

If there were only one class of bonds, as, for example, first mortgage bonds, the process would be comparatively simple. But with a railroad there are many kinds of bonds, each one with a different claim. In addition, these bonds are scattered all over the United States, and often in Europe. Although the owner of a single bond is entitled to all the rights and advantages which the terms of the mortgage can give, it would be futile for him to go ahead alone. Concerted action, looking to the best mutual interest, is usually the plan. The result is that, in practically every case, protective committees of bondholders and stockholders are formed to safeguard the interests of all the security-holders. Sometimes there is a committee representing each kind of bond; sometimes there is a general committee representing all the holders. This committee, with the aid of lawyers, formulates a plan of reorganization, and the bondholders are asked to deposit their securities with a depositary and assent to the plan.

One of two courses is pursued by the reorganization committee. A reorganization

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is effected without the sale of the road under foreclosure; or the road is sold at auction (usually a formality) and bid in by bondholders at an "upset" price fixed by the court. The "upset" price is the lowest price for which it can be sold. The buyers then sell the road for the new issue of securities. Mortgage bonds may be used to buy a road instead of actual cash. This is one reason why bondholders often buy it in.

It sometimes happens that the bondholders do not buy in the property (especially in the case of a small road), and it is sold just like any other property. Thus a certain sum of money is realized. The first mortgage bondholders have first claim on these proceeds. If anything is left over after their full claims have been satisfied the second mortgage bondholders have a chance. In a sale like this the common and preferred stockholders are wiped out. Generally the stockholders have legal rights to proceeds only when the property is worth and brings more than the debt.

The usual plan, however, such as, for example, was followed in the case of the Santa Fe Railroad, is to reorganize on a basis that will enable all the security-holders to come in under the new deal and save their investments. In such cases the stockholders (and sometimes the lowest bondholders) are assessed and the money used for the immediate needs of the road. The plan of assessing stockholders sometimes presents the problem as to whether it is wise to throw good money after bad. The experience of stockholders in such reorganized roads as the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe has proved that it was wise to stand by the investment.

Every reorganization plan differs in some way from the others, and all are complicated. The case of the Santa Fe will show what is done. This reorganization plan included a foreclosure of the general mortgage and the combination of the various properties thus secured into one new company. The aim at the start was to obtain cash for immediate needs, to reduce the fixed charges to a safe limit, and to make allowance for future needs so as to prevent a recurrence of the embarrassment which caused the receivership.

These three aims should underlie all safe and fair reorganizations.

How a Railroad is Reorganized

The readjustment of Santa Fe securities will indicate the general method: For each one-hundred-dollar share of stock, on which an assessment of ten dollars had been paid, the holder received one hundred dollars in common stock and ten dollars in preferred stock in the new company; for each one thousand dollars of second mortgage bond, class A (there were two classes of these bonds), on which an assessment of four per cent. of the par value had been paid, the holder got $1130 in preferred stock in the new company; for each one thousand dollars of second mortgage bond, class B, on which an assessment of four per cent. of the par value had been paid, the holder got $1180 in preferred stock; for each one thousand dollars of income bond, on which the same assessment had been paid, the holder got $1130 in preferred stock. The holders of general mortgage bonds were not assessed. For each $1000 of these bonds the holder got $750 of new general mortgage bonds, $400 in 4 per cent. adjustment bonds and $10 in cash, this being a per cent. of the accrued interest of the bonds deposited with the reorganization committee. The equipment bonds were exchanged equally for general mortgage bonds.

This plan worked out satisfactorily for all holders of securities, and the stocks and bonds issued under the reorganization outlined are now widely held and of good price.

In this connection it is interesting to state just how equipment bonds fare. They are among the first obligations protected, because the railroad must have the equipment to continue operations. During the past twenty-five years there has not been a default of interest on this kind of bond. One feature of equipment bonds is that the equipment, which includes locomotives and cars, remains pledged until the last bond is paid.

In view, too, of the fact that short-term notes are now widely held by investors, their fate under reorganization is of interest. In case the notes are not secured by collateral they rank after the bonds and before the stock.

A receivership develops many interesting questions. One is the status of the bondholder who does not assent to the reorganization plan. Usually he is entitled to his *pro rata* share of the proceeds in case the road is sold. Another question is the disposition of the securities that the failed railroad owns in other corporations. If these securities are deposited as collateral for collateral trust bonds, they are, of course, liable to the claims of the owners of the bonds. If, on the other hand, these securities are part of the free assets of the road and in its treasury, they are subject to sale to satisfy the creditors.

What Bondholders Ought to Know

It is difficult to lay down a general rule for the average bondholder to follow in case the railroad whose bonds he owns goes into the hands of a receiver. Modern railroad reorganization has become more a matter of business rather than of legal adjustment. It is better for a holder of defaulted bonds to accept a fair plan of reorganization that will keep the road running than to insist upon legal rights that may complicate and prevent a readjustment of the company's affairs. He should ally himself with a protective committee when he is convinced that the men on it are honest and capable and have the best interests of the security-holders at heart.

It is worth while to emphasize here again the importance of knowing just what underlies the bond you buy. If you want a first mortgage bond be sure that you get one that is a first mortgage. The word mortgage in connection with bonds is often misleading, and sometimes the holder does not realize it until the road is in trouble. For example, the first mortgage bonds of the Western Maryland, now in the hands of a receiver, are first mortgages on a very small part of the property.

The receiverships of commercial companies (not railroads) are no different from those of railroads except that, in most cases, there are fewer kinds of securities, and the legal problems are less complex. Often these companies are reorganized by going through bankruptcy. Bondholders get the first claim on proceeds resulting from the sale of the property.

A large problem is presented by defaulted State bonds. It is impossible for an individual to sue a State. Therefore, the committees representing holders of defaulted State bonds must get other States or governments to bring suit. One of the most notable cases is that of the North Carolina bonds which were repudiated by that State after the Civil War. The bonds have been tied up ever since. Efforts are being made by the bondholders' committee to find a suitable plaintiff to bring suit.

"Cyclone Bill"

IN THE course of his career, Stewart Edward White has done a lot of traveling, but just now he is inclined to avoid Arizona. This is the reason.

Once he wrote a story about an Arizona terror named "Cyclone Bill," a name somewhat familiar to readers of the best shooting border fiction. In this story White spoke of Bill's accomplishments, and among them his "shooting up" a piano at a dance. He also described Bill as lame from a shot in the foot while being trailed for stealing a horse.

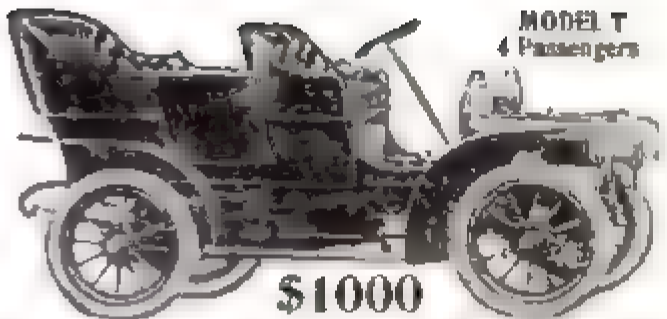
One day not long ago White received a letter from Arizona from a man who signed himself "The Real Cyclone Bill." He said: "You are wrong about the cause of my lameness. I got hurt by falling off a horse while I was drunk. But you are right about my shooting up the piano."

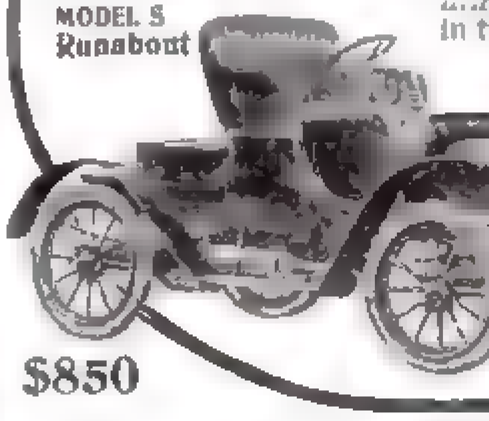
This was a curious coincidence, for both incidents had originated in White's imagination.

Not long after this White received another letter from Bill, who said: "Since you wrote me up I think you had better divvy up with me. Send fifty dollars."

White immediately wrote back that he had never heard of Cyclone Bill; that he had created all the incidents out of his fancy, and that he declined to give up fifty dollars or any other sum, whereupon he received the following communication:

> I have overestimated your generosity. I don't want any charity. The next time you come to Arizona I will show you that I can shoot up other things besides pianos.
>
> CYCLONE BILL.





MODEL T
4 Passengers

For Real Economy
Get a
CADILLAC

$1000

Repair Cost, 50 Cents a Week—Over 18 Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Actual figures are the strongest argument for economy. Here they are—averages obtained from the *sworn* reports of a large number of single-cylinder Cadillac owners, taken at random from all over the United States, covering all imaginable road conditions—mountains, hills, sand, snow, mud. The story they tell is of vital interest to every prospective purchaser. Read it in

"The Truth About the Automobile and What it Costs to Maintain One"

sent free on request for Booklet No. 26.

These figures—by disinterested people—conclusively *prove* Cadillac economy. The cars themselves prove their service and durability. You see these sturdy, rugged little machines everywhere always thoroughly alive to any test or requirement—*always going*. There are 16,000 in daily use; many of them in their sixth season, yet they are just as smooth, powerful and reliable as ever, with never even a suggestion of failing.

Capable of thirty miles an hour; offers the fullest complement of that pleasure, convenience and recreation which only a car like the Cadillac can afford. Described in catalog T 26.

MODEL S
Runabout

$850

Prices include pair dash oil lamps, tail lamp and horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

6 Per Cent Bonds at Par

9 Miles from Denver, Colo.

begins an area of farming land stretching half way to the celebrated Greeley and Longmont region (the best known irrigation district in the world) which is the basis of an issue of bonds now owned and offered by us, viz.:

6% Land Secured Bonds

due each year from 3 to 11 years. Principal and semi-annual interest payable at American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago. Denominations—$100, $500 and $1,000 (Orders accepted for single bonds) issued by the

Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.

which company has acquired and merged into one system the properties of 9 active, operating, irrigation companies in the immediate vicinity of Denver, thus enduing the company with some of the earliest water rights in Colorado, dating back over 40 years—others 30 years.

These are rights or priorities to the direct river flow and also to the flood waters of the principal streams of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and besides, tapping the Fraser, the principal river on the western slope. Water stored in reservoirs for use in the late summer when the streams fail is of inestimable value to sugar beets and other crops. *Stored Water is Stored Wealth.*

Security Under the Bonds

Primarily, mortgage liens on the Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company's system, including water rights, canals, reservoirs, sites, etc., and all properties now owned or hereafter to be acquired by the Company, conservatively estimated worth

Two Million to Three Million Dollars

Secondly, collateral security in the form of mortgage liens upon the lands to which the water is to be applied, derived from sales of reservoir stock representing water rights sufficient for the land, and by the water stock itself, which is not delivered to purchaser until he has completed his payment.

The farmer has ten years in which to pay for a perpetual water right at the rate of $50 per acre. The deed of trust securing the bonds provides that these mortgage liens given to secure the payments for water rights, shall be deposited with the **American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, Trustee,** in the ratio of *one and one-quarter times* the amount of the bonds issued, which ratio must be maintained during the life of the bonds.

The value of the collateral security therefore may be stated as follows:

As security for every $1,000 bond the trustee bank holds $1,250 mortgage liens upon farm land estimated worth with water over $3,000, or security equal to THREE TIMES the amount of the bonds, in addition to the responsibility of the Company.

The Denver-Greeley District

This is said to be the richest agricultural community in the world, producing the highest quality of sugar beets, potatoes and other farm products.

These securities are unparalleled in attractiveness in the history of irrigation in the United States in the following respects:

FIRST, *Location:* Viz., immediately adjoining the city of Denver, the most beautiful city in the West—the capital of the state, the second largest city between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast, with over 200,000 people, twelve or fifteen railroad systems, constituting Denver the principal distributing point for the whole Rocky Mountain region extending from Montana to northern Texas, affording a ready market for all that can be produced in a radius of many miles, giving a potential value to these lands beyond that of any irrigated section east of California.

SECOND, *Comparative values:* In other irrigated sections fruit lands command from $300 to $2,000 per acre; farming land from $100 to $350 per acre. These values exist in isolated and sparsely settled localities.

Adjoining the land in question on the south and west, the above prices prevail, but as a basis for estimating the value of the security under these bonds, we have taken $100 per acre only as the land value. The actual selling price is considerably above this figure and advancing constantly.

Purpose of Bond Issue

These land mortgages are discounted to make available the funds of the Company for the further extension of its canals, and for the construction of the Standley Reservoir—the 10th and largest in the system; in other words, to realize within reasonable restrictions, upon the assets of the Company.

Expert reports by Dr. Elwood Mead, Chief of United States Government Irrigation Investigations Department, and J. G. White & Co., Engineers and Contractors, New York, also illustrated booklet, will be furnished upon request.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.
INCORPORATED
Municipal Bonds
First National Bank Building, Chicago

FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

Trowbridge & Niver Co.,
First National Bank Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please send [illegible] Denver Reservoir Irrigation Company 6% bonds

Name

Street and No.

Town

State

The Best Impression With Comfort

We have a message for the American Woman.

It relates to one of the most important of the things she wears—her shoes.

The American Woman [illegible] appreciates the good impression that well-shod feet [illegible]

A woman well shod carries with her that indefinable something that spells "refined elegance," that marks her so all the world can tell—a gentlewoman.

But, in order to get that foot appearance many a woman has had to sacrifice foot comfort and undergo actual torture.

For there are very few shoes so constructed as to give not merely a good, but the best impression and yet be comfortable.

We want the American Woman to know at least one of these kind of shoes.

Rich's Famous "Julia Marlowe" Shoe is the shoe so made that it is at once the most stylish and elegant foot covering, besides actually making the foot appear smaller, and yet most comfortable.

That's our message, Madame Reader.

That's the shoe you should wear. That you should insist on obtaining no matter how much you may be importuned to wear something represented by the salesman "just as good."

RICH'S FAMOUS JULIA MARLOWE SHOES

wear longest and remain smartly stylish and shapely to the very end of their long wear.

Every pair is made in our own factory under our own exacting requirements—

And thus we can guarantee both material and workmanship.

Made in all conceivable styles WITH and WITHOUT the Elastic Instep—a special comfort feature, and in prices from $2.50 to $5.00.

If your dealer does not sell the Rich's Famous "Julia Marlowe" Shoe, send us 25c additional for mailing charges, stating size, width and style, and we will forward your pair prepaid upon receipt of price.

Write for handsomely illustrated Style Booklet "Shoes, and When to Wear Them"—a guide to the proper wearing of shoes for all occasions. Address

The Rich Shoe Co.
Dept. 63.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Style 677.
$3.50.
Flexible Machine Sewed.
Style 632.
$2.75.
Hand Turn Elastic Instep.
Style 670.
$3.50
Welt, One Eyelet Pump.

The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capital

PEOPLE who live in New York have a sort of a puffed-up notion that in their fair city the press agent has reached the apogee. They think the gentlemen and ladies who inhabit the Great White Way (which should be known as the Great Yellow Way, if we desire to be strictly accurate), and get pieces in the papers about their noted citizens or keep pieces out of the papers about their notorious citizens, are about the last word in their pleasant and lucrative calling.

New York claims, on any subject whatever, are susceptible to a discount of forty per cent., but allowing them, so far as press agents go, to stand at par and putting on an additional forty for good measure, New York is in the infant class, singing, "For We Love Dear Teacher So," when compared to Washington, for it is in the Capital that artistic publicity has attained its flower of perfection. Press-agenting is a science in Washington, while it is a mere trade elsewhere.

Every time you walk on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington you pass through droves of press agents. Each time you wander down the corridors of the Capitol you step on the toes of scores of them. When you attend a dinner the press agent is there. When you call on the President the press agent stands in the reception-room. They permeate the committee-rooms, inhabit the office buildings, overflow in the Marble Room, loaf in the hotel lobbies, jam the elevators and clog the departments. Any man in Washington who hasn't a press agent is a press agent. We've all got them working assiduously, strong-arming or palavering and filling the press with nice reading notices of our achievements and accomplishments.

If a Senator has a big speech to make a press agent bulges in with advance copies of it. If a Representative is going to do a stunt he thinks is awe-inspiring and every stunt is, from the viewpoint of the man who does it—somebody drops around to state the exact facts so there may be no mistake about giving credit where credit is due. If a society leader has a dinner the list of "those invited" is always furnished—not the list of "those there," but "those invited," for invitations are easy to send out and acceptances, sometimes, hard to get. When a scientist in the Department of Agriculture finds a new bug his press agent heralds the glad tidings to the people. When Secretary Taft is going to make a speech, which is all the time, his press agents are on the job. When anybody in official life has anything in contemplation beyond the bare routine of signing his name the hustling press agent sees to it that the men who send out the news are properly informed.

Marceling the Congressman's Yarn

Time was when the reporter, seeking to find out what was happening anywhere, was compelled to chase about and discover for himself. Now all he has to do is to sit in his office, with his feet on his desk, and the press agents will cart in the stuff. Of course, there are not many reporters who print it, but the press agents cart it in just the same, and if they get a paragraph think they have done well. Competition is keen. Stories must be fixed up so they have a "human" or a "heart" interest, or a news value. Bare announcements do not go in these advanced days. The brilliant young Senator from Um-te-da cannot get away with a yarn in the old, dry-as-dust style. It must be embroidered and marceled before it will attract even passing attention, and, even then, most of the attention it attracts does pass.

Our statesmen scoff at the press. They do not care whether their names are mentioned or not, but if an initial is wrong, or somebody gets credit they think belongs to them, there is always an explosion that can be heard for half a mile. Far be it from one of the patriots who make the laws to give a hoot what the papers say about him, and for that reason most of them have suave young persons to see the papers say something, no matter what it is.

Outside of the legislative and social development of the publicity promoter the executive departments of the Government have a system that operates all day and all night. It is a poor slouch of a bureau that does not furnish to the correspondents detailed accounts of what it is doing. The mails are burdened with stuff about the Forestry Bureau, the Reclamation Service, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and all the rest of the varied and various governmental machines that are working for the uplift of the country and increased appropriations from Congress. John Barrett puts his into a book, over at the Bureau of American Republics, starting each story with a succinct paragraph detailing the various offices he has held at the gift of an appreciative Republic. Gifford Pinchot comes to bat nearly every morning with interesting slugs about "Conservative Lumbering at Sewanee, Tennessee," and similar enterprises. Director Newell lavishes information about irrigation, and, not to be outdone, the other bureaus get in the game, until one begins to think the greatest market in the world for the typewriter and the mimeograph must be Washington, District of Columbia.

Every man who is a candidate for President has a press bureau and every man who thinks he is a candidate has two or three. Of broad and generous lines, Secretary Taft has thirty or forty. When the secretive Cortelyou has a little information to hand out to the waiting and anhelous world he has a chap on the spot who can see that said information is properly distributed.

Boosting the Social Climbers

Congress, from time to time, has looked into the press-agent business in a casual manner. Naturally, it girds Congress to see bureau chiefs getting away with press-agent salaries out of appropriations, when all the Senator or Representative can do—at Government expense—is to put his secretary or committee clerk at work. Still, the bureau chiefs make a good fist at showing how they are enlightening the populace, and Congress does little more than growl. And, aside from the official end of it, every man who has a plan he wants to propose to Congress, every citizen who arrives with a claim or a scheme, every association that has some bill it wants passed, every interest that thinks to get into an appropriation measure, hitches up with a press agent as soon as the promoters get here. There is no difficulty about it. The boys who inhabit the hotel lobbies can smell a man with money before he gets half-way out of the new railroad station, and a dozen of them are at the desk when he registers, with the glad hands outstretched and the winning smiles unmasked.

Socially it is the same way, only it would be crass to call the social functionaries press agents. They are social secretaries. The social columns of the Washington newspapers are the wonders of the world. They print columns of guff about the dinners and receptions and all that sort of thing, most of it carefully sent in by the radiant hostesses and hosts or their press agents. To be sure, when some climber in Mount Pleasant or on Columbia Heights gives a tea where Mrs. McGink pours and Mrs. McGump helps receive, the climber usually acts as press agent, and there are generally three notices sent in, for Mrs. McGink and Mrs. McGump do not want to be overlooked. Over Dupont Circle way they have clumb and are no longer climbers, so they have regular press agents who attend to these details.

New York know about press agents? Pah! Any little Mrs. Chief Clerk can give nine-tenths of the publicity artists in the Metropolis points on how to get into the papers and stay there. There isn't a debutante who hasn't an exact knowledge of how to get her picture printed as "one of the charming buds of the season," and there isn't one of them who does not see to it that the picture shows up. So far as political press-agenting is concerned, Washington sees more of it in a day than the rest of the country sees in a month. Every politician has from one to a dozen. They all work assiduously with such success as may be, for the correspondents are press-agent shy and it takes an expert person to get anything by. Still, the press agents do

Watch the Oliver at Work!

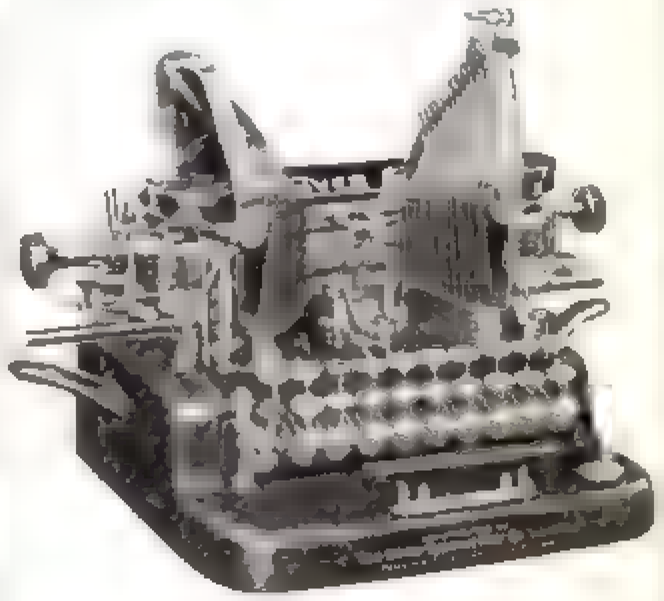
There's a fascination in watching the work of the new Oliver Typewriter No. 5.

You never tire of watching the play of its working parts as they move in swift precision.

—Watching the types as with the rhythmic beat of steel-shod feet they gallop across the page.

—Watching the words as they take quick form in beautifully printed lines.

—Watching the figures group themselves in perfect columns—"units under units and tens under tens"—by means of the Automatic Tabulator.



—Watching the wonderful Disappearing Indicator, which shows the way to the printing point, then "ducks" at every key-stroke.

—Watching the easy swing of the Balance Shift, which sustains the weight of the carriage.

—Watching the Ruling Device draw as firm, straight horizontal or perpendicular lines as any draughtsman can make.

—Watching the Automatic Spacing Device relieve the operator's hands of the tedious work of turning the paper for the next line.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The charm of novelty that made the Oliver notable from the very first has been intensified in each succeeding model.

Most other makes of typewriters are as much alike as two peas.

The Oliver is distinctly **different.**

The latest Oliver model has five tremendously important **new features**—not **one** of which is to be found on any other make of typewriter.

It will pay any employer or operator not familiar with the latest developments in typewriter construction to spend a pleasant half-hour getting acquainted with the beautiful Oliver Model 5.

Why don't you arrange for a free demonstration of its unique advantages?

Please understand that your request for a demonstration creates no obligation on your part. We simply show you how the machine will handle your work. The decision—"to buy or not to buy"—we leave to your untrammeled judgment.

May we have a half-hour of your time to show you **"The Oliver at Work"?** Write for a copy of the new **Oliver Catalog.**

The Oliver Typewriter Company
Oliver Building, 43 Dearborn Street, Chicago

We Are Looking for a Bright Young Man to act as Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter in territory not already taken. Write for our free book, **"The Rise of the Local Agent,"** which will post you as to the qualifications necessary and the splendid opportunities for advancement in the Oliver Organization

SAFE DEPOSIT
by MAIL

DID you ever realize how dangerous it is to have your will, the deed for your home, your insurance policies, stock certificates, bonds; your private letters and other valuable papers stowed away in bureau drawers or old trunks?

They are not safe a minute from fire, from thieves — or from the prying eyes of those who have no right to see them. Can you afford to take such risks?

The Carnegie Safe Deposit Company

of New York offers you the security of the largest and strongest safe deposit vaults in the world — and the United States Government undertakes to be your messenger through its registered mail and rural free delivery service no matter where you may live.

In other words, the absolutely safe and speedy mail system, reaching into every nook and corner of the country, makes it possible for **every** man and woman to take advantage of these great armor plate vaults for the safe keeping of valuables.

The system of safe deposit by mail is exceedingly simple.

A special envelope is furnished free to depositors. Valuable papers are placed in this and it is sealed with a special seal.

It is then sent to the Safe Deposit Company by registered mail, the sender receiving a U. S. receipt, also one from the Safe Deposit Company. The envelope is then locked in its proper compartment in the great vault and is returned to the owner at his will with the original seals unbroken.

Nobody but the owner can know the contents of the envelope. The fee for this service is $2 a year for an envelope containing as many papers as it will hold. And this envelope will be returned to you as many times as you desire without extra cost.

Write today for the illustrated booklet giving full details. Delay may cause you serious loss. Do it now.

Carnegie Safe Deposit Company
U. S. Realty Building, New York

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself — nothing so rich in flavor — so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York.

Society Emblems—Buy Direct
from the factory—Save dealers' large profits—We make all kinds—what kind do you want?—Write for prices **now**.
CHAS. A. PURDY CO., Providence, R. I.

not expect much. They are grateful for small favors. Then, too, they read the papers carefully and clip out stories that had to be sent because of their news value. These they take to their employers and say: "There! See how I looked out for your interests yesterday," which makes it reasonably certain that politicians are the most credulous persons on earth, as they are the stupidest.

Press-agenting is a highly specialized and developed industry in Washington. Many of the people who work at it are frauds and many are not. There are plenty of good, upright, capable chaps who are engaged to retail information about their chiefs, and who do it honestly and conscientiously. Many times it is useful information. Many times it is bunkum. However, the press agents get money for their work, and, if the statesmen and others want them, there is no cause for complaint.

Washington has an institution known as the Cosmos Club, which is highly revered. It is a scientific social organization or a social scientific organization, largely made up of the scientists who work for the Government. It has a pleasant house downtown, a large membership, and is a most exemplary affair. The Cosmos Club is largely inhabited by the entomologists and the lepidopterologists and the agrostologists and the climatologists and the dendrochemists and the like who work for Tama Jim Wilson over in the Department of Agriculture. They make investigations and write pamphlets for the farmers.

There is a long table in the Cosmos Club that has the various works of these scientists spread out on it as those works appear. Naturally, the rivalry is keen. Each scientist, when he arrives at the club, takes hurried look at the literature displayed on the table to see what the other scientists have been doing along the lines of instructing the agriculturist how to make a living. "Ha!" says the man from the Animal Industry Bureau, "I see Stiles has put out a new edition of his treatise on the Hookworm," and next day he drops one in entitled A Revision of the Jumping Mice of the Genus Zapus. Another scientist happens along. "Well, of all things!" he exclaims. "If he hasn't revised that Jumping Mice thing! I guess this will hold him for a time," and he puts one across entitled The Shrews of the American Genera Blarina.

"Pish-tush!" exclaims another scientist. "I must send up a copy of my latest contribution to the welfare of the horny-handed son of toil," and he spreads out a light little thing he has dashed off concerning the American Aleurodidæ. "Can it be," inquires another, "that the people are interested in this sort of stuff? I must send up my brochure on The Physiological Rôle of Mineral Nutrients in Plants." And he does, much to the consternation of the next one who ambles by the table and who fails to see there his treatise on the Papilionidæ, an omission he remedies by the first post. It makes the agrostologist hot to observe the prominence some of the other scientists are getting, and he files The Structure of the Caryopsis of Grasses with Reference to their Morphology and Classification, and so it goes, for the Cosmos Club scientists are real, genuine scientists and write their books for one another. Meantime, Tama Jim Wilson hitches his wagon to the plain American hen, claiming that this valuable bird produces a large percentage of the wealth of the country, even if one of his scientists is reported to have written a pamphlet once entitled A Treatise on the Teeth of Gallinaceous Fowls, which reminds one of the man out West who wrote to Representative Smith as follows:

> *Dear Mr. Smith :*
>
> I see by the papers the Department of Agriculture has perfected a seedless tomato. Please send me a package of seeds.

President Roosevelt's combination with Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson to secure four new battleships at the hands of a reluctant naval committee, and a still more reluctant bunch of appropriators headed by Watchdog Tawney, didn't help the President much, but it did a heap for Hobson. The President went to the extreme limit with Hobson. He gave the gallant young ex-hero the advantage of Presidential prestige; he gave him copies of letters he wrote to the Speaker and others urging the four ships; he sent in a screaming special message on the subject urging liberality, and Hobson stood around in the House as the Presidential mouthpiece on the matter. The House swatted the proposition. Two battleships was as far as the statesmen would go, which was, as we are informed, "a direct rebuke" to the President, to say nothing of a smash over the head for Hobson.

Hobson didn't mind it. "The fight has just begun," he proclaimed, although he did not divulge where it was to be continued. Meantime, he did a lot more than a new member has done in some time, owing to the President's help, and he is still talking of fifty millions or billions or something for ships. As soon as it was over there were loud cries that the House had, at last, thrown off Presidential domination and had come into its own again.

That is interesting, but not conclusive. The House undoubtedly refused to give the President four battleships, but it gave him two, which is one more than many of the most influential members wanted to give him. The President is saying nothing, so he is probably well satisfied. The joke of it is that the House thinks it won a great victory over the President. It takes little to tickle that House at times.

A feature of the debate on the battleship bill was the impassioned appeal of Nicholas Longworth to stand by Papa-in-law. Mr. Longworth is not of very large calibre, but he knows his job. Every time the President wants anything Longworth is right there on the floor upholding his esteemed relative's hands. "Stand by the President!" he shouted. "I shall vote for four battleships because I deem it my duty to my constituency and my country."

It is a great thing to have a son-in-law properly trained.

Dundreary and the Highbrows

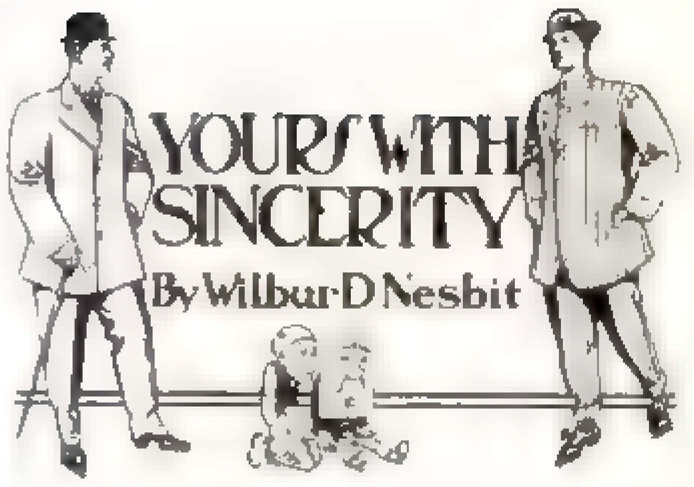
(Continued from Page 17)

difficult and the most inspired of her achievements. For four years before attempting it she carried the play with her everywhere, studying it on the train between one-night stands. For this is the play in which the great spirit of Ibsen shines at its noblest and purest.

Rebecca West is the Norwegian Lady Macbeth—an ambitious woman who wins to the command of the house of Rosmer by murder, and who goes down to death under the weight of her crime. The fatal deed precedes the opening of the play and is divulged in two acts of the quietest conversation. Mrs. Rosmer has been an invalid, and Rebecca, her housekeeper, has driven her to suicide by convincing her that she stands in the way of her husband's career. When the way is cleared, and Rosmer stands on the threshold of power, the two confess their love. But to Rebecca the love of a high-minded man has brought spiritual purification. She confesses her crime, and the two, arm in arm, throw themselves into the mill-race.

For two acts the wonder is that Mrs. Fiske ever elected to play a part so neutral-tinted and obscure. Giving the centre of the stage to others, she sits apart, the inspiring spirit of the action, yet true to the attitude of mere housekeeper. But toward the end of the third act the whole throbbing life of the play centres in her. Suddenly, no one knows how, this gray and elusive woman pulses the white heat of spiritual struggle, and of triumph through self-abnegation. The dark ending of the play leaves one with the sense of exaltation.

The influence of Ibsen is among the many factors to which we owe The Servant in the House, perhaps the most novel and inspiring play of the season. The House is an English country vicarage. The Servant is disclosed as an East Indian butler, in flowing robes of splendid color. It soon appears, however, that, unknown to the household, he is a brother of the vicar, who has gained world-wide fame for his ministry as Bishop of Benares. In the end it is suggested that in reality he is the Christ. The play is clearly an allegory, dealing symbolically with the condition of the modern English church—perhaps the modern church everywhere. By insensible degrees the spirit of the Servant animates the entire household—becomes the spirit



THE SEVENTIETH THING

THE man was surrounded by clothes — heaps of them, piles of them, stacks of them.

He seized a coat, turned it inside out, and grabbed a pocket and jerked.

"You'll tear that!" I cautioned him.

"Paid to tear it — if I can," he answered.

"That pocket is put in after the lining is," he explained, "and it has a strap or two that run up to the shoulder and swing it from there. The firm doesn't want the pocket to rip out or to weigh down the coat and make it pucker or sag."

He whirled the coat about and tugged at the back seams.

"Won't you rip them?" I asked.

"If I can," he answered. "The firm has 'em sewed twice with silk thread, and if the seams rip they want the ripping to happen before anybody wears the suit. See?"

I saw, and nodded that I did

The man went over the buttons like a clarinet player doing a cadenza on his keys. He yanked each button savagely.

"You'll pull them off!" I warned him.

"Will if I can," he replied, heartlessly

"The firm says the buttons must be sewed on to stay. The firm would rather sew them on right than know that a customer lost his buttons, his temper and his fondness for the suit."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do this to every coat?" I asked, incredulously.

"To every coat and every vest and every pair of trousers and every overcoat," the man replied quickly, taking another coat and worrying it.

"It must keep you busy."

"I don't do it all, by any means. The other fellows" — there were a lot of them just as busy as he — "inspect them, too. The firm is so vain of that "Sincerity" label that they have us see to it that the garments live up to it. This is the seventieth expert thing done to the clothes, and is the last inspection before they go to the dealers."

"Well, it's going to a lot of pains over the little things."

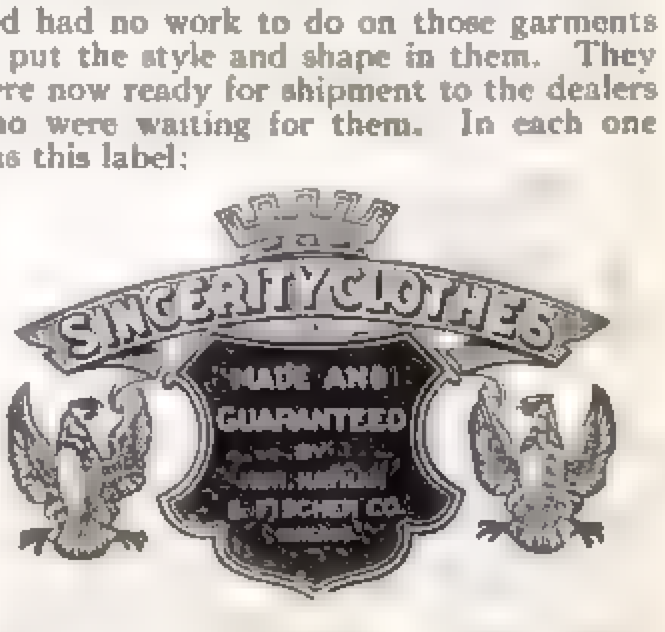
"Bless you, inspections begin when the cloth comes in, before it is cut.

They inspect cloth, thread, buttons, and *everything* — all the time. There's a lot of little things that can go wrong about a suit — and the firm insists that little and big things must all be perfect. Then there isn't any explanation to make, and there isn't a lost customer."

"And do you often find a garment that has to go back to the shops?"

"To tell you the truth," said the man, confidentially, putting the coat on another stack, "I haven't found even a loose button this season. That's going some, eh?"

And Old Dr. Goose — the hot flatiron — had had no work to do on those garments to put the style and shape in them. They were now ready for shipment to the dealers who were waiting for them. In each one was this label:



Wish you would inspect our 1908 Style-Book. A postal card to us saying that you want it brings it by return mail.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago

Have You Made That Paint Test?

Do not paint until you know about the materials your painter intends to use. We have been offering for several months, a sure test by which the purity of White Lead may be established.

Thousands have availed themselves of our offer and are now in a position to know what they are about when they spend their paint money.

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of the Master. The corruption that has come upon the church through devotion to dead forms gives way to the spirit of brotherly love and devotion.

Technically, the play is not strong. There is no clear dramatic centre in the development of action and character, no struggle that propels the interest from scene to scene. Much of the dialogue is superfluous. Yet when every shortcoming is admitted, there remains a big and powerful idea that stays in the mind as an abiding influence. Perhaps nothing could more clearly indicate the sincerity and power of the play than the fact that the representation of our Saviour on the stage, far from giving offense, was received with reverence touching upon awe.

The Servant in the House is by Charles Rann Kennedy, husband of Edith Wynne Matthison, who is so gratefully remembered for her performance of Everyman. Mrs. Kennedy has the rather thankless part of the vicar's wife, but plays it with her extraordinary simplicity and conviction. Tyrone Power gives a virile and masterful impersonation of the vicar's neglected brother, a drink-sodden laborer, who, in the end, takes the lead in the work of cleansing the nauseous drains that are polluting the church. Walter Hampden is the Servant, and it is largely owing to the purity and strength of his performance that the success of the play is assured. The company is known as the Henry Miller Associate Players, and it holds forth the attractive promise of a series of plays of similarly high aim.

A number of the successes of the season call for only a passing mention. Maude Adams is appearing in The Jesters, a domestic comedy in verse written by Miguel Zamaçois for Sarah Bernhardt. As formerly in L'Aiglon, Miss Adams has taken over from the great French actress one of the male rôles in which she delights. The verse of the translation, which follows the original by being in rhymed alexandrines, is rather heavy and slow, out of tune with the play, which is at best a light, romantic trifle. Yet Miss Adams has scope for much of her graceful witchery and has scored a qualified success.

Miss Mabel Taliaferro, once the best of our child actresses, and then a heroine in plays by Shaw and Browning, has come forward as a star in Polly of the Circus, by Margaret Mayo. The play is a popular melodrama, and several of the scenes overstep Miss Taliaferro's immature powers of emotion. But on the whole the production is above the average of its kind and has proved a strong popular success. The scenery, which was planned by Miss Taliaferro's husband, Frederic Thompson, the genius of the Hippodrome and Coney Island, is a novelty in spectacular beauty.

Clyde Fitch has given us three adaptations and no original play. Toddles, an excellent farce from the French, has failed for the lack of adequate stage management and acting. Miss Ethel Barrymore's vehicle, Her Sister, centres in the familiar stage situation in which the heroine takes upon herself the consequences of another's folly. The play is brightly and truthfully written, however, and affords Miss Barrymore ample opportunity for her charm of personality and powers as an artist.

The most striking of Mr. Fitch's new plays is Girls, a fantastic comedy centring in the unavailing efforts of three young women bachelors to escape the thraldom of matrimony. The central situation was taken from the German, but Mr. Fitch has made it his own with a multitude of bright lines and diverting situations which keep the audience in continual merriment. It is the laughing success of the season. After a hard and discouraging apprenticeship Miss Laura Nelson Hall finds in the leader of the trio of man-haters an opportunity worthy of her very rare beauty and talent, while as another of the girls Miss Ruth Maycliffe, fresh from vaudeville, has established herself as one of the most bewitching ingénues of the regular stage.

Next to The Great Divide and The Witching Hour, Paid in Full is the most powerful and original drama produced by an American in several seasons. It is by Eugene Walters, a young Westerner who has struggled for years against the ignorance and conservatism of commercial managers, and has even faced starvation and roofless nights on the benches of Bryant Park. But it is the work of a man who has faced life as it is, and records it in powerful scenes with the large vision and passionate intensity of an artist.

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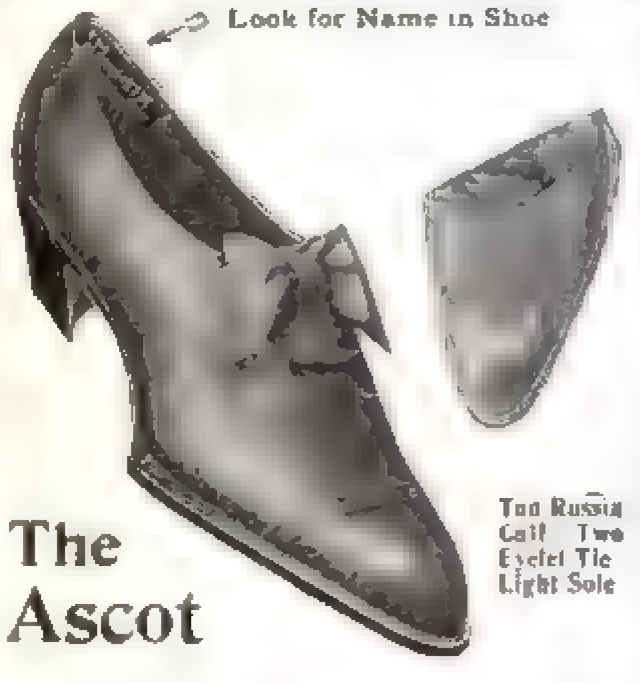
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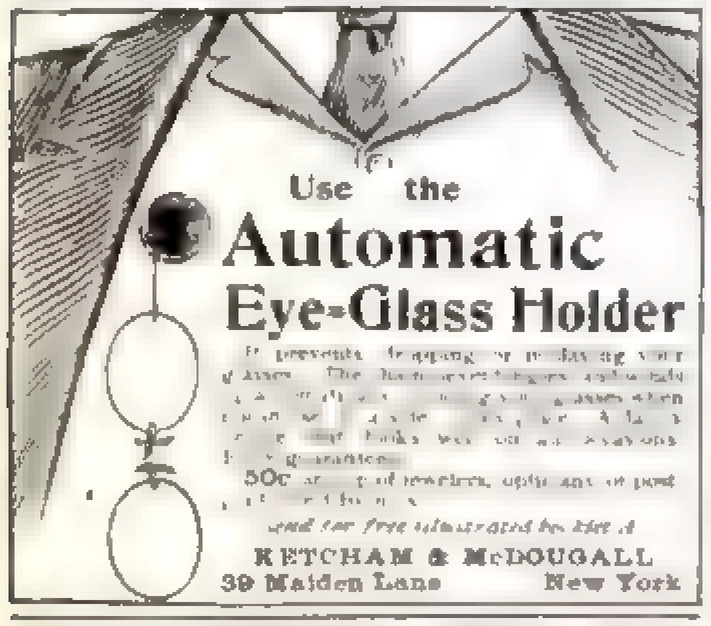
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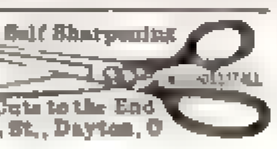
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THE DWINDLING BLACK BALLOT

(Continued from Page 5)

and occupation. Many plans were proposed in each State, and each plan sifted to its last analysis, namely: How many negroes would thereby be disfranchised? And how few whites? For by no lawful method could a solitary negro be eliminated without also striking from the poll-books every white man who fell within the same class.

The plans pursued in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia differed only in detail. They provided for an Australian ballot, payment of taxes and registration in advance of election, together with an educational or property qualification. Of these provisions the educational qualification eliminates the greatest number at once. There are illiterate negro males of voting age in Alabama, 59.5 per cent.; in Louisiana, 61.3 per cent.; in Mississippi, 53.2 per cent.; in South Carolina, 54.7 per cent.; in Virginia, 52.5 per cent.—more than half the negro vote of these States. These are wiped out by a single stroke—and by much the same stroke which is applied in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Wyoming.

Of those that remain the great bulk become disqualified by failure to pay their taxes. The negro rarely looks ahead. Wash Johnson is a child of summer, and winter always catches him with a straw hat on. He never expects it to turn cold. He will not pay his two-dollar poll-tax in February so as to qualify himself to vote in November. There is no political excitement in February, and November is a long way off.

Neither will he think to register several months in advance of the election. If it were possible for Wash to do so he would gladly march up to the polls on election day, drop two dollars in one box and his ballot in the other, stick a nickel cigar between his teeth and swagger around talking politics until night. And if there were a brass band at the polls there would be no keeping him away.

Neither is it practicable for political bosses to pay these taxes for a drove of negroes and control their votes. Negroes cannot be corraled for that length of time. Wash Johnson loves to ramble; he forgets, and two dollars' worth of gratitude will not last from February until November. More than this, Wash Johnson is a bird of passage; he "takes his foot in hand, hits the big road; then it's 'Good-by, my honey, I'm gone.'"

It is easier for him to move than to pay rent; all he has to do is to shut the door, call the dog and move. The boss might pay taxes for a hundred or more in February and not get a dozen votes in November. The experiment would be too precarious and expensive.

Disfranchisement for certain crimes was provided in all the Southern Constitutions; but it is doubtful if this has had an appreciable effect.

The "Grandfather Clause"

The greatest discussion has been brought about by certain peculiar clauses in these Constitutions—the "grandfather clause" of Alabama and Louisiana, the "ex-soldier clause" of Virginia, the "understanding clause" of Mississippi. These were clauses of *en*franchisement, and not *dis*franchisement. They were devised for the benefit of a few men of the pioneer class—the mettle of Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett—descended from long generations of liberty-loving, self-governing ancestors, good citizens and law-abiding men, yet who were unable to read and write. Many of these were men of exceptional intelligence, yet unlearned in books.

In Louisiana any male person who was a voter in any State of the Union on January 1, 1867, or the son or grandson of any such person, might register prior to September 1, 1898, and thereby become an elector. Of course, no negro could qualify under this clause. The grandfather clause of Alabama has practically the same operation. And such was the evident intention of the ex-soldier clause of the Virginia Constitution, which, however, applied to Federal veterans as well as to Confederate.

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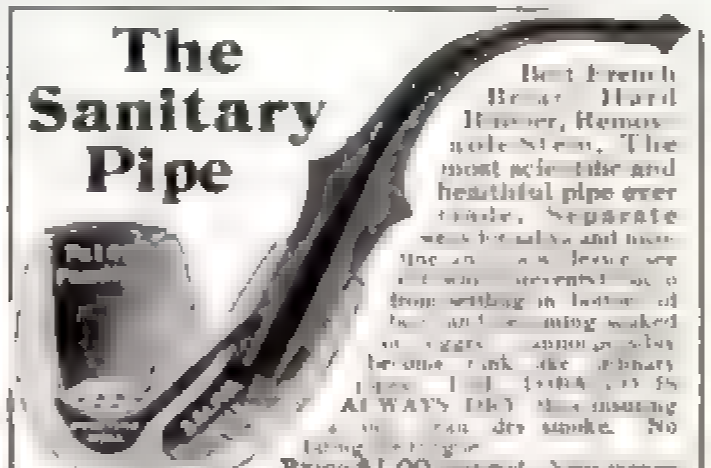
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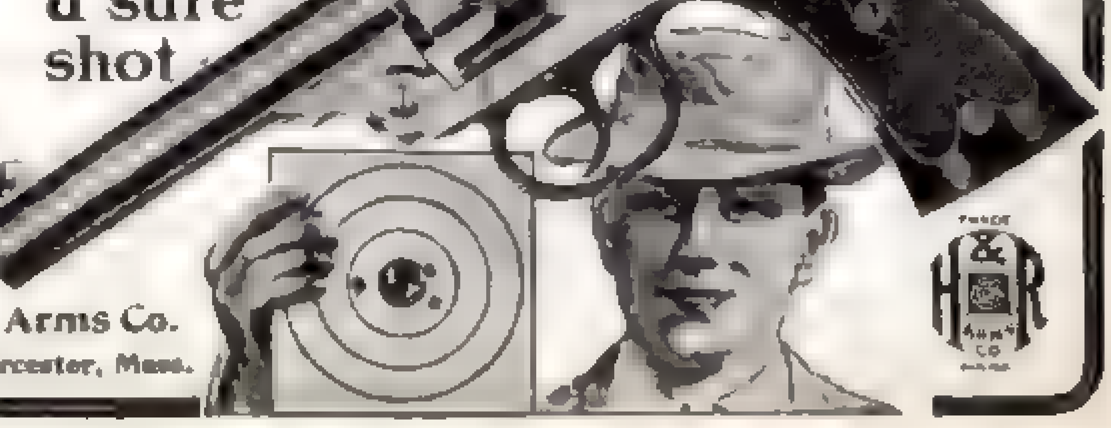
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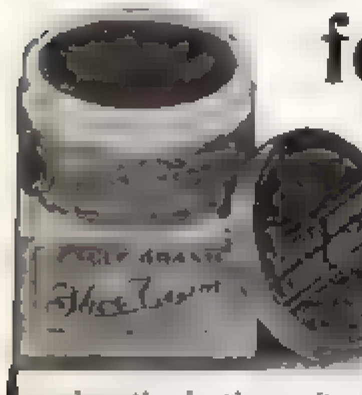

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of the State Constitution and give a reasonable interpretation thereof, even though the applicant shall be unable to read and write. As a matter of fact, extremely few persons have qualified under it.

To guard against arbitrary denial, the right of appeal to the courts was provided for if any person should be refused registration. While there is no accessible data on the subject, this writer has never heard of any such right being denied or appeal taken.

Bear in mind that all of these requirements applied equally to both races and to all persons. The son of the richest planter and the son of the humblest negro tenant must enter the voters' booth by precisely the same door, as open to one as to the other.

The salvation of the South lies in the fact that the white man will qualify himself under the law and the negro will not.

Increase in Crime with Education

The white people of the South spend millions annually for negro education; the negro himself contributes one-thirtieth of the taxes and gets nearly one-half of the fund.

In the North one negro in a hundred and eighty-five is in jail; in the South one in four hundred and forty-six. In Massachusetts the percentage of illiteracy is 10.5 per cent.; in Louisiana it is 61.8 per cent. Where they are six times as intelligent they are apparently two and a half times as criminal. With the white man ignorance and crime go hand in hand; can it be possible that the reverse is true of negroes?

Why does the South continue this course in the face of the resistless logic of events, experience and figures? The Infinite Wisdom alone could answer—unless it be because of the powerful bond of sympathy and love which still exists between the ex-master and the ex-slave.

One of the most patent and pathetic facts in the South to-day is that this love between master and slave has not been transmitted to their sons.

It would seem theoretically possible for the negroes of the South under these revised Constitutions, with the educational facilities freely given them, and by the simple payment of their poll-taxes, to qualify themselves as voters and capture at least two State governments outright—South Carolina and Mississippi. And in every other Southern State, with the least division among the whites, the result would be the same. *Negroes never divide.*

Why does the negro not do this? Because his instinct teaches him it could not happen—would never be permitted to occur or to endure.

The Law, as he understands it, is the White Man's Law—for the negro has never made a law in all his history. There is no judicial procedure in the jungle. And if the present white man's law were not sufficient to secure the prosperity of a white man's country, the white man would make another law. New dangers would call for new defenses, new perils bring forth new provisions.

The Ultimate Argument

The ultimate argument of the whole situation comes back to this: The negro has ceased to take an active part in politics because he realizes that in some way, somehow, by some method beyond his comprehension or control, the white man is going to run the Government. The negro has no stomach for a losing fight. "On whatsoever land the Anglo-Saxon plants his foot, of that land he is master or there he finds his grave." The negro knows that, the whole world knows it, and the lesson will never be unlearned.

Whatever the negro has done in the whole history of his race has been done by the permission or at the bidding of a superior race. He helped build the Pyramids at the bidding of Egypt; he cast controlling votes in the South at the bidding of white men. For a brief time he did control this country, but it was only because of turmoil, war and dissension among the whites.

The negro realizes perfectly well that of himself, at his own instance and by his own strength, were he ten times as numerous, he could never again come into power.

For all of these reasons he does not qualify himself, he does not register and he does not vote.

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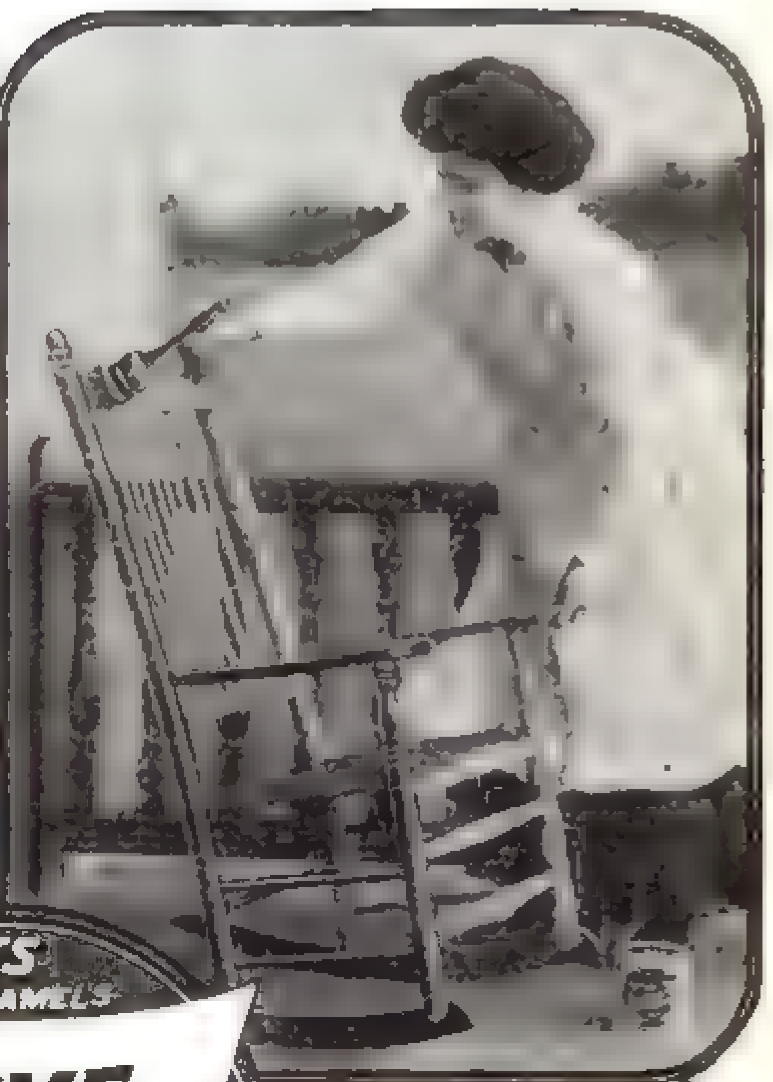

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BIG KELLY

(Concluded from Page 15)

says I; 'well, then he ought to chase out to Princeton, an' make 'em give him back his money.' 'Look at th' friends he has!' says th' Union Clubber. 'I've been lookin' at 'em an' admirin' 'em these three years,' I says. 'But didn't Croker get him into Tammany Hall?' says th' Union Clubber, 'that ought to show you!' 'Croker did,' says I. 'McClellan in Tammany Hall was like a geranium in a tenement-house window.' 'An' what may that be?' asks th' Union Clubber. 'Th' geranium's intended to make it a stand-off with th' health inspector,' says I, 'an' distract his attention from th' drain.'

"Timmy, electin' McClellan President would be a most upsettin' spectacle. For myself, if you was to prove to me that sandbaggin' a great nation for its highest perch was as easy as that, I'd at once seize th' British throne. I'd see that I'd waited too long. No, it looks to me as though it might be this square-head Johnson. Still, when all's in, it's th' local vote that forms th' only item of interest to us Tammany guerrillas; an' just now it's th' socialists that are botherin' me. Since that skirt dance in Union Square I've a fear that maybe they're stronger than we thought."

"Go to sleep on it, thin, Kell," put in old Timmy emphatically, "for I know all about th' socialists, an' they ain't wan-two-three—ain't in th' money. How do I know? Praise be!—I counted thim. You know ould Casey's son, Barney—ould Casey, that's med a killin' in ashphalt? Well, since his pah-pah got rich, Barney's a socialist. On'y his na-a-ame ain't Barney now, it's Berna-a-ard. It seems that there's slathers av thim sons av rich min turnin' socialists. With their hollow chests an' hollow heads, they ain't strong enough to get a fall out av either av th' big pa-a-arties, so they rush off to th' socialists, where, be payin' for th' shpot light, they're allowed to get in th' picture, an' be great without da-a-anger to thimselves. Well, that's th' way with young Barney Casey, ould ashphalt Casey's son; an' t'other evenin', whin you're away, he dr-r-ives up here to Doloran's wit' his pah-pah's broom, two bobtailed horses that spint most av their lives on their hindlegs, an' th' Casey coat-av-ar-r-ms on th' broom dure, th' sa-a-ame bein' a shtick av dynamite rampant, two shovels reversed on a field av p'tatoes. 'How ar-r-re ye, Timmy?' he says, as he comes in. 'I'm proshelytin'. I want yez to jump in an' come wit' me to th' Cryshtal Palace. It's a socialist meetin',' he says. 'Oh, it is?' says I; 'an' phwat's a socialist? Is it a game or a musical inshtrumint?' Wit' that he goes into p'ticulars, an' I find out that a socialist is an anarchist that don't bela-a-ave in bombs. 'Well,' thinks I, 'there's th' ride, annyhow; an' I ain't had a carriage ride since Dan McGorra died—Saints rest him!' So I goes out to th' broom, an' betune th' restlessness av thim bobtailed horses an' me not seein' a carriage for so long I nearly bro-o-oke two legs gettin' in. Howiver, Kell, I wint. An' I sa-a-at on th' stage; an' I lishtened to th' hot air; an' not to go no furder you've no license to sit up nights bein' afra-a-aid av thim socialists. At th' mosht, they're no more than so manny guinea-pigs; they might back into you an' squeak, an' that's th' worsht they can ha-a-and yez. Dismish 'em from your moind, Kell; an', comin' back to this felly Johnson, be yez shure he's th' pick av thim millionaire la-a-ads?"

How Vessels Grow

It is the strangest thing to me
Where all the ships upon the sea
Begin their voy-a-ges afar,
Or where they go and who they are.

Now, it may be that some small boats
Like mine get loose, and each one floats
Adrift upon the ocean vast,
To grow to be a ship at last.

Then probably some merchant crew
Bears down on her and takes her to
Their treasure-houses of great size,
To load her down with mer-chan-dise.

And little boys, who see them there
Upon the sea, are not aware
That those great vessels, splashing foam,
Were tiny ones he sailed at home.

—George R. Brill.

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THE MAN FROM ROME

(Continued from Page 13)

"Why, there's fever here," said the boy after a pause.

"Oh, I think that's an old story," said Mr. Porson. "They told me at the bank and at Cook's that Rome is one of the healthiest cities on the globe."

"Two servants died here in this very block," said Bird, "yesterday, and they tell me that there were cases in the hotel last week."

Mr. Porson started up. "Why didn't you tell me so before?" he asked sternly.

"I am telling you," said the young man. "I only just found it out myself."

"Whew!" said the Lumber King. "Let's get out of the place as soon as we can, then. Your mother was right, after all; she said she felt as though there were a calamity over Rome, but I thought it was her Protestant prejudices. I'll go and talk to her about getting ready." And he left his son.

The boy sat back in his chair, and even after his father's departure he did not smile at his own deceit. His sullen, morose face wore a look of singular meditation, and if such a selfish face could look sad, Birden's did so. He glanced up as the door opened again, and this time greeted his sister with a furtive look that left her as soon as she became aware of his presence

Cissy, in a street dress with a great bunch of violets at her bodice and a lovely hat and veil, was evidently just going out. She was drawing on her gloves. The girl's face under her veil had the transparence of a fine tea-rose. There were rings about her beautiful, innocent eyes, and her lips were redder than usual, and accentuated the pallor of her cheeks. In point of fact, Cissy Porson was more beautiful than her family had ever seen her, and extremely changed. She came in hurriedly, as if expecting to find her father. "Why, where's he gone?" she asked her brother.

"Into mother's room," said Bird shortly, and he got up from his seat quickly for him. "She's sick again—got another attack."

"Oh!" Cissy received the news collectedly. She had assisted at so many of these attacks for so many years that she couldn't take them all tragically. "Oh, poor mother!"

"She's sick of it here," Bird went on: "says it's unhealthy and stupid, and I think she's dead right, and we're going back to Naples on the one o'clock train."

Cissy was between the window and the door. The boy saw her face flush red as blood, then pale.

"Why, we've only just come!" she faltered—"four days ago—and I haven't begun to see Rome."

"Well, it'll keep," said the boy curtly; "it's kept long enough to be rotten. I guess it'll go on for a few years more."

She turned from him angrily. "Mother can go, and you, too, if you hate it so, but I shall stay on and see the city. I guess father will stay with me. I know he will."

"Father's keen as the rest of us to get out of Naples," returned her brother. "He's afraid of the fever."

"Fever!" exclaimed Cissy, "there's no fever here; who told him such a thing?"

"I did!"

Miss Porson faced her brother and met his heavy eyes. They went through her, they weighed upon her as weights had never before. She saw his face with an expression it had never worn before. It was defiant—it was always cross and defiant—but now it was menacing and, withal, not exactly unkind—it was authoritative. Birden looked on a sudden twenty-five years old.

"Why, I told him so," he said; "and don't you give me the lie to him, either, for if you do I'll tell him the truth."

Cissy put the little muff she carried on the table and leaned upon it. She unfastened the buttons of her jacket at her throat and set her long, fair neck free.

"The truth," she repeated—"what truth do you mean?"

Her brother dropped his voice. "I came home from Tivoli last night before the rest. I was sick—I ate something that made me sick, I guess. Anyhow, I got to the hotel at midnight and I thought I'd get you to find me some stuff or other, so I went to your room."

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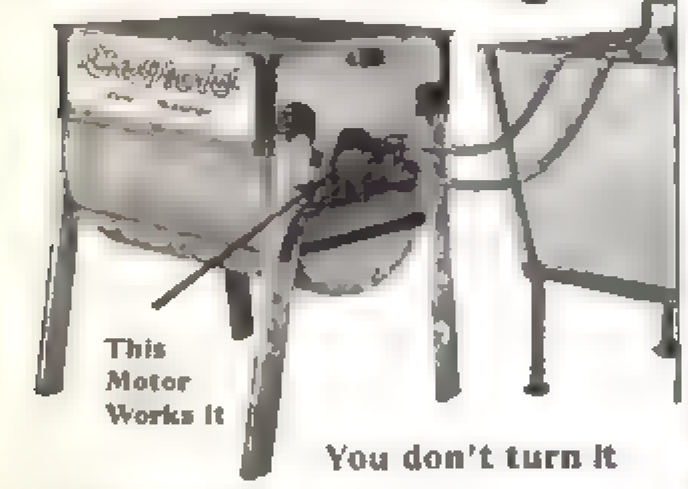

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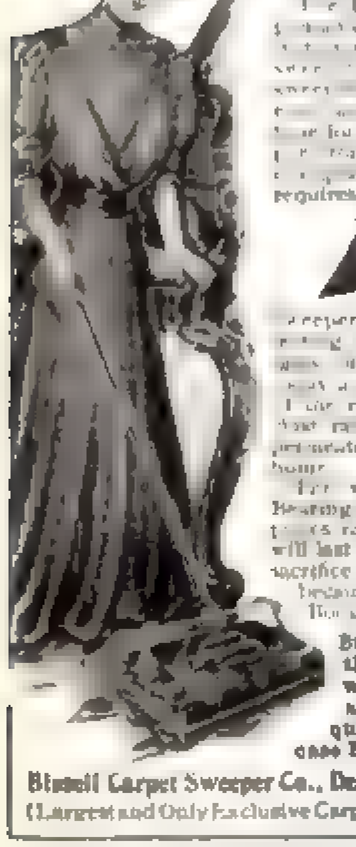

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The girl never flinched. "Well, what then?" Her nerve surprised him, but that didn't matter, after all. He continued:

"Well, you weren't there. You know it. I thought it was funny; I left my door open and waited for two hours."

As Cissy didn't interrupt him he went on:

"At two o'clock when you didn't come I got scared, so I dressed and went down and waited at the front door of the hotel outside on the street; I didn't want to ask anybody where you were until I found out it was the thing to do. Well, I saw you come in at four o'clock this morning."

Cissy lifted her muff. She remembered all her life how the fur smelled and how the violets at her dress sent their hot perfume up with the smell of the sable. She had never as far as she knew lied in her life—certainly not to save herself, but this great, cruel boy should not know anything of Francesco.

"I got frightened all alone," she said, "and I started out to go to Tivoli to find you all."

Birden appeared almost to want to find some truth in what she said; then he laughed. "Rot, rot! You can't try that on me. I'd like to believe you—Gosh, if it were only for my sake" (the egoism of him!)—"for the others' sake. But I happen to know." He lowered his voice. "I happen to know."

"Oh, you're dreadful!" she whispered—"a dreadful, cruel boy, and I'll ask my father to save me from you."

He put his hand on his sister's arm, her soft, gentle arm. "No," he said with self-possession greater than hers—"No, you won't; you won't speak to father or mother. Why, you'd kill him—you'd kill them both."

She blanched until her face was like her veil, and her eyes as dark as the flowers at her dress.

"That's a lie," she said faintly—"a lie—don't believe it."

He seemed to take pity on her for a second, for he said less abruptly: "I wish I didn't have to believe it, but it was like seeing with my own eyes. I went back after the old man who brought you here. I saw where he went in. I know to whom he belongs."

The room swam before her. Her long night, the suddenness of this attack, were too much for her. She swayed. Bird sprang forward, but she pushed him violently from her; she knew that she cried out against him, to keep away, keep away. "Don't touch me." And, the next thing, she was in her father's arms and his kind face was over her. "My God!" he said, "how you frightened me, Cissy: I thought it was the fever. Feel better, little girl? There, there, hold on to father; hold on tight. Don't cry, Cissy; don't cry! Father's little girl."

"Where's Bird?"

"He's gone to get the tickets and the seats in the train. We'll get out of this dreadful place as soon as we can."

XV

CISSY, when she had opened her eyes into her father's face and clung to him, had turned away from Birden and turned her heart away from him as well. She gave herself up to Mr. Porson's care and with wonderful docility accepted all his plans, even although they were to take her from Rome. A sudden terror aroused for Francesco by her brother's face and by the fact that he said he had followed her, made her feel that her safest course was to leave the capital. In the hurried departure she found means to send Francesco a line, to tell him in a word not the truth, but to tell him that they were taking her away. Very young, of a most timid and dependent character, it did not occur to Cissy to tell her father her love story. Indeed, Di Torrenti had too firmly impressed upon her his wish for secrecy, and she loved him too well to disobey him. In her letter she now besought him to come to Naples at once; to make all clear, to tell her beloved father the truth. All the way to Naples, sitting opposite Bird, whose presence she hourly felt to be more and more detestable, she pondered musingly what he might have thought of her, what he could think or believe, and in spite of her innocence she felt guilty before him, degraded. She could not bear the stain. What was Birden, to judge her! He had said that it would kill her father to know. Would it kill him? Well, he had very high ideals and he loved her so, and it was a poor return of his kindness after all

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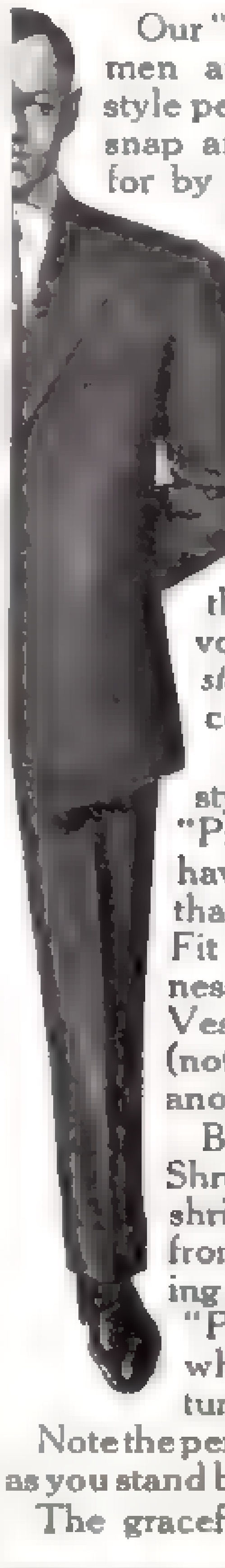

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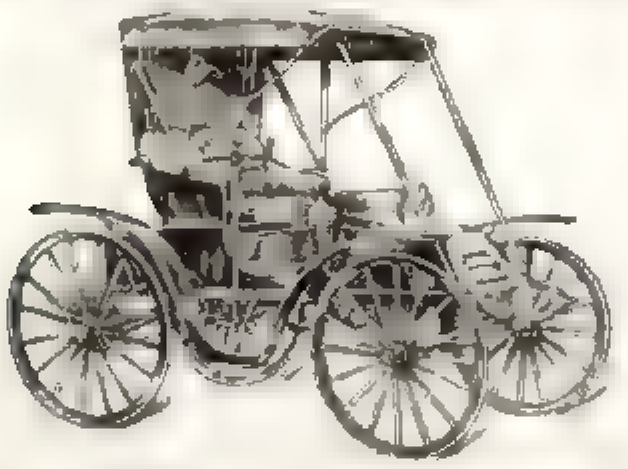

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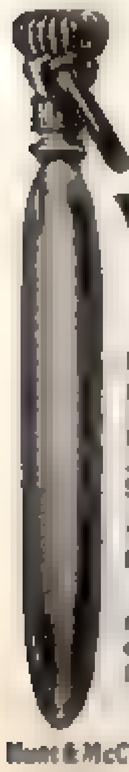


Kept in order FREE for five years.

Thin Model Watch—$6.85

Direct from Factory at Great Saving

[illegible] Arabic figures. Retail jewelers ask at least $12—usually more.

Any dissatisfaction on receipt of watch means your money back without question

Hundreds order direct from this advertisement. If you want more information before ordering write for illustrated booklet showing many remarkable values.

Notice—As the manufacturers have withdrawn this price, the offer at $6.85 will not appear again.

Hunt & McCree, Manufacturers' Brokers, 150 Nassau St., New York
Write us for price on *anything* you need in jewelry.

these years to keep the secret of her life from him. But she had not done any wrong! . . . Why, then, should she dread to make the truth clear to this kind, indulgent man? As she looked out of the window the perfume of the violets came delicately to her. Di Torrenti had found means to send them up with a letter very early in the morning, and she had waked to find the flowers and the words at her bedside. Beautiful and tender as his message to her was, it had a melancholy ring in it that reached her even before her brother's anger had struck her down. And now she returned to the major phrase on the written page as she looked out at the country past which the train to Naples raced.

"You will never know how pure you seemed to me, *adorata*, or how beyond and above my feeble love you are. Feeble, because great as it is, and all of me as it is, it is so unworthy of you. Can I ever make myself worthy? I'll try. You will let me try? Let me! Why, you will help me. Cissy, I must go on a mission, a sacred one, and until I return I can't yet speak to your people. Beside me is a letter from my father, the one I had hoped for, and all will be well. But I must perform this sacred journey first, and then I will come to you."

Cissy could not read the letter over and over, but she knew it by heart and it burned like fire at her bosom where she had thrust it under the flowers. She leaned her head against her father's shoulder and rested upon his loving strength. He would forgive her everything when he knew, as he had always done. In order to keep back the emotion that surged up in her she closed her eyes. It was at this moment that Bird looked at her stealthily, a domineering expression in his sullen face that was nevertheless not without a mixture of ownership and pride. Cissy was pretty enough, all right doll baby, but pretty. And he'd——

His angry menace made his cheeks hot; he felt himself outraged and his family outraged, and it devolved upon him to manage the affair. He had a dogged family loyalty that made him intend to protect the girl, and at once to keep her secret from his father and his mother.

"They're all fools about her," he mused. "She could wind the family round her finger. Father'd believe anything. What was Francesco doing in that old palace, anyway? What part or rôle did he play there? Guide, courier, or butler, perhaps—that was it—Ugh!" He felt a fierce disapproval of her, an intense anger at her daring, and at what he thought was a shameful thing for a girl to do, a shameful thing. She seemed pitiful and weak and faulty as he looked over at her, and yet his thoughts were more full of Francesco than of his sister. Just what his plans were to be had not formed in his slow mind, but he was gradually becoming obsessed by the idea of some kind of vengeance on the "low hound," as he called the courier.

There was something so appealing and so lovely in the pale face against Mr. Porson's shoulder that the beauty of Cissy's womanhood did not speak even to the little barbarian in vain, and, as he furtively looked at her, from under Cissy's closed eyelids two large tears rolled down her cheeks.

He muttered to himself a boyish oath and a boyish vow.

Mr. Porson, across the car, after motioning to his son in vain, commanded in a sharp whisper: "Sit still, sir; keep your feet still, will you, please?—and don't you wake your sister!"

And Birden, under cover of a sullen grunt, half smiled to himself.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Spokes and Tires

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has one virtue which even his severest critics won't deny him: he doesn't affect public dinners. The secret of this abstinence he recently confided to his family physician.

"In the first place," he said, "I can't eat much, as you know."

"But you don't have to eat at such feasts," protested the doctor.

"I'm aware of that," replied J. D., "but you do have to sit through the speeches, and if there's anything I dread it's that sort of thing. To my mind an after-dinner speech is like a bicycle-wheel: the longer the spoke the greater the tire."

Less than twenty years ago the

Smith Premier Typewriter

was only an idea in the brain of Alexander T. Brown, now President of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company. To-day, as the perfected result of that idea, it is the Typewriter of over 300,000 operators; an important factor in every known profession or line of trade in all parts of the civilized world.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Blac-Ko Ink Pencil

[illegible] Blac-Ko Ink Pencil.

Guaranteed Not To Leak

[illegible]

The Blac-Ko is a Big Ink Holder

[illegible]

A Perfect Ink Pencil FOR $1.00

[illegible] our celebrated

Blac-Ko Ink Pencils PREPAID

Every Blac-Ko Ink Pencil is guaranteed [illegible] no risk.

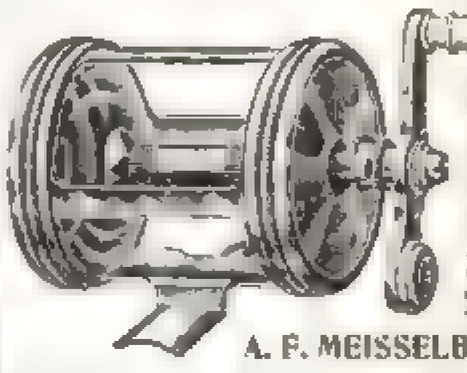
Frank W. Black Co.
Manufacturing Stationers and Engravers
332 Dearborn St.
CHICAGO

[illegible] request.

Automobile Accessories of every description. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Horns, Batteries, and [illegible] at prices that no other house [illegible] Catalogue Free on request. [illegible] Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank.
CENTAUR MOTOR CO., 83 Franklin Street, BUFFALO, N.Y.

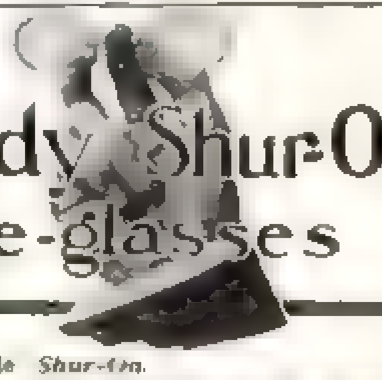
CEMENT If interested in this Building Material, read CONCRETE. Standard Monthly on Cement Construction. $1 per year. Sample Copy, 10 cents.
Concrete Publishing Co. 233 Newberry Building, Detroit, Mich.

$10,000 for one REEL
To produce the first perfect
"TAKAPART" REEL



[illegible] $10 reel for $5. [illegible]

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.
54 Prospect Street Newark, N. J.



Handy Shur-On Eye-glasses

The newest style Shur-On.

[illegible]

[illegible] "Handy" Shur-On. Backed by 44 years [illegible] Illustrated book free.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. B,
Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

WESTERN CANADA LANDS

We own 153,000 acres **Last Mountain Valley**, Saskatchewan, prairie wheat lands. We want **buyers**. Will contract with established, energetic **agents**. Liberal commission. Send 10c for handsome illustrated booklet and maps.

WM. PEARSON CO., LTD.,
314 Northern Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, Canada.

Buy a Copy of *George Randolph Chester's*

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

He did the Widows and Orphans *Good*

Cloth $1.50. Illustrated. At all booksellers or sent postpaid by the publishers.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia

THE INSPECTOR

(Concluded from Page 9)

week Thorne completed his investigations and sent on his bulky evidence.

"Well, good-by," he told Martin, "the mills of the Department gods grind slowly, but they get there. You'll hear from this sometime, if not soon."

"I'll be interested," said Martin, gripping his hand.

Then Thorne switched down to the San Gabriel where he promptly found more irregularities to interest him. From day to day after the probable time had passed, he looked eagerly for news of what he considered his prize investigation. At length it came.

"In regard to your charges against Supervisor H. M. Plant, the Department wishes to advise you that, after examining carefully the evidence for the defense, it finds the charges not proven." It was signed by Stafford, one of the clerks.

Thorne stared at the paper incredulously. Then he did something he had never permitted himself before: he wrote in expostulation to the head.

"I cannot imagine what the man's defense could be," he said in part, "but I have submitted definite and numerous affidavits which a mere denial could hardly controvert. The whole countryside knows the man is crooked; they know he was investigated; they are now awaiting with full confidence the punishment for well-understood peculation. I can hardly exaggerate the body-blow to the service such a decision would give. Nobody will believe in it again. I beg, sir, that you will personally look over my affidavits and Mr. Plant's defense."

To this he received a succinct reply:

> *In re* yours of twenty-first inst.: I repose every confidence in Mr. Stafford's judgment, and, unless I should care to supersede him, I do not wish to carry any matter over his head.

Thorne sent in his resignation: it was accepted. In Los Angeles he met, by chance, Martin on his annual trip to the tall buildings. To the liveryman he explained the situation.

"It was open and shut," he said sadly. "Either I'm a liar or he's a crook. I couldn't stay in. But I can't understand it."

"I don't suppose you happened to know that Plant is a relation of old Gay?" said Martin.

"The Republican chairman?" asked Thorne.

"Pre-cisely. How do you suppose a man who can't get on a horse without a horse block ever got to be supervisor?"

"Well, just for curiosity, I'd like to know what defense he could offer, even to save his face," mused Thorne.

"I know that, too," said the liveryman.

"What?"

"Politics," said Martin.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50

Spring of 1908

I make and sell more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world

BECAUSE

[illegible]

BECAUSE

W. L. Douglas shoes have no equal for style, fit, [illegible]

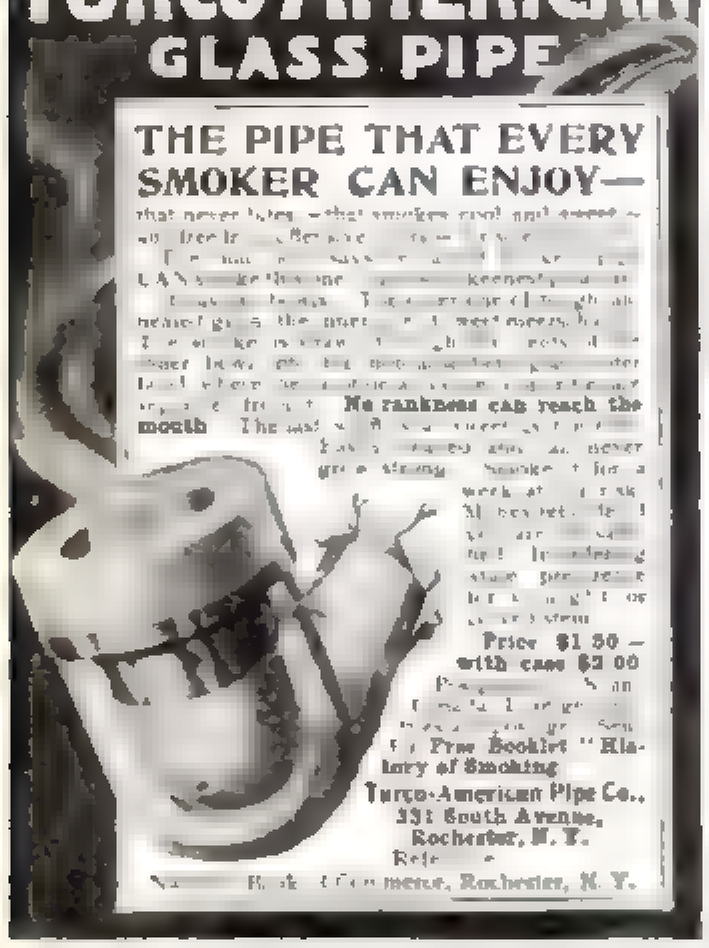
Shoes at all Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION [illegible] **Take No Substitute** [illegible]

W. L. DOUGLAS, 163 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

TURCO-AMERICAN GLASS PIPE



THE PIPE THAT EVERY SMOKER CAN ENJOY—

that never bites—that smokes cool and sweet— [illegible] **No rankness can reach the mouth** [illegible]

Price $1.50 — with case $2.00

[illegible] Free Booklet "History of Smoking"

Turco-American Pipe Co., 331 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Reference: [illegible] Bank of Commerce, Rochester, N. Y.

Patent What You Invent

THESE BOOKS

giving full information in patent matters, a list of what to invent, and a history of successful inventions.

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We advertise patents for sale, Free

No charge for opinion as to patentability, send sketch or model

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STRONG ARMS

FOR 10c. In Stamps or Coin

I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly build up shoulders, arms, forearms and hands without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with 20 half-tone cuts. Regular price, 25 cents.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

23 Barker Bldg., 110 West 42d Street, N. Y. City

6%

The Certificates of Deposit issued by this bank yield 6 per cent. per annum, and afford ample safety for deposits.

Please write for booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

BILLINGS, MONT.

Your New Home

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FREE Send $1 for My New BOOK OF PLANS

You Need No Other and When You Order Plans Take Out $1 Paid for Book

Glenn L. Saxton

ARCHITECT

2 Blocks from 4th Avenue

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Wheel Chairs [illegible] Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid [illegible]

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.

396 Madison Ave., TOLEDO, O.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

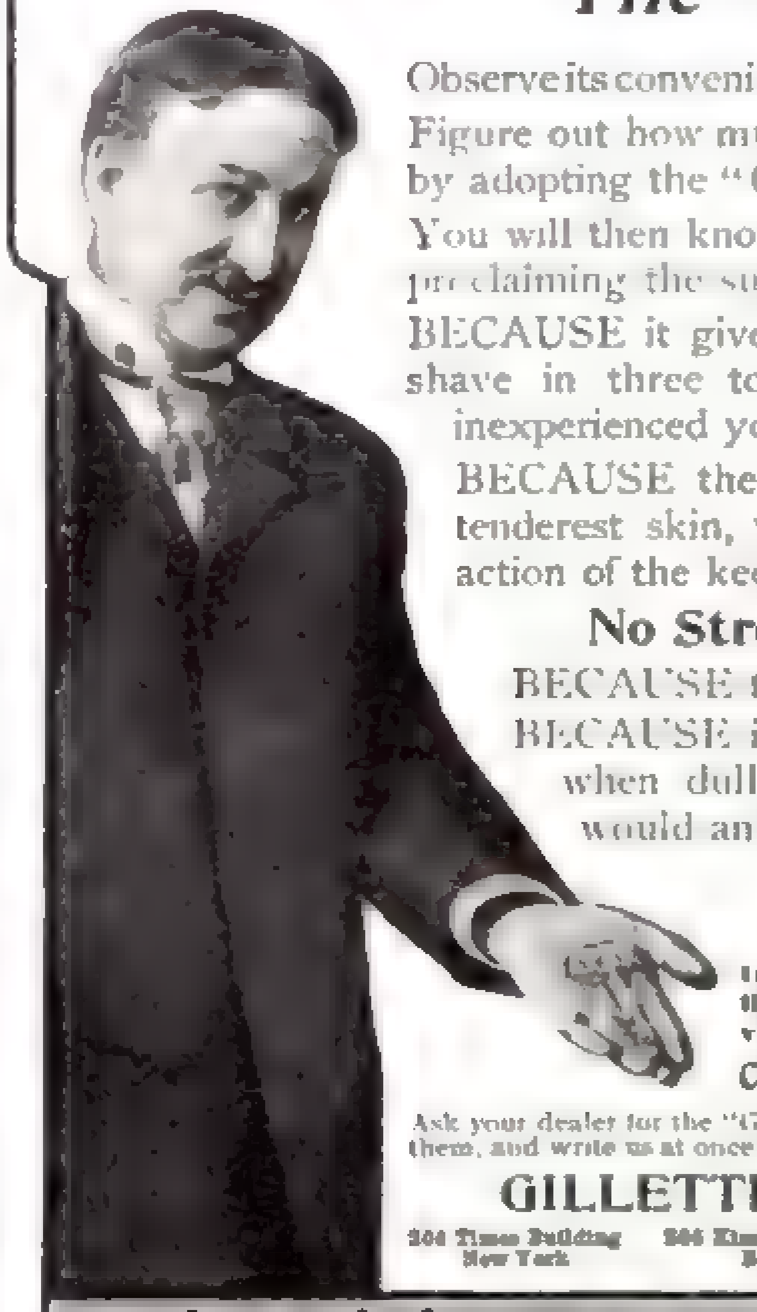
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

EXTENDED
FOLDED

[illegible]

Dissect My Razor

The "GILLETTE"



Observe its convenience—its perfection in every detail.

Figure out how much time and money you can save by adopting the "Gillette" habit.

You will then know why over two million men are proclaiming the superiority of the "Gillette."

BECAUSE it gives you a clean, comfortable, safe shave in three to five minutes—no matter how inexperienced you are.

BECAUSE the harshest beard, though on the tenderest skin, willingly yields to the soft, easy action of the keen "Gillette" blade.

No Stropping, No Honing.

BECAUSE the holder lasts a lifetime.

BECAUSE its blades are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

King C Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades — 24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case, and the price is $5.00.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

204 Times Building, New York · 206 Kimball Building, Boston · 206 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor NO STROPPING NO HONING

Apollo Lawn Sweeper

Makes the Ideal Lawn

Sweeps like a carpet-sweeper. Picks up dead grass, leaves, sticks, stones and all litter. Takes out worm casts, ant hills, crab grass, etc. [illegible]

Runs Easier than a Lawn Mower

[illegible] 30 Days Free Trial [illegible] Ask Your Dealer or Write Us for Booklet [illegible]

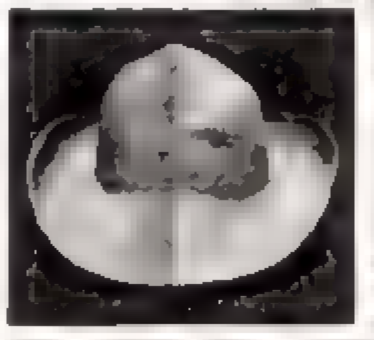
THE GREENE MFG. CO.

405 Sycamore St., Springfield, O.

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Straw Hats

Made possible only by our importing them from South America and selling direct to the user. These Hats are warranted Genuine [illegible]



[illegible] $1.00. [illegible]

PANAMA HAT CO., 181 William St., New York City

Kerosene for Motor Boats

Convince yourself that Kerosene as a fuel is now on a practical working basis when used in money-saving

Du Brie Marine Motors

Send for free catalog which tells you how the [illegible]

[illegible] this season [illegible]

Du Brie Motor Co., 437 Guoin St., Detroit, Mich.

Easy Money

This machine makes it for you while you eat, sleep or attend to other business.

The Only Practical Cigar Seller

yet devised. Delivers cigars in perfect condition. Arranged for any size of cigar, [illegible] Costs $10. Lasts always. It rejects "slugs" and "bad money."

Some owners make $50 per week

Get in quick and secure good territory. Going fast. Write today.

Automatic Vending Machine Company

9-19 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis

Pictures, 2¼ x 4¼.

Price, $3.00.

The No. 2A

BROWNIE

Built on the Kodak plan—uses Kodak film cartridges and may be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight. No dark room for any part of the work. A perfectly practical little camera for snap-shots or time exposures.

THE 1908 KODAK CATALOGUE fully describes and illustrates our six styles of *Brownies*, and fifteen styles of *Kodaks*, ranging in price from $1.00 to over $100.00, and fully explains the daylight development methods which have done away with the dark room. Free at Kodak dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

Book of Designs Free

Hastings Table Co.
Hastings, Mich.
[illegible] of designs

HASTINGS TABLES
FITTED WITH TYDEN LOCK
[illegible]

Pedestal tables never were a success until the Tyden Lock was invented [illegible] years ago.

Now there are [illegible] satisfied purchasers of Hastings Tables, because the Tyden Lock, [illegible]

If it's a Tyden Lock it must be satisfactory. We guarantee it. [illegible] Tyden Lock, [illegible] dealer guarantee it.

Buy a Hastings Table with a Tyden Lock. It will be satisfactory all the time and costs no more than an imitation.

Sold by furniture merchants or direct from factory where no dealer.

Book of designs free. Send for it today. It shows the latest [illegible] ranging [illegible] from $20.00 to $150.00 in all woods and finishes.

Hastings Table Co. Dept. 8 Hastings, Mich.

The Refined Motor

3 H. P.

Rear View

[illegible] power as other motors rated 4 H. P. **Bore 3½ inch; stroke 3½ inch; turning a 12-inch propeller, 17 pitch, 200 to 800 revolutions a minute.** Weight 50 pounds. Reliability, strength, simplicity, power and durability. **Only four movable parts.** [illegible] No valves, springs, triggers, cams, gears, gaskets [illegible] packing [illegible] attention. [illegible] bearings, bronze bushed. Crank shaft hardened and ground. Cylinder, piston and rings ground. Spun copper water jacket. Pumps [illegible] The one **sure-to-be** satisfactory Motor for Launches, Canoes, Rowboats, Dories and Dinghies. We devote all our skill and thought on this one Motor. It is a little whirlwind for power. The biggest motor value and satisfaction in the world. Every one fully tested and guaranteed for two years. Motor complete for installation **$50.** Immediate delivery. Write for catalog and address of nearest agent.

Thrall-Fishback Motor Co.
43 Fort Street East, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Fine-Form Maternity Skirt

[illegible] of great interest to Every Prospective Mother.

[illegible] **Always drapes evenly in front and back** [illegible] **Can be worn the year round.** [illegible]

Free [illegible] **Fine Illustrated Book** [illegible] **Fine Form Maternity Skirt** [illegible] **10 Days Free Trial** [illegible] wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented [illegible] refund every cent [illegible] **Other Skirts** [illegible] same guarantee [illegible]

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 21, Buffalo, N. Y.

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting
Motor Boats and Yachts
sent Free. Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 119 Chambers Street, New York

PLAYS — PLAYS
and Entertainments
Catalog of thousands sent Free! Free! Free!
Address SAM'L FRENCH, 33 W. 22d Street, New York

THE REAL ANGELS IN THE HOUSE

(Concluded from Page 7)

boldly out and subserve the needs of the present. With all its defects, inconsistencies and even absurdities, it eliminates to a greater degree than ever before the three deadliest disease-breeders of all times – darkness, dampness and foul air.

Even if it does cost a little more to heat it in the wintertime, if old ladies of both sexes object to some of its corner rooms and bay and oriel windows, or conical turrets, as "drafty," and if it does not possess the dank and cellarlike coolness of the old thick-walled and small-windowed house in the few weeks of intolerable heat in the summer, these disadvantages are the mere dust of the balance in comparison. In fact, most of them are, from a sanitary point of view, advantages in disguise.

In those rooms in which windows on two aspects cannot be secured, an extra large transom can be used as a substitute. The transom is an advantage, from a hygienic point of view, over every door, especially where halls are properly ventilated and provided with at least one or more windows of their own opening directly to the outer air. A little intelligent planning will usually be able to secure for those rooms which have windows only upon one side a possibility of cross ventilation through some hall window, allowing a free current through the transom, or through the transom and windows of a room on the opposite side of the hall. It is also a great protection against summer heat, a procurer of healthful sleep on hot nights, to have the doors of all rooms opening upon hallways provided with slat, or Venetian, three-quarter doors, so that cross ventilation can be secured through the doorways without loss of privacy.

Another of the emancipations of the modern house lies in its choice of a site. Up to a century and a half ago men were afraid to build upon hilltops, partly from fear of exposure to the north winds, which they were utterly unable to guard against on account of the draftiness of their dwellings and ludicrously inadequate methods of heating, partly from lack of water supply. Hence many of the best, and even most imposing, old houses were built "in a sheltering hollow of the hill," which meant that water ran under, around and through their cellars after a heavy rainstorm, just as it does through the eaves gutters of a roof; and, if they were further "screened by a belt of woodland," this meant they were liable to be damp the greater part of the year.

Ride out in any direction through our rich farming country and you will see dozens and scores of houses that are built in the worst possible place on the entire farm, from a sanitary point of view, in order to be near some well or spring, and "convenient for the stock."

The cellar, or ground-floor closet of the old-fashioned house, or even of the average farmhouse of to-day, in which mould will not form, is the exception.

Though it has been said scores and hundreds of times, I may be pardoned for again repeating that *the one and only group of conditions under which disease germs can live and retain their malignancy until they can be transferred to another human victim*, is that offered by these old-fashioned houses—namely, darkness, dampness and absence of fresh air. Scarcely a disease has yet been discovered or developed so malignant that it can be communicated or caught in the open air save by direct personal contact. Nine-tenths of our disease germs are not transferred directly from one person to another, but lurk in the corners of rooms until they can spring upon the next victim.

The old-fashioned house is the very mother of infectious disease. A large percentage of the germs of our deadliest diseases will die in from half an hour to two hours in well-lighted, well-ventilated rooms even, and nearly all of them perish quickly in direct sunlight and in the open air. Our forefathers were not so far wrong in believing that some of those old houses were haunted. They emphatically were, both by the memories of those who had died of their foul air and by the deadly germs which each successive generation of victims had left behind it. It was literally a sure sign of a death in the family within a year to undertake to live in one of them.

This Summer

drop business for a few weeks—seek rest and recreation amid new sights and scenes. Take a trip to

Japan and China

The quick and comfortable way is from Seattle, following the mild Japan Current—the route of the largest and most comfortable vessel in Trans-Pacific service,

S. S. Minnesota

Secretary Taft chose this favorite ship of discriminating travelers to carry himself and party to the Orient. Next sailing from Seattle

Tuesday, June 2, 1908

Secure reservations and full information from any representative of the Great Northern Railway, Northern Pacific Railway or

Great Northern Steamship Co.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
[illegible] THORN, [illegible] Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. A. RO[illegible], Asst. General Passenger Agent, [illegible]
NEW YORK OFFICES,
[illegible] and 379 Broadway

Own a Truck Farm on the Gulf of Mexico

fronting on beautiful Copano Bay, Refugio County, Texas, for $200—$25 down, $25 monthly; no interest. Ideal climate, bathing, fishing, hunting, sailing. All year resort. Black land, deep and fertile. Grows oranges, figs, grapes, vegetables. Farmers net over $100 per acre. We sold over $300,000.00 worth of this property last year and had not one disappointed buyer or agent. The actual settlers on this land will have more than five thousand acres in cultivation this spring. Send for booklet of sworn statements

Burton & Danforth
912 Security Building, St. Louis, Mo.

This Fence 80c per Lineal Foot
Acme Fence for lawns, parks, gardens, [illegible]
ACME WIRE FENCE CO.
443 Atwater Street, Detroit, Mich.

STAMP COLLECTORS [illegible] STAMP WEEKLY [illegible] FREE [illegible]
THE REDFIELD PUB. CO., 806 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

A Minnow That Swims
A "live" bait that you can carry in your tackle-box—the K & K Animated Minnow

[illegible] **swims** [illegible] **instantly** [illegible] Splendid [illegible]
Sent prepaid [illegible]
$1.00 [illegible] **$2.00** WRITE [illegible]
K & K Mfg. Co., 105 St. Clair St., TOLEDO, O.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
20% Down, 10% Per Month
With every Diamond we give a written certificate guaranteeing it and agreeing to take it back any time at full price, in exchange for a larger stone. If your purchase is not better value than your dealer can furnish, return it and we will refund your money. Goods forwarded prepaid for examination. Write for latest catalog [illegible]
J. M. LYON & CO. Established 1843
71-73 Nassau Street, New York

Waterproofing and Fireproofing Journal for owners, builders, architects, engineers, insurance and material men. $1 a year; sample 10c. 67 Newberry Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Machine that Makes the Money

$887.16 EARNED IN 11 DAYS

When the owner [illegible] earned $887.16 in eleven days cleaning houses with one of our Portable House Cleaning Wagons [illegible] operators in as many towns [illegible] year net profit cleaning houses with our patented house cleaning machines [illegible] has been recorded among them. Capital required from $2,000.00 up. In every community where there are churches, hotels, [illegible] buildings and residences there is work waiting for the owner of a portable house cleaning wagon. [illegible] who are making money operating our machines.

[illegible]

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINERY COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Efficient Portable and Stationary Systems for Hotels, Office Buildings, Residences, Etc.
4485 Dept. C, Olive Street, ST. LOUIS

GLOUCESTER SWINGING BED HAMMOCK

For Porches, Lawns, Tents, Bungalows, Dens

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Seat

Made without or with wind shields as shown in [illegible]

Write for Descriptive Booklet telling more about the advantages and uses of this hammock [illegible]

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc., 27 Wharf St., Gloucester, Mass.

THE KADY SUSPENDER

Double Crown Roller

[illegible]

The Kady Suspender

[illegible]

The Ohio Suspender Co.
527 North Park St.
Mansfield, O., U. S. A.

"Get There" at a price to suit you direct from a

BLACK MOTOR BUGGY

$375.00 $450.00

[illegible] **Write for Book No. A-238**

BLACK MFG. CO., 124 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Cumming's Glove
Made to Your Measure

[illegible]

$1.00 up prepaid. Kept in Repair

[illegible]

Cumming's Glove Co., 14 Forest St., Gloversville, N. Y.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No [illegible] **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 725 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

GOES LIKE SIXTY
SELLS LIKE SIXTY
SELLS for SIXTY
$60
GILSON GASOLENE ENGINE
For Pumping, Cream Separators [illegible] **FREE TRIAL.** [illegible]

GILSON MFG. CO., 176 Park St., Port Washington, Wis.

YOUR HOME

The Hardwood Floor and How to Care for It

BY ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

AN EXCEEDINGLY angry customer recently entered one of the great Philadelphia stores.

"You remember the hardwood floor you laid for me?" he spluttered.

"Yes."

"Well, it's turned black as ink!"

And it was true, literally true, although the customer himself had no idea that it was really "ink."

And this is how it happened, and how the same result is brought about, in greater or less degree of blackness, in many and many a house. The floor had been cleaned with petroleum. And one of the constituents of petroleum, or crude oil, when it is mixed with tannin, forms ink.

"But why should that ——"

Simply because most hardwood floors are of oak, and oak contains tannin, and tannin is the basis of ink. Petroleum applied to the bare wood, and left exposed to the air, will blacken any oak that ever grew.

Very few, fortunately, put crude oil directly upon oak, but very many wipe off the shellac surface with oil, thereby darkening the oak through every fissure and thin place around the nails. What takes place is literally the making of ink upon the wood.

And to renew the looks of the floor, after this has occurred?

Have it washed with strong soap-powder and water, for this removes the shellac. Then swab the floor with oxalic acid crystals dissolved in water—one pound of oxalic to a bucket of water. This acid will bleach the wood, just as we all know that it will remove ordinary ink stains. It will crystallize on the floor and can be swept off. It is irritating to the nose and throat, and it must be remembered that it is a deadly poison! So don't throw it out to your chickens—and be careful about it yourself.

The wood, bleached, and absolutely dry after the oxalic treatment, can be once more shellacked and, preferably, also waxed. There need be no fear of oxalic remaining in the oak and injuring the shellac. Shellac, if old and dark, in the can, may be treated—this is a trick of trade—by pouring in a little oxalic, which will only clear and bleach it.

Nothing so adds to the luxurious appearance of a fine house as a hardwood floor. It adds also to its healthfulness, because it will not harbor dirt. But, like all really fine things, a hardwood floor needs care. Indeed, the old-time hymn-maker almost sang, "the perils that afflict hard floors in number many be."

Wipe Your Feet at the Door

The most sensitive being on earth is the man with a new hardwood floor. To him there is no blacker crime in the calendar, and justly so, than to mar his floor with heel-plates or to scratch it by the careless shove-back of a dining-room chair. So the first rule in the care of hardwood is to keep on the outer side of your front door all who will not treat it with respect. Forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and prevention is better than cure.

And there are still other dangers, even after you have rubber-heeled your servants. There are dangers from umbrellas and wet rubbers and from the toes of your own pet dog, besides the dangers which come from cleaning day and the moving of furniture and the patter of many feet. The putting of rubber buttons on the bottom of chair legs reduces one class of danger largely, but by no means obviates it.

Hardwood floors are of different kinds of wood and are laid in various and different ways.

There is the simple, heavy-matched flooring, strong and durable, laid in long pieces like ordinary flooring, and without the chance of the finest effects. Then there is narrow wood, straight-edged and five-sixteenths of an inch thick, necessarily to be laid upon an under floor, either an old one or a rough-made new one. Good flooring both of these, but necessarily plain and simple in results.

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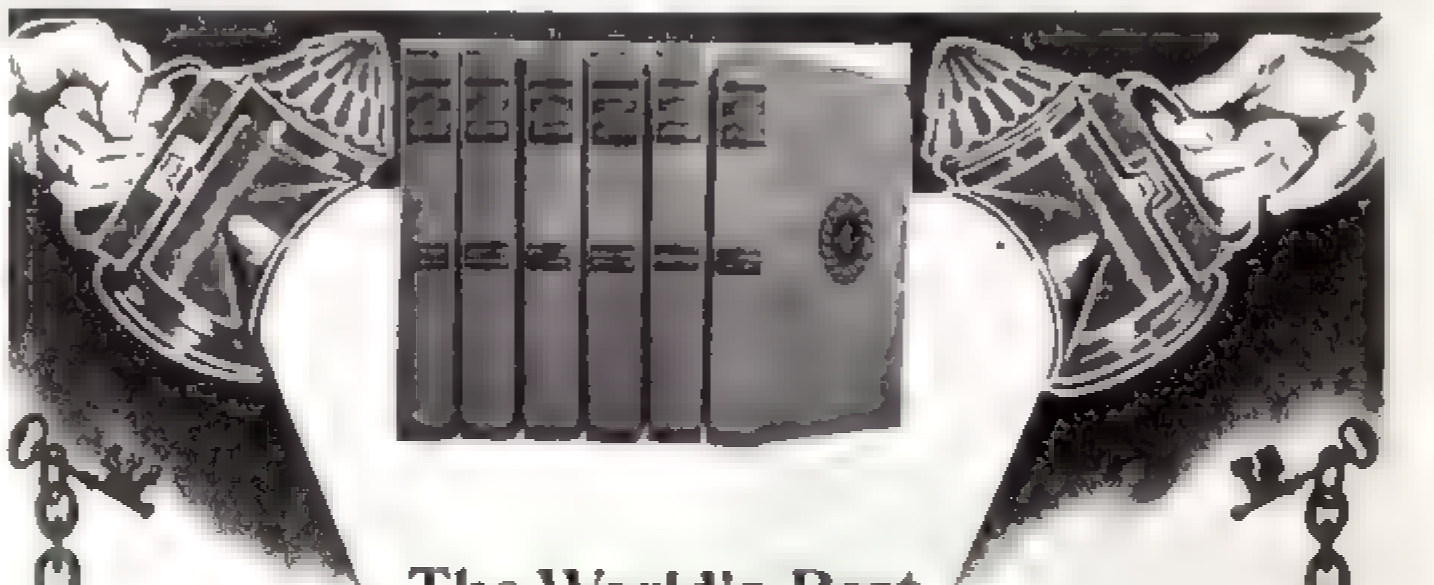

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There is the parquet floor: designs in small pieces, fastened to an under-floor. If of seven-eighths-inch wood it is tongued and grooved and probably end-matched into a strong, permanent, one-piece stave, and no nails come to the surface—they are obliquely set through the tongue.

A parquetry floor, when it is five-sixteenths of an inch thick, has straight edges on each piece of wood, not tongued or grooved, and is oftentimes mounted on canvas or on a pine base for easy handling, and is nailed to the floor below by pairs of nails directly through the surface of the wood. It may be laid either upon old flooring or upon an under-floor made for the purpose either in an old house, therefore, or a new.

Wood five-sixteenths of an inch thick is more generally laid than heavier wood, such as the tongue-and-grooved parquetry that is seven-eighths of an inch thick, not only because of great possibilities of beauty, but of concomitant economy of both time and money. And, although so much thinner, floors so made will practically wear forever if you have chosen a good wood. They will certainly wear quite as long as American houses stand.

Parquetry may be used for whole surfaces in recurrent patterns, such as a checkerboard of contrasting line of grain, or a herring-bone strip, or in simple or elaborate geometric borders around a plain centre field.

A floor of hardwood, seven-eighths of an inch in thickness, can be distinguished, after it is laid, from a floor five-sixteenths of an inch thick—these are the customary measures—by the absence of puttied nail-holes which, two by two, dot every strip of the thinner flooring at ten-inch distances apart.

Hardwood floors are now laid in concrete buildings by covering the concrete with a mastic cement and pressing on the wood.

What there is to say regarding choice of wood and the treatment and care of floors is applicable to all the varieties, whether of solid wood or what may be termed the veneer of parquetry and wood-carpet, and so we shall generally use only the name "hardwood floors" to include all kinds.

Nothing Like White Oak

Of all hardwoods in America white oak is the best for flooring. It has a firm and even grain and takes a beautiful polish. Red oak comes next in importance, and is probably even more used, as its cost is slightly less. The red, however, is more open in grain, and its surface does not uniformly absorb shellac.

It is exceedingly curious that, of the forty varieties of oak in America, only those two are deemed highly desirable for floors.

Much beauty is added to oak by what is known as quartering or quarter-sawing. This is because oak is distinguished from other woods by its "silver grain"—groups of fibres which shoot out laterally from the centre of the trunk toward the bark.

And this is what quarter-sawing is—the term being a mystery to many who have no way of knowing for themselves whether a piece of oak is quarter-sawed or not. Instead of slicing the log in the ordinary way it is first sawed into quarters; then each quarter has boards sawed from each of its faces as long as any remains. The result is wood with beautiful silver streaks and fleckings, showing the "silver grain" to fine advantage, in place of the shelving surfaces of plain-sawed oak—shelving surfaces that are so liable to catch and splinter.

Maple is also a fairly excellent hardwood for flooring, but it is not the equal of oak. Cut into boards, maple not only shows a pinky buffness, which does not harmonize with the predominating colors of most rooms, but it shows variegated shades in addition, and is dark-spotted for some distance from a knot. It is well thought of for dancing floors.

A great danger to hardwood flooring lies in carelessly chosen under-flooring. If the under-floor is of poorly-seasoned wood, or if it is laid in strips wider than four inches (and even narrower than four inches is preferable), it will shrink, and thereby inevitably affect the hardwood above it, causing it to buckle and draw. Many a hardwood floor has been blamed when the fault was all with the floor beneath.

Another very important point is that the hardwood floor must be laid across the boards of the under-floor instead of parallel with them.

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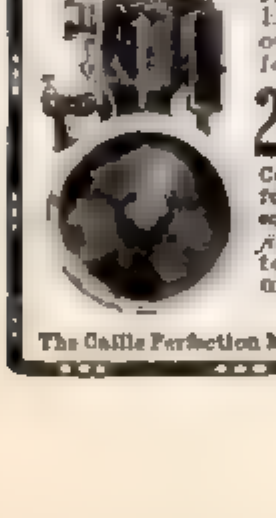

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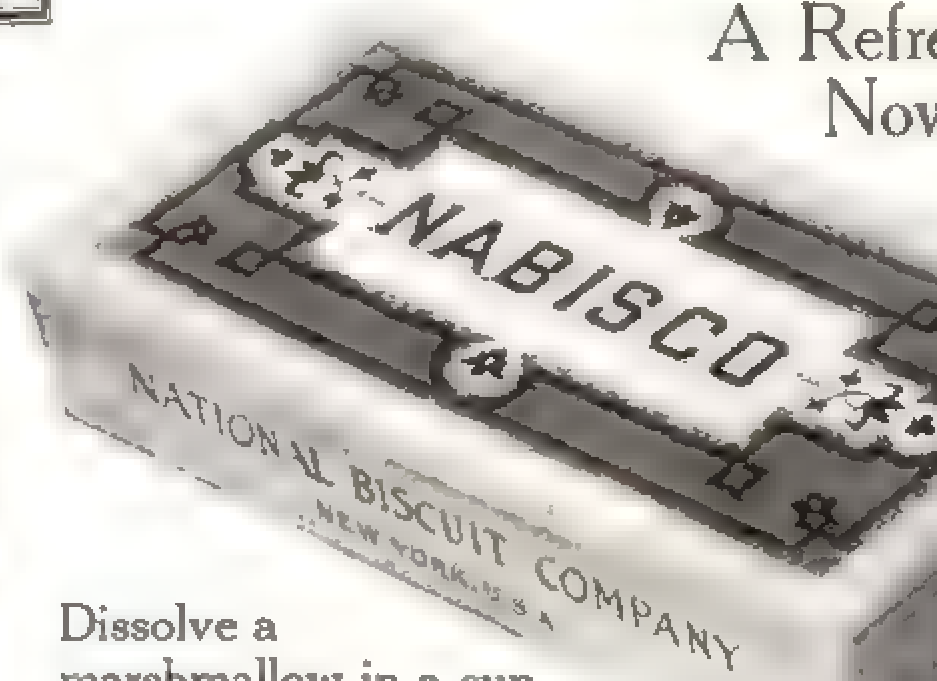

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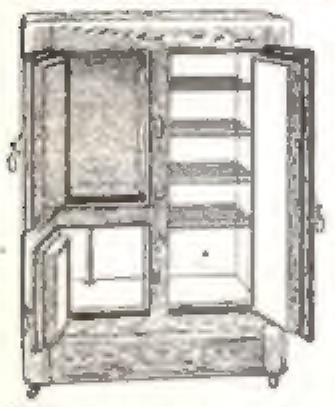

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The porcelain lining is real porcelain fused on sheet steel and indestructible. This means a sweet, clean refrigerator at all times. The doors are air-tight, which prevents sweat and mould.

This style 33 x 21 x 46. Polished Oak, Round Corners, Quarter sawed Panels.
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NINE WALLS of the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

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is different from every other shoe made — it's in the sole — the **patented, therapeutic cushion inner sole,** which provides that supremely delightful foot-comfort you have longed for — no breaking-in required; no more corns, callouses or foot troubles — no more tired, aching, burning feet — endorsed by leading physicians everywhere.

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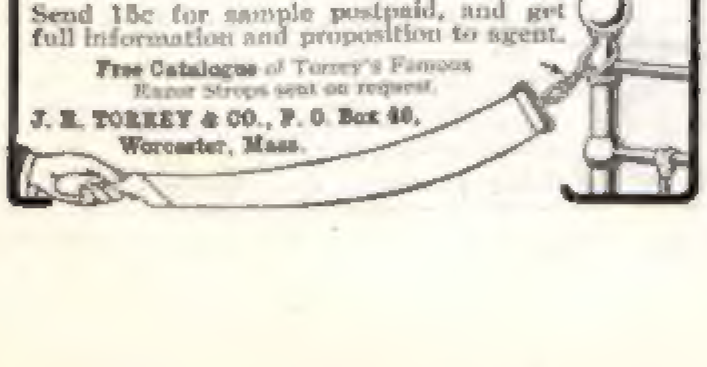

Admirable floors are laid with the use of one kind of wood alone, in parquetry or the elaborate joinery necessary when seven-eighths-inch wood is formed into herring-bone patterns and the like, but additional effects are often secured by the carefully restrained use of various other woods with the oak, to make agreeable contrasts in color. Such woods are always hard, of course, such as cherry, mahogany, rosewood or walnut, with the single exception of the holly, which is used when white is required.

Some of the intricate designs involve the necessity of using many small bits of wood among the larger pieces; but, when every piece, no matter how small, must have at least two nails through it, there is serious danger of splitting; and, when a small piece is split, a push-down from a chair or a heel will throw it out, and the floor is broken.

And, too, the using of different kinds of wood, no matter how carefully, makes from the first an inequality of wearing power in which lies potential evil. To be sure, the delightful old One-Hoss Shay wore out all at once, constructed of a variety of woods though it was, but a hardwood floor cannot hope to emulate it.

It is unfortunately very easy with elaborate designs to have crude contrasts and a general aggressiveness of effect. And, anyhow, even though elaborateness would make for beauty, it is usually best not to permit the floor such a degree of prominence as shall neutralize its prime purpose of serving as a support and a dignified ground for people and furniture. There are some dainty and exquisite rooms, however, in which elaborate and dainty flooring seems delightfully in place.

In choosing the design for your floor it is well to remember that it is to have a rug, in all probability. Only the East Room of the White House is bare.

It is in borders that elaborateness is usually indulged in, and borders are things to be treated with much caution. Not long ago every bit of design-flooring in this country, no matter for how small a room, had to have its field inclosed within an ornamental border of marked pattern. But only a room that is practically square can stand a pronounced border. Oblong rooms are border-lengthened into a railroad-like effect, and irregular rooms are thrown into grotesqueness because of the border's calling attention to walls that do not parallel each other. Plain borders, however, of narrow wood are an admirable finish, without the faults of fussy borders.

Bunco in Some Bottled Fillers

The first thing to do after your floor has been laid and planed and sandpapered, and all the nail-holes have been puttied, is to apply a "filler," this being imperatively needed by any open-grained wood, such as oak.

There are poor fillers, with a basis of starch and plaster of Paris; these wear out easily, especially with floors much walked upon, as they easily jar loose. Avoid them carefully.

An excellent filler, probably, indeed, the most excellent, has as its base quartz-rock ground to powder. The magnifying-glass will show that the powder fragments are splintery rather than round. This filler would, however, from its white color, give a floor the familiar effect of a bake-board with flour-lined streaks, were it not colored to match the shade of the wood. It is mixed with linseed oil to about the consistency of lead paint and is applied with a brush. When it begins to "flatten," rub it with a rag or a handful of waste, and wipe clean. Let it harden for twenty-four hours or more, and then go lightly over the entire floor with sandpaper.

It is, of course, probable that you will have a great part of all this work done for you instead of doing it yourself, but it is none the less important that you have full knowledge of the different operations, for otherwise you could not personally see to their being properly done, and they would probably be poorly done.

The general American custom is, after the filling, to put on two coats of shellac. But there are great differences in shellac, and those with resin in them should be absolutely avoided. Get a "tough" shellac, with as much as possible of resisting power against scratches and blows.

For any who are timid on their feet and fear a slippery floor (like those cross old gentlemen who used to put ashes or salt on

The Patterson Hammock-Couch

is not only perfectly comfortable, but it is **safe** for even the little folks. It never sags or tilts; never twists or turns over. You can occupy it alone or with two or three others without disturbing its comfort and balance. It can be made as soft and yielding as a feather bed, or it can be drawn firm and springy as you please, in a minute.

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the ice-slides of youth, *pro bono publico*) the second coat may be given a "sitin" and safer finish by rubbing it with pumice-stone and oil.

Many floors nowadays have no wax to follow the shellac, but this is a great mistake. Shellac needs the protection of wax; without wax, a floor is a constant worry, a prey to the scratching of sand and the scuffling of shoe-soles.

Some do not use wax because they fear it will be sticky — which it will not be if it is proper wax.

Others fear that when their floor begins to look worn and thin they cannot put on another coat of shellac if the floor has been waxed. And, indeed, it is disastrous to put shellac on a waxed surface. If such a floor is to be again shellacked, the wax must first be thoroughly removed, nor is this hard to do. Use turpentine.

In Europe, the home of the hardwood floor, where it is made and polished to perfection, not only is wax always used as the top surface, but the most general way is to use it without any shellac at all — never, as so often with us, shellac with no wax at all! Beeswax is an excellent coating; but it is so hard that it is well to soften it before application, and the best softener is turpentine; there is, therefore, the apparent contradiction that the very thing used to take wax off a floor is the same that is used to get it on — this, of course, being because turpentine is a solvent for wax.

But why, it may be asked, is beeswax, which is softened by turpentine, any better than paraffin-wax, which is already soft? The reason is, that the paraffin-wax will always remain soft; whereas the turpentine evaporates from the beeswax, leaving it hard and dust-shedding upon the surface of the floor. And do not forget that, as paraffin is a product of petroleum, there is with it in some degree the constituent which, with the tannin of oak, makes for blackness.

An admirable but slow way to apply beeswax without turpentine is to iron it on with a hot iron. This, however, is only when there is no shellac beneath the wax.

In Europe the usual way is to use wax without shellac. What glorious floors they have, with what brilliancy and depth of polish! But there it takes six months to lay a floor, and every operation is performed with infinitely patient care. Each piece of wood is separately glued or cemented to the supporting boards beneath, and is also nailed. Nowhere is a labor-saving device used, and only the fine result is considered. If, following a familiar quotation, we may believe that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, we shall believe that genius had laid such floors as those at Versailles and Fontainebleau.

It is particularly proper to consider European methods with hardwood floors, because we took the idea of such floors from Europe; and it is well to consider not only their care in finishing them (with wax and without shellac), but also their care in keeping them in a good condition of polish.

For example, notice in France the work of the "*frotteur*," after the wax has been ironed in, or rubbed on from a card cake, if it be the repolishing of an old floor. "*Frotteurs*" are regularly hired to go to houses at fixed intervals to keep the floors in good condition. In many, they go once a month, though their charges are by no means low even in country wages.

With us, a long-handled, heavy-weighted brush of special make, to avoid scratching, is used for the work of the "*frotteur*," and with this, weighing twenty-five pounds or so, the floor is steadily and patiently rubbed. This brush would be useless on a surface of bare shellac. It is for bringing wax to a polish.

Dust should be swept from a floor with a broom inclosed in a Canton-flannel bag, which should be clean, or with a dry ship-mop made of cotton string. Either of these will take up the loose dust and the operation is scratchless. A hardwood floor must never be swept with an ordinary broom. If your floor has a top surface of shellac and is dirty, water and a fine soap will clean it. But if the floor is waxed do not use water, for it would destroy the lustre. For the waxed surface "steel wool" is a remarkable and useful substance made for removing sand and dirt ingrained in the wax on a floor, preparatory to a renovation of the spot. It is altogether of steel, and yet it may be taken in the hand and used like a bunch of wool. For some years it was imported from Europe for the comparatively few who knew of it and appreciated it, but now it is made in large quantities in our own country and sold by the pound.

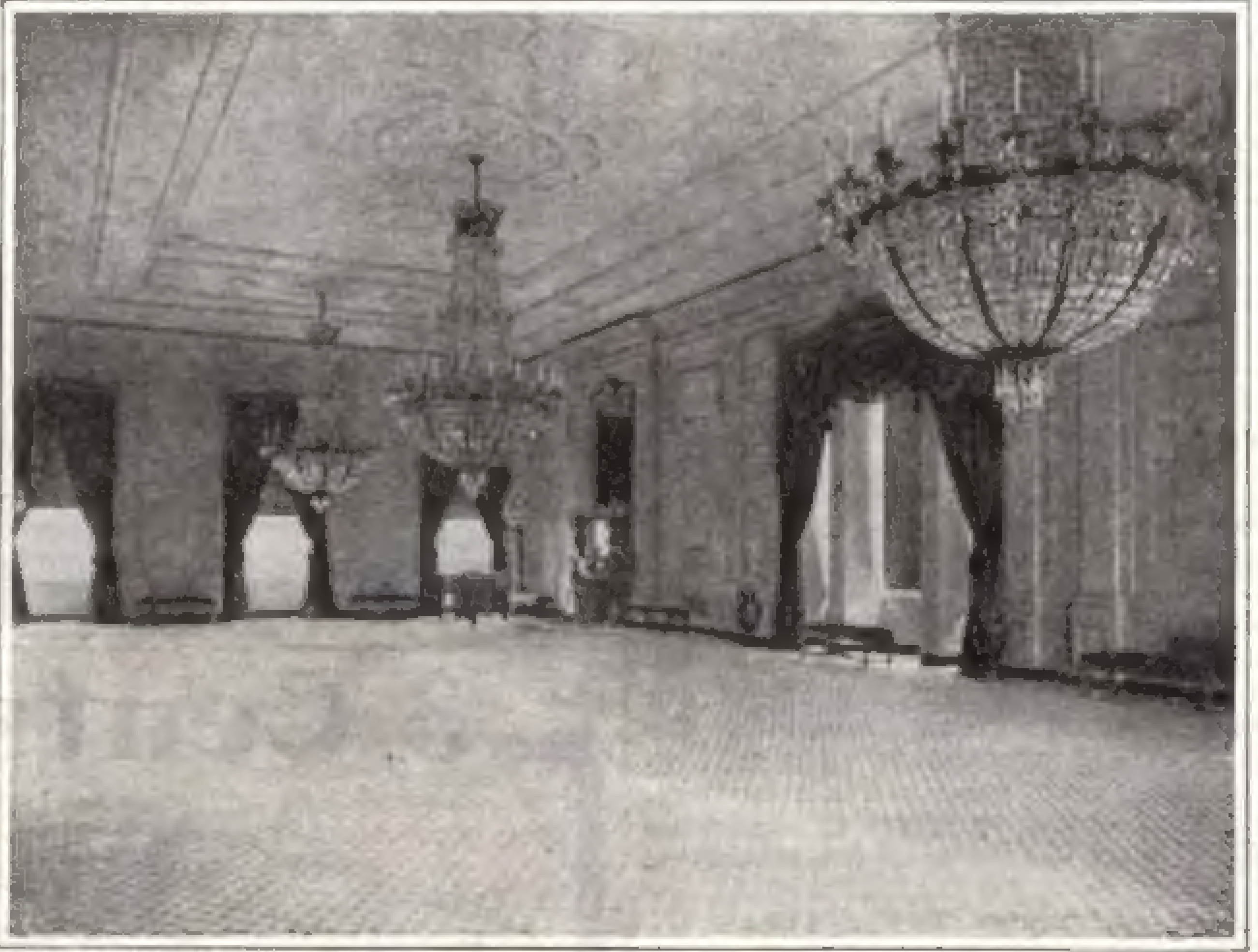
This matter of restoring spots or small areas is the great advantage of wax over bare shellacked surfaces. Wax can be renovated in spots where wear and tear are heavy, and no telltale line will mark the beginning and the ending. A shellacked surface cannot be touched up with fresh shellac. The entire floor must be done or edges will show.

Shun vinegar or acetic acid in any form, and petroleum. There are the linseed oils, if an oil is what you must have. But, if you use clean wax, you will never wish to use oils, with their attendant oily stains on skirts and curtains and rugs.

It is evident, of course, that hardwood floors involve trouble and that they are somewhat expensive, but neither the trouble nor the expense is such as to make those who have good floors regret their possession. In large part, in addition to the positive beauty of good floors, the fascination lies in the feeling of possessing something of real permanency.

But the man who has only experience with poor floors, such as are put in pretentious ready-made houses, is ready to condemn hardwood floors of all kinds; and so, indeed, is the visitor who comes straight from the tread of Brussels carpet and tries in vain to acquire in haste the catlike tenacity of foothold called for by his host's highly-polished wood.

But for every one who knows the merits of good hardwood, that delightful couplet, "I wish that my room had a floor; I don't care so much for a door," can refer only to one kind of flooring.



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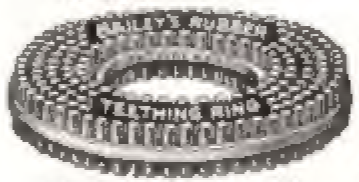

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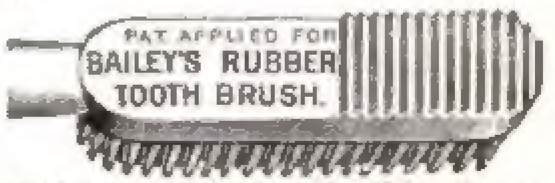

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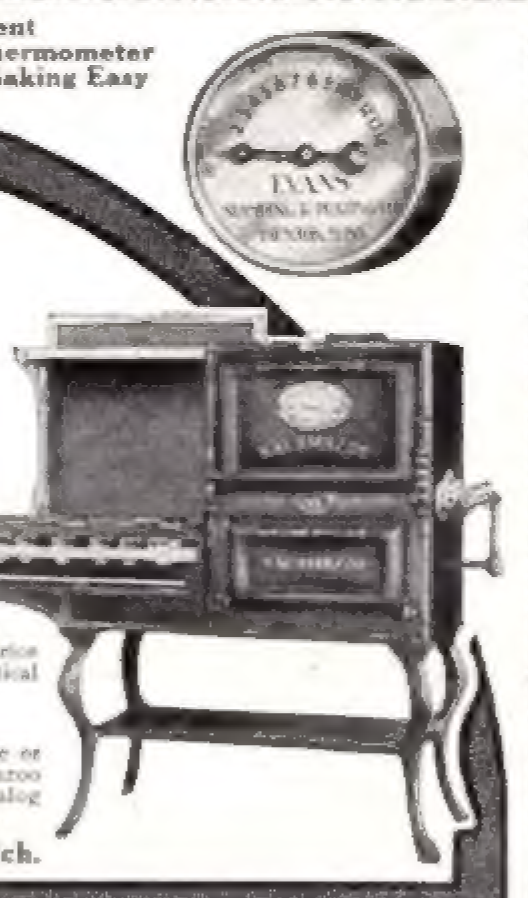

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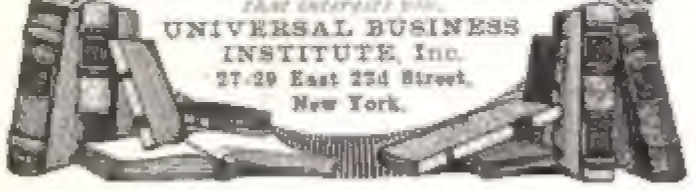

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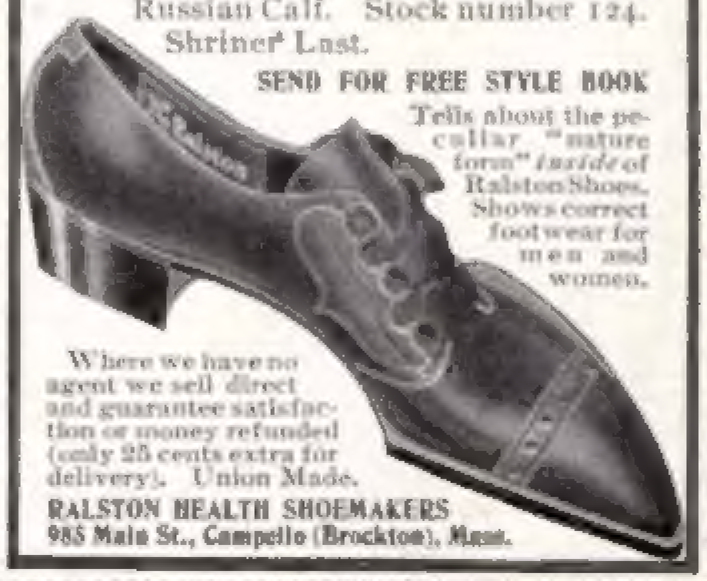

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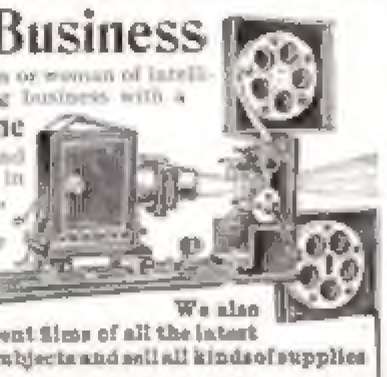

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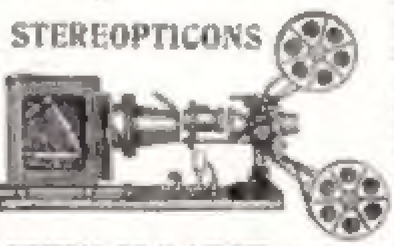

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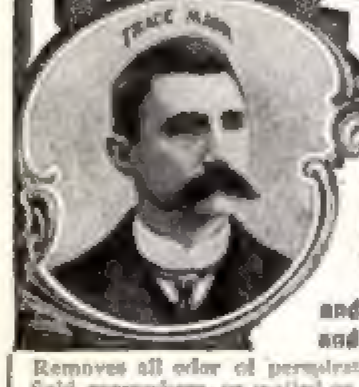

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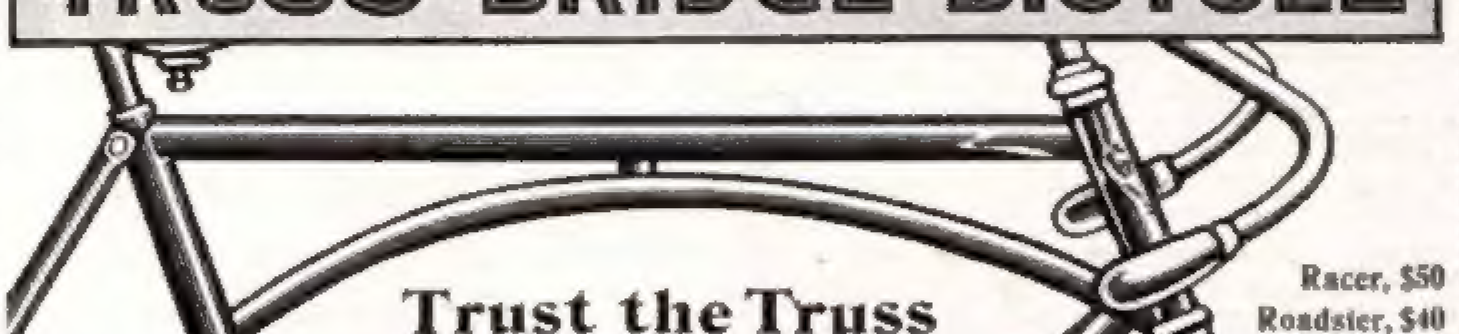

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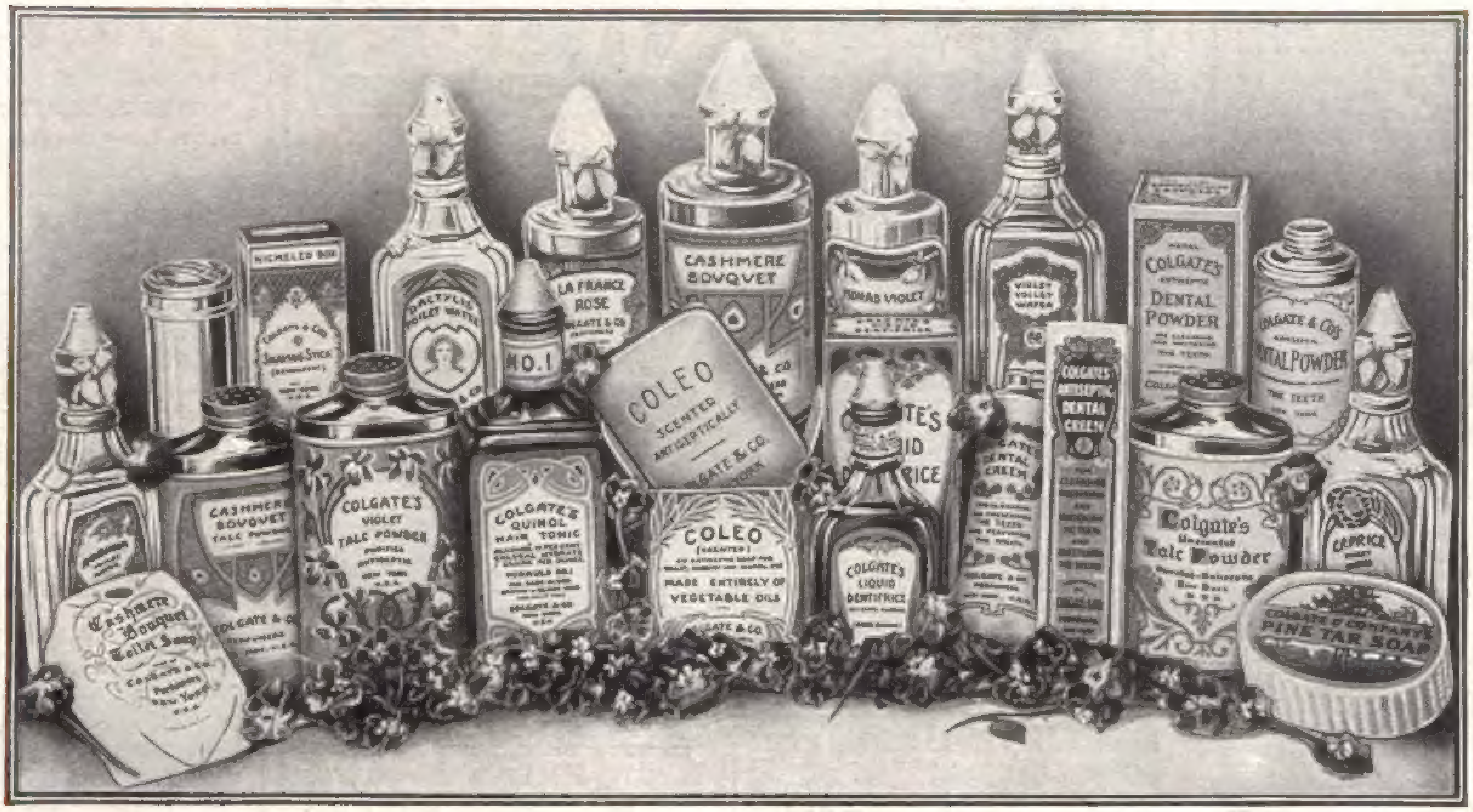

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